



No 4448.424





200 ✓
To

Chas. W. Stuedend -

as Peterch says - a little
gift may be the testimony of
a great love.

Sincerely

Robt. L. Rogers.

Sam L. Hancock

Sept. 16. 1890.

P. C. Rogers.

MY WIFE AND I.

MEMENTOS FOR OUR CHILDREN.

(Robert C. Rogers)

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING BE LOST."

A musical score for a string quartet, showing four staves with various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

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San Francisco:

FOR FAMILY CIRCULATION.

1871.

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PRINTERS,

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Billings
FEB 18 1911

A page from a book, likely a children's activity book, featuring a large, faint, circular pattern of dots. The dots are arranged in a way that suggests a large letter 'R' or a decorative element. The page is aged and shows signs of wear, including a small tear near the top center.

PREFACE.

IF THIS were a book for the public, it would go from my hands without a single prefatory line; but being for family circulation—the edition restricted to fifty copies—a few explanatory words will be quite proper, if, indeed they are not necessary.

During the sad days that have elapsed since my wife was taken from me, my home-hours especially have been inexpressibly lonely. I could not read, and society rather increased my sorrow than ameliorated it. I thought then that, perhaps, if I revived in a diary the incidents of my own and my wife's life, it would not only console and occupy me, but be of value and interest to our children. For the purpose of placing the proposed memorative jottings in a convenient, readable shape, I conceived the idea of printing them. I saw the worthy printers, made an engagement with them, and, without plan or preparation, I set to work, agreeing to furnish enough "copy" from day to day to keep the compositor employed. Since January last, during the short intervals lying between the children's and my own bed-time—subject to constant interruptions—without consultation with my temper and inclination, and from memory, and without premeditation—have these pages been written. Indeed, I can truly say they were never revised except in the proofs; and in these latter my corrections have been merely of orthographical errors. There is much truth in what Cowper says: "A single *erratum* may knock out the brains of a whole passage."

*As in some Christian climes they build
crosses by the wayside to remind the pilgrim
of Heaven, even so do I raise this memorial=
stone to turn my children's thoughts to their
Mother, and to the Golden Land whither she
has gone.*

MY WIFE AND I.

CHAPTER I.

"She was a golden sentence
Writ by her Maker."

I PROPOSE to write a memoir of my wife and myself, not so much to bring up pictures of her and our past life for my own sad pleasure, as for the higher and more practical design of influencing, and deepening by such means, the character of our children, and to preserve the impressions already made by her upon their hearts. I can easily conceive that a history of *her* life at least, limited and retired as it may have been, will not fail to carry with it some useful lessons, that may bring forth good fruit. Though dead—to use an ordinary but defective phrase—she yet speaketh.

Perhaps there is no condition to which young children are exposed, so melancholy and so fraught with danger, as that of their bereavement of their mother. No one—nothing on earth—can supply her place as an educator of the impressionable and plastic heart and mind of a child. The lessons we receive from her are so tenderly imparted; the influences she wields so inflexibly interweave themselves with the affections; her authority is so gently and patiently

exercised, and, I may say, so eagerly and naturally accepted, and there is in her example and didacticism such winning force and sincerity, that the moral and intellectual life, brought under the sway of such a teacher, never entirely loses the holy impressions it thus receives. The first offerings we make to God are at the altar of our mother's lap and bosom, and, somehow or other, ever afterwards we see Him through her sweet face, and hear Him in her tender accents. This is the true anthropomorphism—older than Art—old as Eden—and the one emotion and sentiment which gives to religion its most attractive aspect. Time and experience may stain and begrime these impressions, but they are never wholly effaced. Like the writings called *Palimpsest* are they, which, though burdened with successive strata of characters, never lose the first tracings which underlie all. There is no word in our language that retains its perfume so long, and that throws around us such a touching and mysterious spell, as that of *mother*. It is at once a poem and a flower—it is a joy, and yet a tear. It brings up to us the form of an angel who stood at the side of our cradle, who brought to us little soothing harp-like songs, whose echoes never die from our hearts; who walked through our youth with us with loving looks and hands brimful of blessings; and it stirs our nature, and moves our sensibilities, as no other name can do. She it is who clings longest in our memory, and from whom we caught the first insight into those religious truths which make up the hopes and fears of our latest years. That name, and that face, which shine through our past with beauty and tenderness inexpressibly touching, are the last to abandon us, and often have they lifted up the prodigal when all other influences have failed. Well, indeed, did Coleridge call her “The holiest thing alive.”

Wife! Mother! True names, true angels of light and

love, from whom I have received in equal degree every blessing I have. Pure guides and teachers are you even now, and from the seed you planted have sprung up every virtue and joy I possess. God grant that your loving, purifying labors may go on; that from your blest abodes your love may guard me yet, your hands guide and lead me aright, until the end is reached; and may your dear faces be the first to beam upon me when I awake to the new life in the Better Land beyond:

To describe ourselves, to perpetuate more especially my wife's influence, to raise up a shrine, as it were, which shall hold her image, whither our children can go and find repose and new purpose; to show them what and who we are by bringing them face to face with our tastes, pursuits, and modes of expression; to introduce them into our inmost selves, and, perhaps, by these means to continue to teach them when our lips are hushed—to embalm ourselves, I may say—these are the chief motives to this writing. God grant that from these pages they may gather some lessons for good, and may His blessings rest upon them always.

ELIZA HAMILTON RITCHIE was born in Sargent Street, Philadelphia, at 2.10 A. M., on Sunday, December 29th, 1833. She is the eldest child of Archibald Alexander Ritchie of New Castle, Delaware, and Martha Hamilton Ritchie of Philadelphia. The family of her father is Scottish in its origin, on both his paternal and maternal sides. Her paternal great grandfather and his family left Scotland shortly after the death of Cromwell, and went to the North of Ireland, where they remained but a few years. From there they came to the United States, then an English colony, and settled in Pennsylvania. Her great grandfather, William Ritchie, was born on the passage across the Atlantic. When

he reached manhood he went to North Carolina, and there married the sister of Hugh Williamson, Governor of the State, and a scholar of much distinction in that day, and who was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and also studied medicine at Utrecht and Edinburgh. I will continue the notice of this gentleman by adding a few facts in relation to his distinguished career. On the completion of his professional studies he came back, and commenced the practice of his profession at Philadelphia. He soon, however, abandoned his residence there, and went to London, in the service of the Colonies, being a coadjutor of Franklin. The discovery and transmission to Congress of the celebrated Hutchinson papers, are solely due to him. On his return he removed to North Carolina, and represented that State in the Continental Congress from '82 to '93; was one of the signers of the Constitution of the United States, and the author of a work on "Observations on the Climate of America," and of a "History of North Carolina." He held the degrees of LL. D. and M. D., and was a member of many learned societies here and in Europe. Dr. David Hosack read before the New York Historical Society a biographical paper on Dr. Williamson, which describes him as a person of extraordinary ability. He says: "If piety, patriotism, talents and learning, and these all devoted to his country's good and the best interests of mankind, entitle their possessor to praise and gratitude, you will cherish with respect the memory of Hugh Williamson, whose name will be associated with those to whom we are most indebted for our country's independence, and the first successful administration of that happy constitution of government which we now enjoy." Thomas Jefferson said of him, in speaking of Dr. Williamson's Congressional career, that he found him "a very useful member, of an acute mind, attentive to business,

and of a high degree of erudition." President John Adams also said, that when he first met Dr. Williamson in Boston, in 1773, he "made a strong impression upon me and gave me a high opinion of the intelligence as well as the energy of his character." In Trumbull's picture in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington is to be seen the portrait of Dr. Williamson. He married a Miss Maria Apthorpe, daughter of Hon. Charles W. Apthorpe, "a member of his Majesty's Council for the Province of New York," and had by her two sons, one of whom was a young man of large promise, but who died at an early age. The family of William Ritchie was related to Leitch Ritchie, Provost of Edinburgh, and a contemporary and friend of Sir Walter Scott. His son, my wife's grandfather, was named from his uncle Hugh Williamson, and by him adopted and sent to Carlisle College, to be educated for the Presbyterian Church. One of his classmates was John Latta, who was subsequently Presbyterian Minister at New Castle, and, I will add, a teacher of my mother. Mr. Ritchie had no taste for the profession proposed to him by his uncle, and as he abandoned all idea of the Church, he lost the favor of his patron, who discarded him. Subsequently he, by a devise in his uncle's will, received an estate in land in Tennessee, a portion of which has passed to me from my wife. His father, too, devised the bulk of his property to a younger son, and thus created an estrangement never gotten over. Of this collateral branch no male heirs survive, and, so far as I am informed, my wife's brother, Archibald Alexander, is the sole male descendant of the family.

Mr. Latta persuaded Mr. Ritchie to go to New Castle, where he married Esther Alexander, my wife's grandmother.

The Alexander family springs from a highly respectable source. From the family records I find that "Thomas and William, sons of Archibald Alexander, of an honorable

family in the western part of Scotland, went to Ireland during the religious persecution under James II, being staunch Presbyterians." They were subsequently joined by others of the family, and they took part in the struggle between James and the Prince of Orange, and bore a conspicuous part in the battle of the Boyne. Two of William's sons, Robert and Archibald, came to this country in 1737, and settled in Virginia; and John, another of the family, went to Scotland as heir to the earldom of Stirling. Some descendants of this latter branch came from Scotland to visit my wife's great grandfather at his home at Fairfield, Delaware. My wife's aunt, Mary A. Morris, has told me that when a child she saw and remembers these relatives on the occasion of the visit referred to.

Esther Alexander's father was Archibald, son of Robert. He served during the whole Revolution as Surgeon in the Continental Army, and at its close he settled in Delaware. He was also appointed Port Physician under the Government, at New Castle. Subsequently he retired to his country home, Fairfield, near Wilmington, Delaware, where he died, "leaving no son to perpetuate his name."

Dr. Alexander married into one of those old Swedish families which settled Delaware. An ancestor of Mrs. Alexander "had served under Gustavus Adolphus, and was paid by a grant of land in the New World." Her family is partly Huguenot. Two of her brothers were surgeons in our first Navy, one of whom was lost in a national ship during the Revolution. Her only sister married in Kentucky, whose daughter became the wife of Governor Shelby of that State.

My wife's father, Archibald Alexander Ritchie, was intended for the Navy, but he rather anticipated that design by running away from home when a lad of thirteen years of age, in company with Gibson Tilton, who became subsequently a Captain in the Navy. They shipped on board

a vessel bound to China *via* Liverpool, at which latter place they duly arrived. That experience of sea life was rough enough to satisfy their most sanguine expectations, and both were ready to go back to their respective homes and forswear salt water for the residue of their days—at least in the fore-castle of a ship of that period, than which no more sad, depraved and selfish life can be fancied. In port was a ship bound to the United States, which had one vacant berth, and as each was equally anxious to find the home-nest again, and both could not go, they tossed pennies for the place, and Tilton won. Mr. Ritchie continued on to China, and, with the determination and force of character which always distinguished him, he applied himself to the duties of his humble position and mastered them. He was not satisfied with that, but stepped beyond his sphere, and readily taught himself those degrees of astronomic knowledge and the use of the quadrant, hitherto the monopoly of the cabin, by means of which we find finger posts amid the trackless seas to “the haven where we would be.” He soon distinguished himself by his intelligence, and so successful was his perseverance, and rapid his promotion, that, at the age of nineteen, he commanded the brig “Treaty,” engaged in the Spanish trade—the property of a well-known and opulent merchant of Philadelphia, Mr. Craig. Mr. Craig told my father that he was refused insurance on the vessel commanded by Captain Ritchie, on account of his youth, but that such was his confidence in the judgment and ability of the young commander, he preferred to abandon the insurance rather than depose him.

While he was still in command of a vessel owned by Mr. Craig, he married Martha Hamilton, daughter of a deceased Irish gentleman of Philadelphia—John Hamilton—who was born in Newton-Stewart, Tyrone County, Ireland. There survive him two brothers, one of whom is a Surgeon

in the British Navy, and the other a Minister of the Church of England. When my wife and I were at Booth-hurst, my father's residence in Delaware, on our way to Europe, he told her that when a law student with Chancellor Ridgely, at Dover, Delaware, he met her grandfather frequently at the house of the Chancellor, "an elegant, well-bred and highly educated Irish gentleman, who was welcomed everywhere for his address and accomplishments."

When Mr. Ritchie married Miss Hamilton, her guardian did not warmly encourage his wooing, and so, on the eve of his departure on another voyage to China, to wit: the 31st day of January, 1831, he and his fair bride, without consulting the guardian, appeared before the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, and were made one flesh. She made no mistake because of her urgency and impatient protest against the usurpation of her vicarious father—"this maid who run from her guardage"—for her married life was eminently a happy one. That proceeding was simply a sort of surety while he should be absent. On his return they were married publicly. We will see anon how coincidently and homogeneously events and traits run through a family.

My wife made her appearance while her father and his ship were on the sea, bearing fragrant teas and golden silks homeward. I suppose she was pretty—her mother says she was to a rare degree—she must have been, for over the faces of sucklings God throws something of Himself, and such a rare, sweet character as hers must have shown its promise even in her cradle-life. It is wise and beautiful to say that when infants smile they see the angels and talk with them. Few things belonging to child-life suggest such quiet wonder, and such tender poetic abstractions, as these wandering auroras flashing over the wee winsome face of a baby. I have looked at them oftentimes with a sad surprise, my mind all the while swept by odd speculations.

and coming back, like a *rondo* in music, to the minor strain with which it commenced.

The father came home on the first of April following, and found the little stranger the mother had borne next her heart—a treasure richer by far than any orient pearls or costly fabrics he had ever carried across the seas. Next time he passed to the main he had in his night's watches a new presence—he saw a little star added to the heaven of his heart—a baby life, rich, warm and hopeful, to give vigor to his endeavors—a tiny hand to help, in its dear, weak way, to lift him higher towards prosperity and happiness. They called her Eliza Hamilton, after her maternal grandmother; but when learning to talk, by one of those pretty distractions of speech so common with children—bless the neologism!—she called herself “Lide.” That name supplanted the antetype; she bore it always, and she bears it still.

Mr. Ritchie's connection with the China trade, as a commander, ceased in 1838, and in that same year he became the resident agent at Canton of the once well known commercial house of Platt & Son of Philadelphia. At this time he had added two more to his family—Martha Hamilton—who is now the wife of Major-General M. D. L. Simpson, of the Army, and Archibald Alexander, who, at this writing, resides in Lake County, California.

The following year, July 5th, his family sailed from New Castle to join him, accompanied by Sarah Hamilton, the sister of Mrs. Ritchie, now Mrs. John Holliday of Manchester, England. They arrived safely at Macao, the point fixed upon as their residence—Canton being the place of business of Mr. Ritchie.

It can readily be conjectured that in that antipodal part of the world, and at that day, educational opportunities were not abundant. Foreign residents were divided into three

classes, to wit: Merchants, who were supposed to be wholly engaged in trade and its engrossing occupation; the Diplomatic Service, expected to be national and beyond temptation, but perhaps the busiest and keenest in bargains, and most rapid in accumulations; and lastly, the Missionary establishment, some members of which were hearty and sincere in evangelism, while others, like the diplomatic body, to which many of the missionaries were attached as interpreters, were devoted to the carnal appetites of laymen. Mr. Ritchie stood high among the first named of these classes, and he earned his position by his clear and penetrating judgment, and by living up to the highest requisitions of mercantile honor. Those were days, less even than now, when morality and fair dealing were not always invoked in the commercial intercourse of aliens with Chinese, and when violations of revenue laws were so common and open as to be regarded rather as clever and admirable stratagems than breaches of honesty.

In this general scramble for gain, and the prospect of a reversion some day to a Christian land of spires and steeples, there could be no chance for the device and fosterage of a school system. The only teachers were the missionaries and their wives, who, by these means, eked out the pittance paid by the Board of Missions. Lide's teacher was Madame Gutzlaff, the wife of the celebrated Prussian missionary, who, with Morrison and Medhurst, made missionary labors successful, if not in a proselytical point of view, at least in philological researches, and large and valuable contributions to our then scanty knowledge of Chinese customs and life.

Gutzlaff had married, in Batavia, an Englishwoman of wealth and education—a person who, under the isolation in which people there were placed, taught as a duty, but in this special case as an act of grace to Lide's parents, who

were *intimes* of her and her husband. He was an undiluted *savan*, a man of great linguistic ability, who had an intellectual constitution and vigor capable of sustaining the dialects of a hemisphere; who wrote in various Asiatic languages, and in English, French and German, and who drew up the Treaty of Peace, signed at Nankin in 1842, which filled England's coffers so full that ever since she has been the money-lender of the world.

Lide has often spoken to me of her child life at Macao. She could paint with well chosen and distinctive phrase the physical and artificial characteristics of that town, the arc of the Bay, the high hill, upon the slopes of which were hung the white houses, overlooking the roadstead and the promenade on the white beach, over which the throbbing sea swelled and broke. It is noticeable how vivid and how deeply indented upon the mind of a child is a view in which water forms a constituent, especially when that water is the great sea, running around the land in graceful sweep, and then away off, until the horizon falls down upon it. Her mind, always susceptible to all esthetic influences, and agitated to a wonderful degree, even as a child, by scenery of softness or grandeur, would be likely to retain impressions of foreign places, especially where a portion of her childhood had been passed. She did not know then that in a garden where her feet had often strayed, overlooking the scene that held such golden pictures for her eyes, Cameons had, three centuries before, written the *Lusiad*. I have no one to aid me with *morceaux* of her child-history at Macao. All I know of it is from occasional stirrings of her memory when she met some one who had known her or her family in China, or when she, in the quiet hours of home-life, went back to her early days to inform and delight me with her vivid picturings and terse *alto-relievo* delineations—softened gleams of light that sparkled through

the intervening years from her childhood, like the rapid flash of the firefly beating against the summer gloaming.

Some four or five years ago Mrs. A. A. Low came to San Francisco, *en route* for China—the same who had charge of Lide when she returned in 1844—and she and my wife clasped hands and strode through the gone years back to the *Praya Grande* at Macao; mounted the acclivities of the two hills which held the town; walked through the gardens they had known in the years past; shrieked at the cry of “*cobra*,” and were aghast at seeing his flecked back disappearing among the trailing shrubs. They spoke, too, of Mrs. Parker, the wife of the Commissioner, with whom Lide made a visit to the Hong merchants of Canton—being the first foreign females who had penetrated that far. And what a curiosity she was to all, with her sweet face which nature had painted with such rare delicacy, and her long yellow locks sweeping, like an eddy from Pactolus, over her gleaming shoulders! For she had exquisite hair, fine as floss, and brilliantly radiant, especially when the warm sunlight laid golden fingers upon it. Her face was a marvel of purity and refined expression—the same as Raphael pictured in the cherubim of the *Madonna di San Sisto* with a grace so tender that one suspects an inspired touch guided the master’s hand.

I have her picture taken then when she had just put her feet into her ninth year. It stands before me. I have taken it down and set it up under my wistful eyes. Ah! darling, something like unto this I fancy you are now, in the dawn of your angel life,

“Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.”

The sad, weary look of your latest years is gone, and, instead, is the beauty of your perennial youth.

Mr. Ritchie had determined to send Lide to the United

States to be educated, for she developed so promisingly—her perceptions were so acute, her memory so retentive; she had such a greed to understand the reason why, the nature of principles, the *casus rerum*—qualities that at once are a security for the future, and a source of just pride to a parent. She has been described to me as a most lovable child—unselfish, sensitive, keen in her sympathies, and even then developing the tenacity of purpose and constancy in friendships which made her character so solid and reliable in her maturer years. Under the tuition of Madame Gutzlaff she made equal progress. Her teacher always loved her for her zeal in study, for her sweet refinement which sat on her as gracefully as a well fitting garment, and her charming docility. And yet with that docility she possessed, when a woman at least, the rarest and most nicely balanced firmness I ever saw in any person in my life. She could say “no” with a grace that clothed itself with all the sweetness of compliance—could say it at the right time and at the right place, and, when said, as well call yonder fair star down with a whisper, or fillip out the sun, as to induce her to change. For as she never determined without reason, so she could not be changed by persuasion. But if you could convince her that her reasoning was at fault, or that her conduct should, as a matter of right and conscience, be modified or changed, she had the moral courage to retrograde, and if reparation was due, it was paid to the “uttermost farthing.” I remember once I was present when she promised Eustace punishment on the repetition of some offence. After the child had gone, I remarked: “Lide, I believe you’d hang Eustace to-morrow at nine o’clock if you said so.” She replied quietly: “Yes, Rob, *if* I had said so, I certainly would.” That little word *if* is the finger-board that points to a world of moral strength and beauty, and it is the expression of a *will* without which self-conquest

is impossible. It had the effect of proving to *me* that threats are unwise and become impotent by use. It taught, also, even as Fuller said: "Thou oughtest to be wise, even to superstition, in keeping promises, and therefore thou shouldst be equally cautious in making them." Her whole life was founded on this principle.

At Macao she had scarcely any society of her own age. That at her father's house was composed almost exclusively of English and American families, and there were not enough of these to contribute many child companions for her amusement. She was thrown constantly among adults—unconsciously was moulded up to large ideas, heard only the style and language of men and women, who, in that far off place, and at that period, spoke few common-places—as people, isolated from the world, mutually dependent on each other to a degree unappreciated by the aggregate of great heterogeneous places, and made up of traveled men, of merchants of large scope and interests, very rarely do. You find few small men or drones in such communities. They are out of place there, and without sympathy and support, and so they fall away from want of encouragement, or, perhaps, by endemical fever; for disease in such climates lays a heavy hand upon the sluggard. In the commercial seaports of China we could have found in 1842 a comparatively small foreign population. At Macao, for example, and *ab uno disce omnes*, there were but few families. The business duties were performed during the cool, early morning and forenoon hours, and all the rest of the day was given to visits in sedan chairs, the *siesta*, and in reading. They met at dinner parties every day—reunions where there were thinking men and women; where strong, solid remarks came in as the rule, and not as the exception; and where, as there were no *belles* and *beaux*, there was no foppery of phrase—no small talk, as we to-day understand it. At that epoch they were four months distant

from London and Paris, and what the great world said, thought and did, was in those remote communities discussed with an appreciation and critical discrimination that people at home have not time or disposition to do. In one word, the society of such places was more than mediocre in intelligence, unusually refined because of its easy freedom, delicate and affectionate from its reciprocal dependence, and as of one household from its intimate intercommunication and isolation. When I look at the usual pastimes and training of children, I am disposed to be grateful that Lide's life in Macao was passed under the influences referred to. Whatever the general effect may be of thus bringing a child in contact with a society so far beyond her years, in her case the education was advantageous—it developed self-reliance, it kept her strangely active mind in a state of aspiration and reflection; it made her think upon subjects she would not have ordinarily met with until she had reached a score of years, and it was just such a training as her strong and almost masculine mind—it was certainly so in power—required.

In 1842, Lide's aunt, Sarah Hamilton, married John Holliday, Esq., of the firm of Holliday, Wise & Co. It was a simple enough affair as I have heard him describe it. They met at the house of Mr. Ritchie with a few friends, attended by one single bridesmaid—even the sweet little one, who took golden hair and ruddy cheeks, where they were never seen before, under the sandal-wooded eaves of a Canton home—and there they plighted troth, and with the blessing of the Church were made one. Twenty-six years later she stood before them again in that land of churches and homes, where Shakspeare sang and Hampden died, and witnessed the marriage of their eldest born.

In the year 1843, Lide was placed under the care of Mrs. Gutzlaff, and started for New York on board the ship "Panama." That vessel had weighed anchor and turned

seaward, when Mr. Ritchie pursued her with a "fast" boat and brought his child back. He had been told the "Panama" was unseaworthy, and he would not trust the darling child to the chances of a long and dangerous sea voyage, when a suspicion of the vessel's strength had been conveyed to him. She, however, reached her destination in safety, and, so far as I am aware, without mishap of any kind.

The following year, under the maternal care of Mrs. A. A. Low, wife of the well known New York merchant, Lide sailed in the good ship "Paul Jones." There was another passenger of whom she has spoken to me—a Mr. Perkins, of Boston—a person of culture and breeding, who contributed greatly to the pleasure of the trip. She remembered the leading incidents of the voyage, and has frequently gone over them in speaking to me of her early days. The ship either touched at Japan, or, for some days, was becalmed within sight of its wooded shores, and reached by its "spicy breezes." She amused herself by learning the nomenclature of the ropes, masts and sails; sought to know the mode by which the ship was directed over the trackless waves, and wondered how the pretty stars, hung up so high, could lend their aid to that end. She retained her knowledge well—for, several years later, at an exhibition in Philadelphia, where a miniature vessel was placed, she astonished its custodian, who was an "old salt," by running over the marine terminology with the glibness of a maintopman.

Those were short pastimes for the mornings, up to the hour of "shooting the sun;" but when the long summer evenings came, of the period when they were going through the tropical belt, there were dearer employments, bits of poetry that Mr. Perkins recited with a vocal sparkle as bright as the luminous spots passing over the disc of the sea. Being from Boston, of course Longfellow would come

in for the largest share of those evenings. Mr. Perkins gave Lide a volume containing "Voices of the Night," which I have preserved as a cherished souvenir of her early life—for she was then, as Tupper says, "the wife already born to me in the world." Perhaps it was that trip, and perhaps that gift, which laid the foundation of her warm admiration of Longfellow. I am disposed to think that he was, of all poets, her favorite—only because his sentiments are so healthy, and because he is essentially a Christian in its largest sense. She was in full communion with all that is progressive in Philosophy, but when Philosophy meant to destroy her creed, when it was iconoclastic, when it sought to substitute a depraved Pantheism for a real personal God, teaching that what we call by the hallowed name of Father is stone-blind Fatalism, then she regarded it as inimical to the truest interests of mankind, and consequently vicious. And so she loved Longfellow for his hearty humanity, his high moral standard, and his pure Christian purpose and aim. The little pieces pressed between the pages of the "Princess," as we press flowers touched by the hand of one we loved, such as the "Bugle Song," these were especial favorites; and yet Tennyson, in contrast with Longfellow, is as sensuous and passionate as if he had been born under the "Cross." But of these tastes and preferences I will speak at a later period.

Lide had been consigned to a grand aunt by marriage, of Philadelphia, who was originally a Quakeress, but afterwards a Calvinist, and thither she went on her arrival at New York. She bore the character of a pious, kind-hearted woman, motherly, and excellent in all her thoughts and ways. The report of her sanctity went as far as China, and Mr. Ritchie deemed himself fortunate in securing a guardian for his child so rare and exemplary. Lide took to that hearthstone happy smiles and warm, rich sympathies—blossoms that

came from the care and kindness that had watched over her young years hitherto. Later, her father found that this young child-life had been thrust into black Cimmerian darkness, and asked to circle, expand and bear the fruitage she promised under the sun of the golden Orient. The aunt was good in the Calvinistic mode. She was devout, and of high principle in almost all ways; but her religion was austere and ascetic, and her devotion that of the slave who fears the whip; it had nothing in it of love and the tears that come from the trust that God's highest attribute is pity—ineffable compassion for the nature that, "poor, wretched, blind" as it is, is His creation. She had no palliation for the venial offenses of sweet, confiding, clinging childhood; for did she not believe, as Lide heard preached at the church where she was taken, that "Hell is paved with the skulls of children—of infants!" And to hear such cruel didacticism, (she seeing all the while through the windows and high above the chimney tops "the witchery of the soft blue sky") was she dragged three times to church on dominical days, including a long introductory Sunday School session. Her aunt's religion subdued the native charities of her sex within her, and she was hard and inhuman. She punished Lide by stripes; by days of confinement, leaving her foodless and famished; by fierce outbursts of anger, unrestrained, cruel and unchristian; and by the wrongs growing up from her absolute ignorance of her ward's high-strung and thoroughbred nature. Blows made her—they make all delicate, beautiful organizations—firm, sharp-knit and determined. One touch of kindness would have opened all her heart, and shown her, what she was, sweet and good and complaisant. Parents can be assured that when soft, patient words and persuasive tones and conduct fail, the rod will be anything in the world but salutary. This cruel persecution and harsh, unloving life continued for three years,

and one wonders how Lide's sweet, confiding nature stood up under it. She has often spoken to me of the days she passed with her aunt with a feeling of sadness, and yet in a ludicrous, laughable way, for even that life had its caricatures. She could never appreciate, could not understand the passionate outbursts of her aunt, or indeed of any other person. It was a mystery to her—that mental weakness which surrendered one to the unchecked influence of anger—she, so even, so thoroughly the mistress of herself. I have seen her stand in the face of provocations, aggravated and unreasonable, calm and unruffled as if she were marble; giving no evidence of emotion except perhaps a slight suffusion of pallor, and a just perceptible tremor of voice. This is heroism in its most exalted expression—the courage and heroism of that most difficult of all conquests, that of one's self. Never, never, during all my married life, have I seen her for one moment lose her *aplomb* and presence of mind—no matter how sorely she may have been tempted.

These experiences were not without their beneficial uses. On the Spartan principle of making a man drunk to show the pernicious effects of intemperance, the aunt's ebullitions of temper taught Lide the vice of the example, and the necessity of disciplining the passions. Beside the bitter, cold and harsh treatment endured there, she was isolated in all respects, and without sympathy—totally deprived of all society, under that roof, that comprehended her exquisite nature. It deepened her sensibilities, and strengthened her calm, yet warm nature. It sent her to her books, fostered a taste for reading, and left her to find in her music solace and mysterious sympathy, than which there are none greater, except in the perfect congeniality of one—only *one* human heart.

And her daily contact with the mocking skeleton of her

aunt's religious faith brought her prejudices not only against the tenets she held, but really against the truth and humanity of all creeds. The warm, loving nature of a child demands that the altar should be ornamented with—not a death's grim head, but flowers. It is useless, too, to attempt to teach young happy hearts that God is to be worshipped through stripes, vigils and fasting; for the sunshine, the rills, flowers, plants, and their own overflowing gladness, contradict it. By the culture of home sentiments, by educating the beautiful within us, by poetry, through joys and smiles more than tears, these are ever preparations for our education in religion. Jean Paul says: "There is no better priest to lead and accompany the young soul, with dancing and great joy, to the high altar of religion than the poet, who annihilates a mortal world to build on it an immortal." In these respects, at least, the world is growing wiser, and it is time. I really believe that the cheerless and harsh aspect given to religion by its professors is the mother of half the materialism and disbelief of to-day. I feel now the dear maternal hand laid athwart my own as I knelt in prayer at her knees. I hear the little child-hymns she sung to me, and the swell of the organ she sometimes touched, on Sabbath evenings especially. I feel her great love consecrating all, and then and by those means she hallowed God in my heart, and made Him appear to me compassionate and loving. If I had not had that dear face gleaming through all my childhood, at once mother and priestess, long since, aye, in the years ere the dear wife laid hold of me, I would have gone down before the sensuousness of the world—its scepticism, its sophisms and incredulity. In thus speaking of my own experience and condition, I marvel how Lide's heart and faith could have stood up against what she saw and endured. Richter says: "Let not fear create the God of childhood; fear was itself created by a wicked spirit"—

dear Jean Paul, who was, as he described Fenelon to have been, at once "child, woman, man and angel."

The effect of all that discomfort, false preaching and Druidical gloom, was to take Lide from Calvinism and plant her dear young heart among the grand symphonies and far reaching harmonies of the litany and canticles of the Episcopal Church.

Few children—none other that I know, could have endured it. A hard, negative nature, one that had no soul or heart to be touched, would have got along very well under that discipline—even to the dark room and starving process. Lide's moral constitution was delicate and beautiful, and so she suffered amply from that unjust treatment.

I have a strong impression that Lide, or some one else, told me that she was absolutely driven from her aunt's house by her cruelties; that she at first thought of going to New York and appealing to the captain or owner of some China bound ship to take her to her father's home; then she thought of seeking shelter with Mrs. Low, but at last she determined to go to New Castle and reside with her grandmother. That Lide planned an escape I am sure, and that she executed it, I believe. But it was now the autumn of 1847, and her parents were upon the sea, and ere yet the heats had gone, and the Indian summer had painted the leaves with "sere and yellow," they arrived at New York.

CHAPTER II.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good."

A few days later, Mrs. Ritchie gave birth to a daughter, who was formally called Esther; but, as the child grew up, this, perhaps the most euphonious of Biblical names, was laid away, and family usage called her Hettie.

The arrival of her parents was soon communicated to Lide, and, in company with her aunt, she came to New York. With rare discretion she did not then communicate to her father with what infidelity her aunt had executed her trust. In the pleasure of meeting her parents, and the added hope of her own emancipation, she gave no tongue to her wrongs. She always—and it was one of her marked and orderly traits—selected the appropriate season for everything. If she had impatience or impulse, her disciplined mind kept them in place, and she was not restless and disturbed because she held a secret. Her lips had a faithful warder in her discretion, and they opened not until the procession of her thoughts and words had been marshaled by her judgment.

Pending the confinement of her mother, and until her father had settled upon a home for his family, it was proposed that she should return to Philadelphia with her aunt, which she deferentially declined to do, and her refusal was uttered with such decision and point as to give him great annoyance. A few days later, and after inquiry, he

heard, for the first time, the little history of her outraged heart—her humiliating and enforced submission to her aunt's unloving guardianship. He had no blame for himself, for he had made what he had reason to suppose to be the wisest disposition of his child, and after careful inquiry.

From that day Lide and her parents never saw that aunt again.

If I did not believe that Lide's experience under that roof carried with it a useful lesson and moral, and had, to a great degree, influenced her character, I would have been satisfied with a bare reference to it. Perhaps—and this disturbs me a little—that, as she forgave her aunt, and when she forgave she did it utterly, she would be the first to counsel absolute forgetfulness of all the wrongs she had forgiven.

On the recovery of Mrs. Ritchie, she and the children removed to Philadelphia for the winter. They boarded with a Mrs. Bullock, who lived on Ninth Street, near Spruce, and when Mr. Ritchie saw them all comfortably housed, he returned to China to close his business.

In addition to the four children already named, there were three others, who were born in China, to-wit: Ellen H., who is now the wife of Major George H. Elliot, of the Corps of Engineers of the Army; William L., one of twins, and Hugh Canton—so called because he was the first foreign child born in the city whose name he bore.

Mrs. Bullock had a daughter somewhat older than Lide—a person of sincere and unaffected piety; and, in saying this, I have written the highest encomium a woman can receive. She had, withal, intelligence, and some reverses her family had suffered imparted to her character a depth and strength that prosperity never bestows. Nothing so matures the moral power of a woman as the contest

growing out of the loss of property, and, illatively, of friends. The new condition brings into exercise every power we possess, and braces and invigorates our whole nature. The ordeal may be severe, but, with each conquest of self and our pride, comes new vigor and strong self-reliance; and there is such divinity developed by the probation, that really we—at least the true and religious—bless the blow that brought to us such power and independence. When a woman thus suffers and conquers, a pure spirit of piety is evoked, for she feels that not to her own unaided self must be ascribed the victory, but to Him who endowed her with strength to struggle, and who has promised that to those who bear the cross shall come the crown, in that land where is

“Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless.”

One can easily imagine how the influence of such an association fell upon Lide's dear heart with an inexpressible tenderness and power. She herself bears this testimony in the only letter of hers I ever saw, written at that period. It is addressed to her father, who was then in China. I will give its concluding lines, *mot à mot*:

“I can not close my letter, however, without noticing your remarks on private devotion. I have been in the habit, for some months past, of spending a few moments, morning and evening, in reading a portion of the Bible, and in prayer. This has made me much happier, and I find that all things go well when the blessing of God rests upon them. I do not know whether my general deportment has been improved by this, but certain it is, I succeed much better in everything I undertake.

“I was first led to adopt this by the example of Mary Bullock. She is a very pious young lady, and apparently

very happy. She and I formed a great friendship last winter, and it was her influence entirely which taught me where to look in time of need.

"May God grant you His merciful protection, my dearest father, while you are exposed to the perils of the ocean, and bring us all once more together."

This extract opens to us also "a golden chamber" in the heart of her father, through which we see him as a man of his reticent, profound nature is not usually seen. His early life, passed under the stars, and within hearing of the mysterious voices and eloquent revelation of those great prodigies, the sea and sky, brought to him the impressive truth, that there is over us and all things, a great personal and all-wise God. The moment that fact became clear and undeniable, responsibility and conscience followed as a corollary. He was an industrious and thoughtful reader, and had amassed a wonderful degree of knowledge. I doubt if ever there was a man who had been to himself a more thorough and profound teacher—for after his departure from home, he never had any education except that he gave himself. And he *was* educated, and to such a degree that few were his superiors, either in specialties or generals. Every one who came in contact with him was impressed with his remarkable perception and mental acuteness, as well as with the extent and reasoned results of his information. A physician told me that his knowledge of medicine and surgery was wonderful for a layman, and I was surprised, on one occasion, with his large acquaintance with matters of theology. I do not know what his creed was—even whether he had any, beyond his belief in God, and his personal accountability for his conduct here. Whether his works had the "merit of congruity or condignity," is perhaps a nicety and subtilty of theory dis-

cussed rather by the theologian than by Him to whose compassion and love Mr. Ritchie confided. His character was earnest, solid and manly, and his intelligence large, choice and refined. His own admiration of his child, and his recognition of the fact that, allowing for sexuality, Lide was his parity, at least in his best qualities—all these had strong effects in the formation of her character. No other one of his children (all but the three eldest were too young to know him) had any personal individual sympathy with, or intuition of, their father's fine and large brain, as she was the only one who inherited his mental gifts, and his persistent, heroic perseverance and industry. Some thought that Willie would grow like him, but he died before he showed any decided resemblance.

Lide had been under the tuition of a Miss Woodruff, but when her mother came to Philadelphia to live, she was placed as a day scholar with Madame Gardelle, who presided over an institution where the graces of the sex were educated, and the rough points rounded to an easy outline. I have often had many a gentle contradiction, when, half in earnest, I ridiculed her on the frippery and dross of such a system of education as that I supposed Madame Gardelle's to have been. I really knew nothing of the school. I had a vague impression of having heard that it was *fashionable*, and from that text I preached. I would sportively bait my darling to draw out her rejoinders. She rarely fought with buttons on her foil. Whatever she did was done earnestly, and with her whole heart; and yet no one enjoyed with more relish than she the colloquial *tilts* and *jousts* of an educated society.

In the early part of 1848, Mrs. Ritchie removed to New Castle, and, hiring a house, gave her children that necessity for the moral growth of child-life—a home. That autumn Lide was sent to the "Oakland Institute," at Norristown, Pa.

As I have adopted the synchronal mode of narration, I must here refer to myself in advance of any memoir of my early life. Here, too, the streams of our lives approach their confluence. We were nearing each other, and yet no presage or sign ran before to advise us of the coming commingling, which, God grant, will be forever.

During the greatest part of the year 1847, I was a prisoner in the hands of the Mexicans, and that captivity was a matter of national report and knowledge. My family was known to most persons in my native State, and the "deep peril" in which I had fallen, awakened unbounded commiseration for me—more especially as the Mexican Government threatened to execute me as a spy. That sympathy—in Delaware, at least—was heightened by the fact that the Legislature voted me a sword and thanks for "gallantry in the field," and for my participation in boarding and destroying the brig "Creole," under the guns of the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, as well as by the passage of a resolution instructing our Senators and Representatives to call on the General Government to interpose to save me from the "threatened wrong."

There appeared at that time also a prize novel of the sensational school, called "The Secret Service Ship," which professed to give a faithful narrative of my capture, imprisonment and escape. One can easily fancy that the truth was lost in a maze of fiction, and that I was represented as performing exploits which shamed even that of the Theban, who, when a nursling, strangled a brace of Pythons. It can easily be imagined that I was a sort of hero. I have within reach now a roll of newspaper excerpts—prose and poetry—replete with praise of me, which I hide carefully kept, even from those days, long gone, and which I found among the little love treasures she had garnered in the glad time when my image was first cast upon

the retina of her heart. She had then seen me several times, and by one of those rare good happenings which the "angels who have charge of us," send as blessings, had conceived an admiration for me.

I had then just returned to my home after my long imprisonment. It was on Christmas day, and I remember well that the snow was lying in the churchyard, the trees were leafless, an archipelago formed of tiny icebergs floated in the broad stream that flows before New Castle, and the whole country was sad and desolate in the extreme, after the tropical warmth of Mexico—her orange groves yellowing the hills, her flowery *chinampas* scattered over the face of Lake Chalco, and the golden sunlight rippling through her valleys. I have always been affected to sadness on seeing snow covering the graves—so cheerless does it seem, heaped up, as it were, upon the bosoms of the dead; bosoms where, perhaps, in the days gone, throbbing heads had hid away their tears from a world of pain. The flowers, the clambering vines and caressing tendrils of the beautiful summer were then all withered, and so the quiet homes in the churchyard of those we love were without those symbols of the warm golden land, whither, we believe, they are gone. Indeed, the incessant falling of the flakes, making a twilight over all the scene, and shutting out the blue sky, which always brings quiet to the mourner, seemed then so to narrow my vision, as to exclude almost the very idea that stars, rainbows and Heaven were gleaming outside. But here, comes in a lesson of hope to help the moral life staggering under the burden Death throws upon us, that though the grave fills all our world with obscurity and gloom, yet beyond

"With silver sound,
The flood of life doe flowe."

Lide remained at Norristown until the autumn of 1850.

when she graduated. At that school she had taken, from the very first, the highest position in all the branches taught there—as, for example, Moral Philosophy, Botany, Geometry, Anatomy, Latin, English Grammar, and Rhetoric. She manifested a decided taste for philosophical studies—for the exact sciences—especially the “seven” of the old schools. She had then and always the gift of which Pope said:

“Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the ‘seven.’”

I have most of her school books, all well thumbed and used. In her “Davies’ Legendre” are several notes in her own handwriting. At the end of the Ninth Book are these words: “July 18th, 1850, finished the nine books of ‘Davies’ Legendre’—an achievement.”

For instrumental music—I, mean, of course, the piano—she displayed a rare facility of touch, combined with rapid reading and wonderful expression. More brilliant performers could have been found, but not one who exceeded her in delicacy, and in that rare skill in expressing what I may call the rhythm of melody. To paraphrase a French expression, her music was full of tears.

Her diploma is dated September 26th, A.D. 1850, and it certifies that she had passed her final examination, and that “her attainments in science and polite learning are such as to entitle her to the honors and immunities of her *alma mater*.” With the diploma she received the gold medal, and pronounced the valedictory. I heard Mr. Ralston, the Principal of that school, say, some three years later, that Lide was the most tractable, proficient, and accomplished pupil he ever had in his Institute; and that such were her rare qualities of attainment and self-command, that he would have given almost anything he had to have retained

her as a teacher. He could bestow no higher praise, and, better than all, she merited it.

She left Norristown on her graduation, and came to her mother's. At the same time I returned to New Castle, broken in health, from hardships endured while a prisoner and while engaged on a survey of the Atlantic Coast of Maryland, together with the loss of my only sister.

CHAPTER III.

“On the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer.”

Here is a proper place to introduce my own biography, which is a part of my plan.

I am the sixth son of James Rogers and Maria his wife, *nee* Booth. My father was the son of Daniel Rogers, of Accomac County, Virginia, who removed to Delaware, and was afterwards Governor of the latter named State. He was descended from an old English family, originally from Wales. His father married one of the “Croppers”.—a name well known in Virginia.

My mother was the daughter of James Booth, Chief Justice of Delaware, who was a descendant of the reputable family of Sir George Booth, of Cheshire, England. Her mother was Ann Clay, the granddaughter of Jehu Curtis, who came from an ancient family in the County of Kent, England.

Jehu Curtis is buried in Immanuel Churchyard, Newcastle, Delaware, and his epitaph, written by his intimate friend, Benjamin Franklin, is an exquisite specimen of that class of composition. It is as follows:

“In memory of
JEHU CURTIS, Esq.,
Late Speaker of the Assembly,
A Judge of the Supreme Court,

Treasurer and Trustee of the Loan Office, ,
Who departed this life Nov. 18th, 1753,

Aged 61 years.

If to be prudent in council,

Upright in judgment,

Faithful in trust,

Give value to the public man ;

If to be sincere in friendship,

Affectionate to relations,

• And kind to all around him,

Make the private man amiable,

Thy death ! O, CURTIS !

As a general loss !

Long shall be lamented."

I am named after my granduncle, Rev. Robert Clay, who was rector of Immanuel Church for forty years. He was of the well known family of Clay, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, England. I might say much more of my lineal and collateral relatives, but I will merely add that I am of a family second to none in its position and antiquity.

My father was a lawyer of much eminence in his native State, handsome in person, elegant and courtly in manners, chivalric as a Paladin in his sense of honor, and in all respects a rare man. He and his wife were well mated—she having been a celebrated beauty; but, what is of more importance, at least to her children, a highly educated and thoroughly pious woman.

My father was a man with ample means; his household was provided with every comfort and luxury, and all his surroundings were in unison with his position.

My eldest brother, William, when I was quite a lad, married Mary C. Barney, granddaughter of Judge Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence,

and Commodore Barney, and my favorite always. When she came to my father's house, a bride, I remember how much struck I was with her coal black eyes, full of the vivacity of an ardent and intelligent temperament.

The most impressive incident of my early life was the sickness and death of their child. It was certainly my introduction to, and first sight of, the mystery we call Death. I had just returned from Baltimore, and as I passed into the house I was awed with its silence, for it was usually full of pleasant voices. It was past noon, and the world was brimful of the splendor of the sunshine, and all the glory of an unclouded sky. I ascended to the second floor, and entered into the chamber of my brother, and saw him bending over a cradle which held his child. His wife was at the foot of it, kneeling, with hair disheveled, and wringing her hands in mute agony. The boy was exquisitely beautiful, with a head as gracefully shaped as that of the young Augustus—one of the marvels of the Vatican—and perhaps as rare an infant, in all the graces and beauty of mature babyhood, as could be seen anywhere. It had been suddenly seized with membranous croup—that terrible scourge of children—and when I saw it, it was gasping for breath, and over its fair face was that expression of pain and eager appeal for relief that is so agonizing to see in the faces of sick children. I know nothing more painful to a bystander than such vain implorations breaking over the face of a voiceless child, and which no tenderness can assuage.

No one heeded me, and that struck me as so strange, after an absence of several days. I did not understand the child's sickness, even, for I had never seen human suffering in that shape before. If I had, it has long since passed from my memory, blotted out by that one central figure of a moribund child.

The little sufferer passed away during the night, and when, with the morning, I entered the room, and saw the waxen face and closed eyes, and touched the cold cheek and crossed hands, I experienced an emotion of wonder and dread I did not recover from for many a year. If I remember rightly, there was no one present. Had there been, and could I have been then taught, in a hopeful, loving way, the secret I learnt in later years from a statuesque child, upon whose arm fluttered a butterfly—the sweet emblem of a life nothing can destroy—I would have been saved physical suffering, and, better than all, the superstition and morbid fear that death excited within me throughout all my boyhood. Added to the gloom which sat in the house, Mary raved all the night, talking all sorts of weird things, and in her

“Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.”

When she recovered—if she ever did recover from that shock—she seemed to bring me and my brother Dan nearer to her: making us little articles of dress, teaching us by her example and care the beauty of cleanliness, training us in polite habits, and in such ways educating us up to our condition, and to love her through all the wrongs and misrepresentation she endured in her later life.

It is hard for a child—for a joyous little optimist, as I then was—to have any religious idea of death. Indeed, it must always remain a mystery to all, whether of tender or mature years. People do not see the necessity of such an ordeal, and to men's minds it seems about the only blur or defect in this wondrous sphere we call earth. In view of such a tribulation, such (I believe it was Bolingbroke who said) an indecent ending, people may, at least under the pressure of bereavement, be excused for indulging ma-

terialism. It *does* require a great deal of faith to float us over the shallows which lie about us. I have had such misgivings; and yet annihilation is really a greater antagonism to the general law than death itself. Now, when I hear caviling and Sadduceeism, they pain me inexpressibly, for they would bring into contempt my richest hopes. I always, now-a-days, turn away from all discussion that can wound the eager aspiration I have for immortality, and to touch again the "vanished hand."

There was no influence over all my early life so potent as that exercised by my only sister. She was even dearer to me, in a certain way, than my mother—for, in addition to the sympathy and congeniality of youth, she was as exquisite in character as in person. Those who knew her will never forget her exceeding purity of life and beauty of appearance. She led all my young years by her gentleness and goodness, for I esteemed her and loved her, and revered her as something even beyond my ideal woman. She filled all my tender heart as with music, and no presence satisfied, and soothed me, and brought me such a sense of happiness, as hers. It is impossible to exaggerate her winning ways, her dear charity of forgiveness and forgetfulness—for I was wayward—and she gave me back all my love, and was happy in being with me. I have, to-day, some letters addressed her at this period of my life, and they are replete with an inexpressible tenderness and love that would seem impossible, if I did not know that they were genuine. At parties and picnics no one followed her with step and eyes as I did; and always when she approached me, she singled me out with a smile, or, in passing, threw at me a loving speech. It is now twenty-two years since they laid her away in the churchyard, and yet her fresh, beautiful face and graceful figure, and her soft, winning refinement and sweetness, are as dis-

tinct in my memory as if they had gone from me but yesterday.

As a child I had the benefit of a tutor, but when that system of education was broken up by his death, I was sent to the academical department of the college at Newark, Delaware. I remained there rather more than a year. As I was without any special discipline or personal government, I grew up, as a matter of course, impetuous, headstrong, and impatient of control, and so was constantly under the punitive process. That I could not endure, and so one cold, winter night, when the ground was covered with snow, and the whole heavens burning with a phenomenal *aurora borealis*, I broke out from the tutor's room, where I was confined, and walked home. I remained under my father's roof while he was deliberating what he should do with me; but, tired of the suspense, and dreading, what Lamb calls the "dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood," one autumn evening, packing a small carpet bag, I went to Baltimore, to the house of Mrs. Chase, the widow of Judge Chase. Remaining there a few days, I went on to Washington, to see Mr. Forsyth, who had been Secretary of State, and who was a classmate of my father at Princeton College. I expressed the wish to him to be appointed a midshipman, and it was done forthwith. I entered upon that life from no consciousness of fitness or aptitude, but merely attracted by its plausibility and tinsel, and the facilities it offered for seeing the world.

I came home to a disappointed household, for my father had other views for me. To say the truth, my honeymoon passed away ere my trunk was packed, and I would have resigned at once if it had not been from pride.

I received orders to proceed to Boston, to join a vessel, whose destination was Brazil. One Sunday afternoon, in the season of the Indian Summer, while the family was

at church, I left home, to avoid the pain of parting. The day I joined the ship she sailed for Rio de Janeiro *via* Norfolk, and to this time I have not forgotten that first night at sea. The contrast of a midshipman's mess to the home whose warmth I felt still, was ludicrously sad. However, I hid away my dejection, made friends as rapidly as my *bonhomie* would permit, and when, after passing the Equator, the trade winds pushed us along over the dazzling tropic seas, I felt such an eager curiosity to touch new lands, that I forgot all my nostalgia, and I could have heard the *ranz des vaches* without tears or longings to go back. In our youth, tears are as April rain drops breaking from a fugitive cloud, which, ere they reach the meadows and hills, sparkle with the sunshine. It is later—it is when we stand as strangers among a new generation, and the friends of the long gone days are scattered—some in other lands, and some resting from their labors—then tears, as we are

“Thinking of the days that are no more,”

are the bitterest and saddest testimony we have of our helpless humanity.

Arrived at Rio, I was selected as an *aide* of the Commodore, and had little to do beyond helping the *chef*, as Pelham says, in sublimely astonishing the natives. There I lived on shore most of the time, and spent the days in “silken idleness”—loitering, flirting and sleeping.

We went to Montevideo, and there, time and again, have I seen Garibaldi and his dark-eyed *Anita*, who clung to him so closely during his famous escape from Rome in 1848, and who, during that flight, died in a peasant's hut, and was buried by the hands of compassionate strangers.

On my return to Rio de Janeiro, I was transferred to the line of battle ship “Delaware,” and my place was filled by Spencer, who was soon afterwards hung for mutiny.

From Rio we sailed for the Mediterranean, and, after a long passage, dropped anchor under the north "Pillar of Hercules," while the other could be seen standing clear and bold above the purple line of the African coast. My first sight of the old world was the headland of Trafalgar, and near rose Cadiz, crowning a rocky acclivity, where, in the olden days, the Tyrians raised altars to Hercules. On the opposite side, Tangier thrusts its head above forts and embattlements, and frowns on the fair Andalusia, upon which, in the medieval times, she threw hordes of swarth turbaned warriors.

Gibraltar was more interesting to me in its ethnological curiosities than in any other aspect. As I saw it, it seemed to hold a representative of every race on the earth, and I was never tired of observing them. I saw there some pretty Rebeccas, and to this day I remember the sturdy English children running through the sidewise streets, and scampering over the smooth parade grounds, fair and ruddy. I wandered through the galleries which wind to an extent of two or three miles, until they reach an altitude of a thousand feet or more. I sauntered over the "neutral ground," and on to San Roque, and the little town of Algeciras, where, they said, were the prettiest faces to be found in Spain. Surely that was enough to start the blood in my then susceptible heart, and so I walked its streets, sending inquisitive glances over the hanging galleries and low arched windows, sometimes rewarded by an encounter with black flaming eyes, and yet again seeing parchment faces where I looked for those smoothed by youth, and stained with olive by the same sun that ripened the orange on the hillsides. I found filth and paupers, where I sought the traditional beauty of Andalusia. I took away some pleasant memories; and yet now, the gray rocky promontory, the horizon of the Atlantic,

the blue Mediterranean, pretty laughing children—"deep set, fiery orbs," in many a maiden, left by Saracen a thousand years gone—all these lie confused in my memory, but bright as the changing colors of the kaleidoscope.

From here we pushed through "that dark blue sea," which, perhaps, of all the waters of the world, is the most beautiful intrinsically, as it is the most historical and legendary. We halted at the Balearic Isles—at Mahon, of which I remember but little beyond its sausages, called, I believe, *sobresuela*; its low social standard, and its *rouge et noir* tables. I was glad to escape from them, for really I never had any taste for gambling, and then I was too fresh and imaginative to be vicious. Port Mahon was the United States Naval Station, and as it was a small place, and, I may add, wholly dependent on the patronage of our ships, one can easily imagine that the contact improved neither Mahonese or my countrymen. I became so tired of the place that I asked the Commodore to order me on the first vessel about to leave, which was the frigate "Congress." Besides, I had an old friend on board of her—Edward Simpson—and his company offered me an additional inducement to press my application. It was granted, and the day I reported for duty, she sailed for Leghorn. Of this place I remember only its newness and its lack of architectural and art attractions. I found but little to interest me—nothing that touched me, except the tomb of Smollett, whose bones should lie on English soil, among her great dead. But Pisa is very near, and there one can find the Past grandly shrined in its churches and other structures. Beside these, are landscapes replete with the tenderest aspects—for do we not find there the Vale of Arno, and its silver stream singing through flowery meadows, as it hastens to the sea? I ascended the *Campanile*, and from its circling arcades I saw precious views.

"pastorally sweet." Under the moving clouds, the tower, at moments, seemed as if it would tumble; and I must confess that in leaning out and looking earthwards, one experiences a sensation of uneasiness almost painful.

After that ascent I wandered through the *Campo Santo*, lingering over the *sarcophagi* with their quaint reliefs, then sauntering through the dim aisles of the Cathedral and Baptistry, finding a thousand suggestive sights in their bas-reliefs, mosaic pavements, and incised columns. These were wonders to my young mind; but will I not be appreciated when I say, that I loved, more than "the dim religious light," the sunny Lung' Arno, the quivering stream plunging through the flowery pastures, and the bright, laughing life moving along its grassy slopes?

And from here we sailed through the blue Tuscan Sea, down past the Tiber, and the ruins lying skeleton-like along the Roman Coast; and, passing through the outlying isles, we rounded Ischia, and halted almost under the shadows the setting sun threw from Vesuvius. Then a new life dawned upon me, and if I could not *speak* as a poet, I surely *felt* as inspired as any. Pompeii was a wonder, in whose silent streets gathered the gloom of seventeen hundred years, which, when dispelled, disclosed to us the common life of the day when Paul preached Him who had just died on a cross. These, and all the country lying as far as Avernus and Point Misenum, were full of strange pleasures; but San Carlo filled me as ruins could not do, for there were fairy lands, the silver songs of Grisi and Mario, and Taglioni floating through the mazes of the inspiring and enchanting ballet. Ah! I was young then, and I felt and dreamed—more than I reasoned. To me the skies were ever fair, and the world was bright and full of hope.

Naples sits beside a summer sea, and listens all through the day, and through the bright starry night, to the throb-

bing waves singing along its glistening beach, as she sat and listened in the time when galley beaks clove those azure depths. And as on the day when *Menades* wantoned among the grottoes and groves of Capri, to the sound of lute touched by Imperial hands, even yet, Oh! Parthenope, art thou frail as fair—what though above the Aphrodite's temple is seen the Christian's cross!

Past Ischia again, down through the watery strait dividing Messina from Sicily, and before the south wind to Trieste. I did not remain there long, for, within sight of me, were the horses of Lysippus and the winged Lion of St. Mark.

One boisterous night I left the Metternich Hotel, and jumping into a steamer that seemed too frail to tempt the wild waves, I crossed the Adriatic, and when the day broke I could see along the Grand Canal the stately palaces, and the swelling dome of *Santa Maria della Salute*.

I was ten weeks there, wandering through churches and galleries, but, better than all, idling along in a gondola, under the shadows of palaces, and, at night, when the moon hung golden above the Veronese hills, where, in Romeo's time, it tipped "with silver all the fruit-tree tops," making the scene inexpressibly beautiful, and listening to serenades on the Grand Canal that stir one to a degree of rapture and impressiveness never to be forgotten—music heard there has a pathos and effect that touches too deep for tears—or, seated among the colonnades of the Piazza, the square full of gay loungers, rapt with the harmony that filled the air with its joyous voices. Well do I remember one exquisite face I saw there, and even now it gleams through my memory bright and clear, with a glory that no painted saint ever wore. It was that of an Athenian girl, from the land of Pericles and Aspasia; the antetype of all the beauty which one sees to-day in the Medicean Venus, and the chaste marble forms along the galleries of the Vatican. I followed

her when she stole through the canals, and launched tell-tale flowers in the lap of her gondola, and glided along the Grand Canal near her, when the songs of the gondolier kept time with the beat of his oar. Later, when I stood within the *propylea* of the Parthenon, clambering among the jacent columns, or attempting to decipher, within the Temple of Theseus, the stone tablets which tell of Marathon, or watching the wonderful beauty of Bozarris' daughter, then the dark hair and eyes of the Greek maiden at Venice had ceased to move me. I was in love with it for just nine days, and then I opened my eyes. I remember it as I remember voices and faces heard and seen in a dream.

Past Salamis and L  ucate, from which the loving Lesbian leaped, and on through the sunny seas to Smyrna. Here the Plague was slaying its thousands, and yet I wandered through the bazars, feasting my eyes on silks and velvet rugs, and sucking the incarnadine pulp of the luscious figs.

From here, on board an Austrian steamer, I passed up within near range of the slopes of 'Troas, running all the day in sight of Olympus, through the Hellespont, musing on Hero and Leander; on through Marmora, and dropped anchor off Stamboli. I staid at a hotel at Pisa, planted near an old cemetery, darkened by groups of cypress. Among the guests were a Greek Count and his wife, the erring Lady Ellenborough—said to be the most beautiful woman in England. I sat next to her at table, and under her firman and her care, visited the seraglio, the Agia Sofia, founded by Constantine, and picnicked with her at Scutari. She led me up the Bosphorus, past the beautiful hills crowned with kiosk and minaret, and on to the Black Sea, and near "the dread Symplegades." Friday, too, with some officers from India,

we went to a mosque on the European side of the Bosphorus, and saw the Sultan as he went to prayers—a handsome fellow enough, but sensuous as a Sybarite, whose life lies along the triangle whose vertices are the Harem, the Mosque and the Divan.

I was here several weeks, and then went to Jaffa. In company with a half dozen or more, I left Joppa and passed through the Vale of Sharon, and remained all night at Ramla or Arimathea. The next day we traversed the “Hill country of Judea,” and on to Jerusalem, where I remained a week, visiting all the places made memorable in the mission of our Savior; was tattooed on the left arm at the Holy Sepulchre, received my certificate of pilgrimage, and then went back again. Many years have passed since I made that visit, and yet I can close my eyes now and see all the topographical figures of that country, that Lamartine has described as so sad and dreary.

From Joppa I went to Alexandria, and remained forty days in quarantine with the Plague, and then, when admitted to *pratique*, and after seeing everything there, from Pompey’s Pillar to Cleopatra’s Baths and Needle, I ascended the Nile to Cairo. Here I passed some few days among the Pyramids; and, during the long evenings watched the groups in the Esbekeejah, gathered around a story teller—the trees hung with paper lamps, and the little canals, which run in every direction, looking like streams of silver as they flowed through the changing shadows.

Here are examples of some of the best points of Arabian architecture that can be found—for Cairo has as many mosques as Rome has churches. I have very pleasant memories of this place; but perhaps the clearest and most durable are those associated with new, and, in some respects, enchanting pictures of Oriental life. I happened to be there on the return of a caravan from Mecca, and that

sight reintroduced me to the land of Romance lying through the "Thousand and One Nights." Then Cairo was not reached by rail, and it was the central station of the overland route to India. I fancy that now the peculiar types of Eastern life have fled before the snort of the locomotive, and that, should we desire to see the Orient, we must pierce as far as Damascus—aye, farther.

Returning to Alexandria, I sailed for Mahon, touching at Tripoli and Malta.

CHAPTER IV.

"They enter'd—'twas a prison room
Of stern serenity and gloom."

I reached Delaware in the spring of 1844, having been away nearly four years. During my absence my father had retired from the practice of his profession, and built, at his farm near New Castle, a country residence. I found the family at its new home, and the change to me was a delightful one. The town is small, and though, at the period I speak of, possessed of a society that in breeding and intelligence was equal to the best anywhere, yet, as it had neither the attractions and conveniences of a city, nor the charms and seclusion of the country, I was glad that my lines were now to be cast among the woods and green fields of Boothhurst. I have a taste for extremes, and so I could not tolerate any intermediate life between a metropolis and a farm.

In the autumn of 1844 I was ordered to the Naval School at Philadelphia for a course of study during the winter, preparatory to my examination. I must confess that I had been for some time disgusted with the Navy, and had determined to leave it, just as soon as I could. Instead of living at the Naval Asylum, I took up quarters at a fashionable boarding house on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. That winter was idled through, passed in the intellectual way most young men, without any special employment, pass their time. If I read, it was nothing to

improve me. In cutting the leaves of the freshest novel I reached the acme of my literary labor. And yet the season was not altogether without a certain sort of culture. I saw society in all its phases, and I usually walk with open eyes. I saw the world as it is under the glitter of a chandelier, and heard the *frou-frou* of fashionable silks. I saw all the good and bad, the strategists, diplomats. I saw maneuvering, and all the tricks of those fiercest of all cannibals, men and women in a condition of high Christian civilization, and I saw enough to prove to me that the greatest barbarism is found with the society which boasts of the highest intelligence.

The spring came, and I had determined to resign; but as it might be said that I took that step to avoid the ordeal of an examination for which I was not prepared, I threw away kid gloves, employed a tutor, and, like Lord Eldon, in the days of his harsh noviciate, bound towels about my head to keep me awake, and studied ordnance and spherics, all the nights through. The day came when I was to be intellectually measured. I answered the call, found myself among the naval grandees, was turned over to the Professors, was well sifted by them, and then Commodore Perry laid *molliter manu* upon me, and I escaped him by leading him into a lecture on gunnery, to which I listened so attentively that he forgot to ask me a single question. Three weeks later, I was ordered on scientific duty in connection with coast survey, and stationed at Baltimore. On my arrival there I entered my name as a student at law with Benjamin C. Presstman, Esq., then City Attorney of Baltimore.

Another winter passed, and with the spring came mutterings from the Rio Grande. The message of Mr. Polk, Congressional proceedings, and the unusual activity at the naval depots, boded no good to my design of separating

myself from the service. Of course the actual inauguration of hostilities placed a *caveat* on my resignation, and I determined to apply for duty, make a dash the first opportunity, to prove myself, and then return. At my request I was ordered to a small schooner then fitting out at New York, she being one of three vessels of light draught designed for service in the rivers and *bayous* of Mexico. When I saw her I thought her a very tub, and too fragile to tempt the sea. The newspapers abused the Government for putting in peril the lives of officers by placing them on board such craft. My father became alarmed, and at once left for New York. When he saw the tiny form of my vessel, he begged me not to go to sea in her. I flattered away his fears, and he returned home with a diminished admiration of marine pursuits. I did ask, however, a short leave to be present at the marriage of my sister, but the threadbare formula, "exigencies of the service," shut the door on my application; and so I had no chance to say to the dear one the common epithalamium, "God bless you." She married Joseph N. Barney, a Lieutenant in the Navy.

We sailed from New York in June, 1846, and when we cleared Sandy Hook, the Captain consulted with his officers, (there were but four of us all told) whether we should creep along the coast, or plunge boldly seaward. The latter course was adopted. We pushed on to Hatteras, and then, with a steady gale abeam, we put her at her hurdle race across the Gulf Stream. It was night, and the wind blew fiercely enough to make "the floods clap their hands." I had the watch on deck, and, battening the hatches down and lashing myself, (the two helmsmen doing the same) I carried all the canvas the schooner could bear. She groaned under it as with a human cry of anguish, shivering along her whole frame as if in fear of

the mad waves which raised themselves on every side, and, like a high mettled steed touched by the spur, dashed headlong, tossing the spray on high as she beat the waves with her rounded prow; burying under the foam, sometimes leaping up as if she would escape from the deadly contest, and then again borne down, the whole hulk literally submerged.

There is a fine picture of some such an incident in "Eothen," in his trip from Smyrna to Cyprus, where he says: "The gale rouses itself once more, and again the raging seas come tramping over the timbers that are the life of all." I remembered that description as I passed the Gulf, and yet I doubt, if the scene Kinglake paints had half the terrible grandeur of that I witnessed. My Hydriots at the tiller did not ask me in words "to tempt the storm no further," but in the moments when the craft was thrown clear of the scudding spray, and in the short intervals when the driving clouds opened and let down upon us a shred of moonlight, I could see in their faces a mingled expression of protest and fear. When the daylight came, we had passed beyond the stream and into smooth water. Then all the sails were loosened, and the agile craft went ambling cheerily as through long level meadows of green.

It was a wet voyage, made in the mid-rainy season, and so when we got under the shelter of El Moro Castle, I was glad enough. I have vivid recollections of Havana—the soft and warm air, the dark glowing eyes of the women, and the gardens outlying the walls. In the Plaza, every evening, the Band of the Governor-General drew together a large assemblage. The men, as a rule, filled the square proper; but outside were drawn up the long-shafted *volantes*, crowding the streets; and there, resplendent under the moon, their black hair burnished by the golden light, the

women gathered—sensuous with all the charms of tropical prematureness, and, like the flowers of that clime, budding, expanding and fading in a day.

In Havana the ashes of him “who gave a new world to Castile and Leon” are urned—the spot at once the scene of his disgrace, and, I may add, his canonization. For three centuries they had reposed at St. Domingo; but near the end of the last century all that was left of the great Admiral, “fragments of a leaden coffin, a few bones and a quantity of mould,” were deposited within a casket, and with great pomp carried to Cuba. It was an old tale, long before Wolsey’s lament, and so will it ever be. As was said of Sheridan :

“And bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be borne up by statesmen to-morrow.”

Perhaps I can say, that as I was young and had a rare capacity for pleasant enjoyments, I found Havana delicious. The air is full of that soft exhaustion comparable to nothing but the half swoon which comes from a Turkish bath, when you are wrapped in shawls and laid away upon a divan, dallying with slumber, reserving nothing of earth except the dim consciousness of being lifted above it. Pope tells of the luxury of that clime, when he says :

“Isles of fragrance, lily silvered vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales.”

When I got out of the harbor, and was tossed upon the long lazy swell, and the sun went down, and silver stars rose up from the purple hills, and lights gleamed landward, which came out to us trailing golden garments after them ; then, in musing over that scene, I felt that I had parted from the pleasant Island of Cuba with keen regret.

I don't know when it was, but one lazy afternoon we struck the "Star Mountain," or Orizaba, which rises just beyond the rim of the shore—so, at least, it seemed to me, bearing upon its head, monk-like, a snowy hood, and upon its strong shoulders, innumerable trees—feathery and palmated—as seen on the background of the sky. It is, not even excepting Vesuvius, the most graceful mountain form I ever saw—the Apollo Belvidere among the grand statuary the Master cut and hewed and molded in the "dim eclipse" of the primal day.

Soon we reached the flats off Vera Cruz, and as we pushed southward and were abeam of the city, a flash came from the ramparts of San Juan d'Ulloa, and a shot ricocheted ahead of us, making little geysers where it impinged the water. That was my introduction to the grim pastime men call war.

On our arrival we were placed on what I shall call *diplomatic* duty—perhaps I should say, I was. Several times a week I had to go to the foreign squadrons to get newspapers and the news from Mexico. Indeed, our English cousins kindly smuggled all our correspondence with our friends in Mexico. I was so employed all summer, with the exception of the time engaged in an expedition against Alvarado. We had no killed, and but one wounded, and this latter was I. It happened in this wise: A single dragoon came to the beach, mounted, and several officers took shots at him, without effect. I picked up a musket that some neophyte in ordnance had innocently charged with three cartridges, (I ascertained that afterwards) I fired at my friend, and the recoil not only laid me flat on deck, but injured my face severely. I was

"The engineer
Hoist with his own petar."

I had a messmate, a brother of Senator Brown of Mis-

issippi, who was as tired of the Navy as I was. He and I resolved to resign, go to New Orleans, take a cotton ship for Liverpool, and then, making a hotch-potch of our means, travel on foot over Europe as Goldsmith did with his violin, and Bayard Taylor and Ross Browne did without it. I was to be appointed treasurer, orator, historiographer and interpreter. We were to wander on foot, to join the dance on the village green, to reach a peasant's *chalet* before nightfall; and I was to impress the simple hearts of the rural folk by a sad and fatigued mien. Brown was to be the middle figure in the picture, and was not to bring his face in, (it was, perhaps, as plain and practical a one as could be found anywhere) until I had coaxed shelter and food. That was an old plan of mine *redivivus*, and it would certainly have been carried out had it not been for my capture.

I had had a difficulty with my Captain, and was applied for by Captain Raphael Semmes—he of “Alabama” fame—who commanded the brig “Somers,” from the main-yard of which vessel, Spencer was hung for mutiny.

We assumed our position on the blockade, to which duty we were ordered. It was then December, and the season of the passionate and querulous Aquilon. It is a wind all will remember who ever encountered it. Sometimes it seemed as if it would skim the sea of everything that floated upon it—choleric, fierce and unrelenting—Hercules frenzied and free. Then, when alone at night, on watch, peering through the darkness for blockade runners, and feeling within myself an aspiration for something beyond the false and cribbed life of a naval officer—I wished myself anywhere rather than in the condition I held, so uncongenial and artificial was it.

While engaged in this duty, Parker, Hynson and I, with a boat's crew consisting of five picked men, at midnight

boarded the brig "Creole," moored to the walls of San Juan de Ulloa, burnt her, took her crew prisoners, and escaped. It brought us medals, swords, thanks, and public notice, and to-day it forms the epitaph and blazonry of Hynson's tomb at Annapolis. Captain Semmes, in a work he published, called "Service Afloat and Ashore," gives me many honorable mentions, and so I will not say he should be hanged.

The successful issue of that enterprise suggested an expedition to reconnoitre, and, if possible, to destroy a depot of ammunition situated near Vera Cruz. I volunteered to conduct it, and, in disguise, made two reconnoissances. On the occasion of my third visit, and while I was in the boat about shoving off, Captain Semmes summoned me on board again, and told me that *something* suggested to him to call me and persuade me to put on some evidence of my official character. He says, in the book referred to, that he could not put aside a presentiment of evil. He and I talked the matter over many times afterwards, and I am induced to believe that he accepted the suggestion as spiritual. Let it have been whatever you please, it saved a neck that, as it was, cost a great deal of trouble to preserve.

I had with me a sailor named Fox, and a volunteer—Assistant Surgeon Dr. Wright. I had finished the reconnoissance to my entire satisfaction, and had reached the dunes, which, on that shore, break the uniformity of the sand belt, when Wright suggested the propriety of pursuing an apparent road to the landing place. I entreated caution, for I felt certain that, where it debouched, I had seen a camp fire, and I suspected the presence of a large patrol. He had left me scarcely five minutes, when I heard the neigh of horses and the jingling of arms, and looking around, I saw him pursued by a body of horsemen. I

ran towards them, and, presenting a loaded pistol, Fox doing the same, they halted. The pursued did not. While I was engaged in the parley, he reached the shore, and escaped in the boat which waited me. Thus abandoned, I had no resource but to surrender. Fox and I were led to the fire, and then a drum-head court martial was organized.

Will I be believed when I say, that, at that moment of disappointment and agony, I almost courted the death which, like the sword of Damocles, was suspended above me by a thread? I had heard and read, scores of times, of the inhumanity of Mexicans. The history of the Santa Fe expedition had especially prepared me for any degree of cruelty that semi-civilized people could inflict. But it was not bodily suffering I feared. It was the failure of all my schemes; it was the agony and suspense introduced to my home circle, and the sad prefiguration of weary days and months of isolation, of protracted suffering, and moral and intellectual stagnation or delirium.

The drum-head Court held its session upon a little sand hillock, within a few feet of me, while Fox and I were guarded at the fire. With all its grim aspects, the grouping and all the accessories were the constitution of as pretty a picture as any artist could have desired. Take myself and Fox, and the guards, with drawn sabres, standing before the burning embers—the ruddy light heightening our figures, and lambent over the surrounding space. In the middle ground is a group of dismounted cavalry, some erect, armed with lances, from the barbed ends of which fluttered, in the night air, little pennons; and some seated upon the sand, holding their *escopetas* between their knees; and all dressed in the *bizarre*, gaudy style, peculiar to the lower classes of that people. Just behind these were the dark moving forms of the horses, with their bright

curious eyes and gay trappings, and beyond stretched the sea, heaving under the splendor of a full moon, the delicate tracery of the spars and rigging of the squadron drawn against the almost opaline sky. More inland rose the stained steeples of the churches of Vera Cruz, all lying shadowy and spectral under the touch of the enchanting moonlight. And to add to all, imparting to it a most pathetic effect, were the break of the waves upon the beach, and that subdued and mysterious plaint that can always be heard from the heaving sea, in the hush of a tropical night.

While the council still debated, and on their "irresolution lingered death hitherwards," the rapid reverberation of a horse's hoofs beating upon the hard sand were heard, and an officer dashed among us, checking his animal within a few paces of me. A pistol I had fired when I surrendered, to alarm the boat's crew, had alarmed the garrison at Vera Cruz, and brought my rescuer to me. We were at once ordered to the city, and soon were challenged under the walls. Then I heard the noise of gliding bolts and falling chains; the gates were swung open, and our procession marched in. Pursuing a narrow and obscure street, we halted before a gloomy looking building, where we were formally transferred to new custodians; and here, too, my true and staunch friend Fox was separated from me. A soldier beckoned to him—no leisure for words was permitted us—I reached out my hand, and he clasped it as if we were never to meet again in this life, and in an instant a dark world, as it were, stood sullen and grim, between him and me.

I could swell this memoir to a considerable extent with many really interesting incidents of my eight months' captivity. Some of these were matters of very general interest at the time, were published over the whole country, and

agitated upon the floor of Congress. The fact that I was held and tried as a spy, and my threatened execution, were matters affecting all who bore arms in that war, and raised a general cry of indignation. The Legislature of my native State, after a vote of thanks to me for gallantry, passed a resolution, asking the General Government to save me from the threatened wrong. These public proceedings; the short biographies of me which appeared from time to time; the suspense and uncertainty of my fate for several months; the stress laid on the circumstance that I was captured while preparing an expedition to destroy a magazine from which the enemy would draw his powder supplies in the event of the investment of Vera Cruz; and the sinking of the "Somers" the day after my capture, with a loss of more than one half of her officers and crew—all contributed to make my case one of great and general interest. That

"Distressful stroke
That my youth suffered,"

had a very important influence, too, in winning me my wife, and so I hastily sketch it. If I uttered less as to it, my plan of showing our children "what and who we are" would be imperfectly carried out.

My imprisonment at Vera Cruz continued near three months, during which time I was isolated from all the extraneous world. I had no mind for reading, and so I employed myself in writing a novel. It had a real plot, and its *dramatis personæ* were people I had met. It relieved many a tedious hour, occupied my mind and heart, and, in some measure, redressed the injuries from which I suffered. I preserved the poor bantling throughout all my captivity, got it home with me, and one day placed all its royal thoughts upon a funeral pyre, and its dust was

"Borne abroad upon
The winds of heaven, and scatter'd into air."

At that period General Scott was preparing for his descent on Vera Cruz, and already his vanguard had reached Tampico. I was ordered to *prepare* for a march—I, who had no clothing but that I stood in—whither, I knew not. I had had my trial as a spy, and as it was unfavorable to me, through the influence of Gen. La Vega an appeal was taken to the military authorities at the capital.

February 16th, I passed out of the city into the open country. It was another life to me, and the sweet sea breeze laid its hands in benediction upon me, and all the world looked so new, that it seemed as if I was going back to some pleasant dream. As we got well clear of Vera Cruz, and the sea opened all her swelling bosom to my eager eyes, I felt as if I would be happier if I could lay my head there and be all at rest. When, too, I saw afar and near the ships with their outspread sails—some of which were hastening to that point whither was my home—and recollected that I was being dragged into an uncertain captivity, I must confess I could not repress my tears.

The first night we halted at the village of Las Vegas. As we approached it, Don José, the officer who commanded the escort, said that if I would pledge my honor not to escape, he would send it in advance, and allow me greater freedom. I gave the pledge, and he and I entered the hamlet alone. We went to the house of the Alcalde, which was beautifully situated upon a little knoll overlooking the thatched roofs of the villagers' cabins, grouped at its base.

One night, some two months before, when the "Somers" lay at Anton Lizardo, a cry of "Help!" was heard by the watch on deck, and a boat was lowered, which picked up a canoe containing two persons—a Texan who had escaped from Mexico with the aid of his companion, who was, I

believe, of French birth. The fugitive had promised his rescuer a large reward should he reach the squadron in safety—a promise he could not fulfil, for he was a stranger to all in the fleet. The “Somers” was ordered to land the Frenchman some distance up the coast, and, during the passage, I not only took the fellow into my mess, but collected from the officers quite a handsome sum for him. When he left us, he bade me good bye with many grateful expressions, and said he could never forget my kindness. As I dismounted on my arrival at the Alcalde’s, and stared at the idlers about me, what was my surprise and pleasure to see the Frenchman the “Somers” had landed as described. Without reflecting, I stepped forward and offered my hand, but to my astonishment he turned from me, saying that he had never seen me before. I went back to myself, wondering whether the genial optimism I had nourished, was not a mere aspiration and sentiment, and human virtue a dream and hope rather than a living characteristic.

That same night held as bright a moon as ever shone upon earth, and as I was then in a measure free, I resolved to go to bed and watch the stars through the low French window. I did so, but in a little while fell asleep. I don’t know how long I had been sleeping, when I awoke and found my hand in the grasp of some one or something. For a moment I was somewhat alarmed, but when I recovered myself, I heard a voice say, “Hush!” and looking along my hand, I saw the face of my friend, who had turned from me on my arrival. The truth flashed on me in an instant. He whispered me to be quiet, and in *sotto voce* told me that it would have been as much as his life was worth to have recognized me; that he had now come to evince his gratitude; that all arrangements had been made to convey me to the sea

coast, and from there he could soon place me in safety with my countrymen. Will I demean myself by saying that I *did* listen to his temptation, and, for a moment, beguiled by the picture of safety—an escape from the menace and danger which imperiled my life—I was almost persuaded. It was but for a moment, however. I then felt that my escape would give my generous and humane custodian, if not to death, at least to disgrace and degradation from rank; and, explaining all to the noble fellow, I refused, blessing him rather in my thoughts than by words—for indeed I could not speak from very fear of tears. The next morning, when I left, he stood among the spectators, with as much apparent unconcern as if he had never seen me before.

At sunset, February 19th, I reached the Castle of Perote—as cheerless and desolate a spot as I had ever seen. My life here was sad and miserable enough. My room had a brick floor; the window was double grated, and the outer walls hid all the landscape from me, except the very apex of the mountain, which gives to the castle its name. The only friends I had here were the post sutler and his family. He fed and clothed me—for the provision made by the Mexican authorities was scanty and meagre enough. My want of proper clothing and comforts, and my sufferings from the cold, caused me the rheumatism which afflicted me so grievously, a year or two later.

Don Ramon had a niece, whose comeliness, and whose kindness to me, made her the boast of that portion of the army which occupied Perote. Her beauty was of a higher order than that of almost any other Mexican girl I ever saw. She had, to be sure, the same physical characteristics—dark hair and eyes, and the brunettish skin; but her eyes, lying under the shade of long silken lashes, were

clearer; her hair more polished and Caucasian in texture, and her complexion finer and fairer. Anywhere she would have attracted attention. Although but fourteen, she was physically matured. In all other respects she was a child—as pure and winning as Virginia. She was not up, perhaps, to the highest teaching of the accidence. She could read, and her penmanship was tolerably expressive; but of the world beyond the small hamlet where she resided, she knew absolutely nothing. If I had told her the most improbable thing conceivable, she would have believed me. Sometimes as she and I sat in the corridor, during the midday hours, she would make me go over, and over again, the little descriptions I gave her of our northern life, and later, I feared I made her impatient of her own obscure and isolated condition. The governor of the fortress permitted me to visit the family of Don Ramon, who had rooms just beneath me, and there, at vespers, I knelt with the family before the “Holy Mother;” played little games, and heard the singing of the rude ballads of the country, with an accompaniment of the guitar.

My parting with that family, from which I had received the most disinterested kindness extended me during my captivity, was as painful as if I had been separating myself from my own family.

I was sent to Puebla, and, in passing through a small town *en route*, I had a rough handling from a mob. At the “City of the Angels,” where, at that time, was found the most fanatical population in Mexico, I received only insults; and the authorities, on the representations and at the request of some gentlemen among the foreigners, sent me to the capital, to save me from the injury threatened me.

I reached Mexico the middle of April, and on the personal guarantee of a Mr. Voss to produce me when re-

quired, I was permitted the liberty of the city. I was refused parole, because I still held the status of a spy—at least so far as their records went. During my stay there I made many acquaintances, and, I may say, friends. To a certain extent I went into society; but as I had no desire to compromise any one, I made my visits “few and far between.” Here were sent other prisoners, with whom I, of course, had an intimate association. Among these were Cassius M. Clay, recently Minister to Russia; Borland, afterwards Senator from Arkansas; and Gaines, subsequently Governor of Oregon. There were some lesser lights, and perhaps more agreeable fellows—certainly more congenial to me—but as they never rose above the horizon, I omit the mention of their names.

In mid-July an order was issued to all American residents of the city to retire to Morelia, some eighty leagues in the interior. General Scott had then reached Puebla, and was preparing to advance upon the capital; for the defense of which an army had been collected, and a creditable system of fortifications constructed. A second order was promulgated, directing the prisoners of war—officers, of course—to present themselves at the Palace on the ensuing Sunday, to surrender their parole, and prepare to go to Toluca. I at once communicated with my surety, who simply replied, “*Sauve qui peut*,” but not to attempt to escape from the city, as it would be certain death. He was under the ban then, and concealed in the house of an Englishman, about a league from Mexico. I determined to escape, let the hazard be what it might. A Scotch friend procured the form of a passport as far as Chalco, beyond which no one but a *militar* was permitted to proceed, except under a special license; and, as he was an expert penman, he forged the name of the Military Governor to it. In that passport I was described as the cook

to Her Britannic Majesty's Minister—whom, by-the-by, I knew, and so could have carried off my honors very well if I had been pushed by any inquisitive patrol. By a safe hand my horse and accoutrements were sent to a place called San Rafael, at the base of the mountain range whose proudest peak is Popocatepetl.

On the evening of July 31st, attired in a suit befitting my station, I bade my friend good bye. I felt, indeed, I had need of the "God speed you," which rose out of his valedictory words, as a benediction. I left the city in a canoe, commanded by an Indian woman, and by the canal which existed, I believe, in the Aztec days. I was accompanied by Walker, an artist; one of whose battle pieces can be found in the Capitol at Washington, and who, having been a resident at the City of Mexico for some years, had no appetite for the fare promised at Morelia.

It is a temptation to describe my escape at length, but I will not yield to it. I will merely summarize its incidents.

We got safely through the garrison at Las Vegas, near the city, and next morning reached Chalco, then occupied by General Alvarez, (from his ferocity called the "Panther of the Pacific") with his notorious Pintos—Indians from Sonora. From there we went on foot to Miraflores, where we passed that night, concealed. The next morning I was informed that my escape was known, and that parties were in pursuit of me. From Miraflores we went on to San Rafael, and midway we were stopped by a guerilla band, from whom we escaped by saying we were artisans of the *fabrica*, or manufactory, at the former place, going over to see friends at San Rafael. Fortunately the Director had foreseen just such a *rencontre*, and he provided Walker and me with what are called *cartas de seguridad*, or credentials, declaring that the bearers were

Englishmen, and employés at the *fabrica* in question. The exhibition of these, which were borrowed from genuine Britishers, who were indeed what we represented ourselves to be, and the fact that it was Sunday, when such communication was common, rescued us from the danger that seemed at first hazardous enough. At San Rafael we procured a guide who had been already engaged by some friends there, who had been advised of our coming, and at dusk, amid a heavy rain, we commenced the ascent of Popocatepetl, from whose crater, two centuries before, Cortez had procured sulphur for his gunpowder. Our *cicerone* lived on the mountain, knew its trails, coverts and easiest gradients; but in the darkness, that to me had a most solemn and weird depth, he lost his path, and we went stumbling over fallen trees and into deep *arroyos*, ourselves and horses floundering over together. After one or two such disasters, we led our animals, for they were really unable to carry us, especially as, having attained an altitude which brought us to the snow region, the rarified air made respiration most painful. On the ridge which forms the shoulder, as it were, of Popocatepetl, we found a charcoal burner, who informed us, that in the village through which we must pass, in order to reach Puebla, was the renowned guerrilla chief, General Rea, with eight hundred men. This was startling intelligence, for the main road was occupied by the army of Santa Anna, and Rea held the only one left to us. In that part of Mexico there was no evading the highways, for immense ravines and impenetrable chaparrals render their avoidance impossible. This news determined our guide to retrograde, for he had a wholesome fear of the medieval way the petty Mexican leaders had of dealing with such as he, and so he went back; but for us, *nulla vestigia retrorsum*—and so, getting full directions as to our route, we pushed on.

The descent of the mountain range, on the Puebla side, is gradual, and at daylight we attained level ground. Near Huajocingo we met an *arriero*, who confirmed the accounts we had of General Rea's presence on our line of escape. We paused, in doubt whether to go on, or to go back to the mountain fastnesses, and there remain concealed until our environment was more peaceful. But after a careful judgment of all the probabilities, we resolved to push on, and trust to the Power who had borne us so far safely. We were then only twelve miles from Puebla, where our army was—and, in a certain sense, in safety.

Huajocingo is situated upon a single street, and on either side were dense chaparrals of thorny cactus, which made a divergence impossible. We reached the edge of the town while the darkness still brooded over the low thickets and adobe houses, and at the time when sentinels *will* sleep—for, of all hours, and under such circumstances, that just preceding the dawn is the most assured of safety. Instead of moving through at a rapid pace, we gave our horses a loose rein, and let them go slowly through the sand that muffled their steps. When, after an age of suspense, we reached the furthest edge of the town, we gave them the spur, and did not check them until we gained the *garita* at Puebla.

One can easily imagine my feelings as I passed under the shelter of the American flag, after an imprisonment of eight months, marked by privations and perils. I doubt if there was then any person in the world happier than myself. I went at once to headquarters, and reported to General Scott, from whom I received many congratulations and eulogiums. Semmes—my old commander—was with the army, bearer of dispatches from my Government to that of Mexico, demanding that I should be, if not released, at least placed on the footing of a prisoner of war.

Next day I passed into the hands of Lee and Beauregard, and was examined as to the defences of the capital, and from their penetrating curiosity I naturally went to a tailor. I offered my services to the Commander-in-Chief, and was appointed to the staff of the Third Division of Regulars.

On the third of August, my division took up its march for the capital. The story of that campaign is now a part of the history of the country, and I shall not dwell on my own participation in it. With pride can I say that I was present in every battle fought in the Valley of Mexico. And I will be excused, in terminating the separate history of myself, by introducing a speech made by John M. Clayton, Senator, and afterward Secretary of State, in support of a resolution presented, *moto proprio*, to indemnify me for loss when the "Somers" sunk, and for my extraordinary expenses while a prisoner, and on army duty:

"I have the honor to present the memorial of Passed Midshipman Rogers, asking compensation for losses and injuries received in the service of his country. His memorial is couched in terms as modest and unassuming as they are respectful to Congress, and glances at the leading incidents of an eventful story of daring enterprise and heroic fortitude, in captivity and distress, to which there can scarcely be found a parallel in the annals of the war. I shall ask of the Senate that this memorial be printed, in order that he may have the full benefit of his own statement; and I now propose to make a few remarks in relation to the claim which he presents, for the purpose of drawing the attention of the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and the members of it, to the facts of the case, because I suppose that is the committee to whom the memorial may most appropriately be referred. This young officer was one of the daring few who, in the month

of November, 1846, were distinguished for cutting out and destroying the Mexican barque 'Creole,' then moored under the guns and fastened to the walls of the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa. Subsequently to the destruction of that vessel, the naval commander, under whom Mr. Rogers served, was desirous that a reconnoissance should be made of the localities in the vicinity of Vera Cruz, as well for the purpose of aiding a land attack, as of destroying the enemy's depot of ammunition; and this young sailor volunteered, with a few others—a small boat's crew—to perform this dangerous service. On three successive nights this small party penetrated the dense chaparral in the neighborhood of the City of Vera Cruz, made a complete reconnoissance of all the objects of importance which they were sent to examine, and afterwards reported complete drawings of the localities around the city, which were held by General Worth to be of great value, as he occupied, in the investment of the city, the particular spot which was the subject of this investigation. It was during this reconnoissance—on the last night of it—that Mr. Rogers was captured by a band of Mexican guards; and his capture was undoubtedly owing to his own generous impulse in saving a brother officer. On that occasion he narrowly escaped death at the moment of his capture, in consequence of the exasperated feelings of the Mexicans consequent on the destruction of the 'Creole.' He was carried that night to prison in Vera Cruz, where he remained four days and nights without sustenance, in a cell swarming with vermin, and where the only intelligence that reached him was, that he had been condemned to death as a spy, by a civil tribunal, the sole evidence offered before it being to the effect, that he was the leader of the party engaged in cutting out and destroying the 'Creole.' He then remained in constant expectation of death for many

weeks, and when, as he thought, his death summons was coming, his only answer to it was the request; that he might avoid the Mexican mode of killing a man behind his back, and meet death as an American, who could look it in the face. He remained in that state of suspense for a long period; his imprisonment at Vera Cruz lasting for three months. For some reason the bloody sentence which had been recorded against him was never executed, and a military commission was ordered to sit upon his case. When Gen. Scott was advancing to invest Vera Cruz, Mr. Rogers was marched on foot from that city to Perote, and confined in the noxious cells of that fortress. As the American army advanced into Mexico, he was again removed, and conveyed to Puebla. All his property had been lost in the wreck of the 'Somers,' and that which was conferred upon him by the hand of friendship or charity, was taken from him by the robbers; whilst his life was at the same time in constant peril from the excited state of public feeling against our countrymen. At a short distance from Puebla the incensed rabble stoned him, and on that occasion, also, he narrowly escaped death. Owing to this excited state of public feeling, his guard was compelled to remain with him within a league of Puebla till midnight, lest he should be torn to pieces by the exasperated populace in the city. When taken to Puebla, in so great peril was he, that the foreign residents of that State interceded in his behalf, and obtained an order for his removal to the City of Mexico. In rags and wretchedness, he was marched to the capital, where he remained a prisoner until intelligence of the battle of Cerro Gordo arrived, when General Santa Anna, the hero of the Alamo, ordered his victim to be conveyed still further into the interior. Knowing that death would be the consequence of that removal, he made a successful effort to escape.

Always in infinite peril, he made his way, in Mexican disguise, being often subjected to examination from bands of guerrillas and Mexican guards, until he reached the plains which led him to Puebla, where General Scott was preparing, with his victorious army, to advance upon the City of Mexico. From his knowledge of the localities in the neighborhood of Mexico, and the numbers and condition of the Mexican forces, Mr. Rogers was now enabled to give valuable information to the Commander-in-Chief; and his character for courage and intelligence being well known, he was employed as a volunteer *aide-de-camp* by General Pillow, and in all the bloody actions which succeeded, he was distinguished as amongst the bravest of the brave. The dispatches of the commanding general, whose aid he was, fully attest his character for skill and gallantry, and recommend him, in the strongest terms, to the notice of the Commander-in-Chief, bestowing upon him as high eulogiums as on any other officer of his division. Engaged in all the other actions in the field, Mr. Rogers was particularly distinguished for his conduct, as his brother officers relate, in the storming of Chepultepec, where he was one of the seven who first mounted the walls of that fortress, and planted the standard of his country over 'the Halls of the Montezumas.' The sailor has now returned from the wars, but no brevet commission awaits him, because the deck was not the field of his fame. He has earned his laurels upon the land, but although promotion may not attend him for the service which he performed upon land, his claims for justice are strengthened by this service; and the only object which I have in view on this occasion, is to commend his claims for sheer justice to the consideration of the Committee on Military Affairs. I think that a stronger case could scarcely be presented for the consideration of an American Congress. I do not undertake

to point out the mode or measure of redress which the case demands. I leave that to the ability, the patriotism, the benevolence of the gentlemen of the Military Committee. We all unite in commendation of those of our countrymen who have been distinguished in this war. We are accustomed to rejoice over the achievements of our countrymen in Mexico, without reference to party distinctions. When the gallant dead are brought from Mexico to their home, we follow the hearse, 'the war horse and the muffled drum,' and unite in signifying to the world that the whole nation sorrows for the fallen. I hope that the same feeling which is so successfully invoked in behalf of the memory of the gallant dead, may be manifested to the living, and that when the pensioner shall return from Mexico—the crippled and war-worn soldier—claiming his dues, we shall be ready to award to them just compensation for the services which they have rendered to their country. I hope it may never be said of us:

'How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow;
And bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be borne up by statesmen to-morrow!'

Just here, although perhaps it might come in with more relevancy later, I will quote two sentences, written by my wife, on a fly leaf of a manuscript lecture I delivered before the Legislature of Delaware, in obedience to its resolution. They are precious memorials to me:

"To me, a line, however insignificant, traced by the hand of my own dear Rob, is a treasure. How inestimably valuable, then, the record of a weary and painful captivity! Subsequently, his name was resounding with acclamation through the length and breadth of our land, while I, scarcely more than a child, ventured only to

regard him from afar, as some 'crystal girded shrine,' immeasurably above my humble level.

"August 23d, 1851.

LIDE H. RITCHIE.

"And now I am his wedded wife—privileged to share his sorrows, as well as his joys; and a holy privilege I esteem it. To me he is still worthy of the same exalted worship as when the above lines were written. I look at him now with the same glistening eye and heaving breast as then, and

'I'd rather live in the light
Of one kind smile from him, than wear
The crown the Bourbon lost.'

"July 21st, 1853.

LIDE ROGERS."

In the same book she commenced to copy some letters I published in 1848. I can not say why, except from that pure worship she had of me from the very time when she "was scarcely more than a child." From the first I completely possessed her, and, thank God, she held for me, up to her latest breath, the same constant and all-absorbing passion. It was her very life. And to-day it has so consecrated me, that I shall live true to it to the last moment of my existence.

I left Mexico in the first train, and *en route* stopped one night at Perote, with my old friend, Don Ramon—seeing dear Panchita and all the family. He came to Vera Cruz with me, for the purpose of seeing, as he said, the last of me.

We reached New Orleans, where Generals Quitman and Shields, and I, had the freedom of the city. From there I passed up the river, and reached my home on Christmas, as already related.

CHAPTER V.

“Lay her i' the earth—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring.
A ministering angel shall my sister be”——

I passed a fortnight at Booth-hurst, when I grew impatient of its quiet life, after the excitement of a campaign, and the excesses and demoralization war will always breed, with the best of us. Every inducement was used to keep me happy there, and I saw that my parents were disturbed at the restlessness I took no pains to conceal. I could not read—that taste had been unused for a long time; and my native town, easily amused, as it was, with all the small and habitual ways it had been accustomed to for a century or more, soon grew distasteful and wearisome to me. My sister was then at Baltimore. Had she been at Booth-hurst, she could have made it tolerable; although I, who had been leading so wild and semi-savage a life during the preceding eighteen months, could not be satisfied with the simplicity and every-day-alike time, of even the home of my parents. I was as one who had been drinking to excess, and to whom some stimulant was an absolute necessity. I went to Washington and threw myself into its maelstrom, and was tossed within its vortex, with the thousands of idlers who frequent that place. From there I went to Cincinnati, and renewed the irregularities I had inaugurated at the capital. But that idle and reckless life was terminated by a blow that was as unexpected as it was

terrible—the death of my only sister. The next train after the receipt of the news of that wholly unexpected bereavement, I started for Delaware, and reached there two days later, at midnight. Instead of going direct to Booth-hurst, I passed on to New Castle, and, halting the carriage at the edge of the town, I went on foot to the churchyard. They said my sister was dead, and yet I could not believe it; and so, led by a strange infatuation of incredulity and doubt, I leaped the wall, and sought the place she would certainly be—where my ancestors were buried—if she had been called away by “sister spirits.” How well I remember that night, even after the lapse of twenty-two years. It was mid-summer, and the long grass half hid the low gravestones, and the white monuments, standing here and there, in the “palpable obscure,” had an unearthly look, as if they were of those

“Spiritual creatures who walk the earth
Both when we wake and when we sleep.”

The weeping willow, standing at the porch of the church, hung low, to the very ground, and as the deep trailing branches swung to the breeze which came from the river, a mournful sighing reached me, and it needed no stretch of fancy to suppose that the spirits of the dead spoke to me in sympathy—wondering to see a human form bending over a new-made grave, and to hear a cry of agony at finding a confirmation of its worst fears. And when the clock struck from the tall white steeple I saw in the starlight, its sad palpitating sound seemed the murmur of sympathetic voices from the mid-air. In addition to all these, paradoxical as it may appear, the silence was painfully profound. There was a stillness, as if

“All earth was but one thought, and that was death.”

The scene, the solemn night, the narrow homes of the

dead, and the first sharp sting of my bereavement, did not soften me, and fill me with that hopeful sadness which came later. I saw then "through a glass darkly." The grave limited my vision. I beheld nothing except its moist, repulsive chambers, where was laid a loved form I would have died to save from wound or harm. Then I half believed that the dead would never "be raised from their sleep," and that, blind creatures as we are, we hoped in resurrection simply because our pride and pampered nature revolted at the disgusting picture of mere corruption and resolution to dust, and nothing more. It was later—it was the secret and subjective life on a sick bed, in the communion that arose from a contemplation of another existence; or amid the loneliness and aspiration born of a solitary sojourn on the sea beach, for a half summer, the ensuing year—that brought me something more than the belief that "*resurgam*" is not an idle fancy—a mere shrinking from annihilation. Yet with this better nature of to-day, exalted and purified by an association with an angel during so many years, and taught by her, during her last earthly days, with an inexpressible pathos and tenderness, that we will live again—even now there are times when no rainbow comes to me through the mists of tears.

When I had become, in a measure, more quiet and subdued under the influences of home, and the repose I found there, I determined to try the effect of naval duty on me. I received orders to report to the Hydrographical Department of Coast Survey. I was assigned to the party then engaged in a reconnoissance of that portion of the Atlantic Coast of Maryland known as "Fenwick's Island," and placed in charge of a shore station. There was not a house within many miles of me, and so I pitched a tent for myself and servant. My dog and a small *bateau* were all the resources I had against the *ennui* of idleness. Be-

tween me and the main land stretched an immense sound, in many parts so shallow, that I could walk for miles without sinking deeper than my waist. I had reason to know this—for, in going one day to a point south of me, to make some observations, my boat upset, and I had to walk at least two miles, carrying my theodolite, before I reached land. At moments I was surrounded by sharks, but as they had plenty of small fish for food, so far as I was concerned, I felt they were innocuous.

There were many days I had no work to do—when, for example, the steamer, engaged in taking soundings, had gone for supplies, or had been blown off by foul weather. At these times I would walk for miles, along the beach, gathering kelp or thready *confervæ*, borne northward by the Gulf Stream. Occasionally I found the husk of a cocoanut, or the rind of an orange, and then, recumbent upon the sand, I would dream of the brilliant lands, lying under the tropical sun, away beyond the horizon, which touched the sea before me. But oftener, I closed my eyes to all my surroundings, and wandered through the past, and among the ruins of many a shattered fane, built by my young hopes and aspirings. I grew strangely morbid, and weary of all things and myself. I had such a craving, such avidity for repose, that many, many a time have evil thoughts pointed out to me the doctrine of the sophists of the Porch, “that a wise man may justly and reasonably withdraw from life whenever he finds it expedient.” I remember that my brother William, at that period, addressed me a letter remonstrating against the *melancholia* into which I had fallen, and recommended me to carefully peruse Wordsworth, the poet of reflection, and to avoid Byron.

I soon grew tired of that isolated, harsh life. Beside, I was sick, and suffered from *insomnia*, and my unquiet

heart burned within me, and threw its own lurid glare over all my thoughts. I was reduced to a skeleton, having fallen from one hundred and fifty-eight pounds to one hundred and three. My forehead ached and pained me with a sort of *edematous* affection, the result of my confinement and hardships in Mexico. I suffered intensely, too, from rheumatism; was without curative means, and deprived of all comforts. My tent—rather what is technically called a “fly”—gave me no shelter from the changes of temperature peculiar to that portion of the sea coast. I knew that to remain there, under such conditions, would seriously imperil my life; and so I determined, no matter what the result of such a breach of military discipline, to abandon my station and go home. I did so, in September, 1850, and reached Delaware. So wan and sick was I, that all thought me in a decline.

Lide had just returned from school, and every little while she saw me at church, or in the street. She kept then a journal, and I was made the subject of many a speculation and sympathetic speech. It contained frequent references to my pallor and debility, and pity of the sad sort into which I had fallen. That journal, which registered the source and first throbbings of her love for me, I preserved until the destruction of all our letters and diaries, when we were about to sail for Europe.

I first saw her, to notice her, at church, and I was struck with her girlish, fresh appearance, and her exquisite complexion—nothing more. At that period I felt very little interest in society at New Castle, and, like most persons who had mixed much with metropolitan people, I had no great partiality for provincials. This is a very common feeling and opinion, and, I will add, a very stupid and erroneous one. There can be found among city-bred folk, perhaps, a higher degree of art in breed-

ing, and a more ready *savoir faire*; but society in the rural districts is kept together by a superior moral or religious element, and, consequently, has a higher degree of excellence in all those constituents which make up the best Christian civilization.

The autumn and winter of 1850 were passed in Delaware. I made one visit to Cumberland, Maryland, where I sojourned some weeks with a friend. That time was pleasantly disposed of. His house was situated at the foot of quite a clever range of hills, over which I wandered every day, gathering wild anemones, and the dazzling leaves and blossoms of the *rhododendra*. I can never forget those rambles; for those portions of Pennsylvania and Maryland, outlying the Cumberland District, are full of romantic mountain features, abounding especially in picturesque scenery. In the Indian summer days passed there, I was wont to ascend the highest points, and dream over the golden and purple landscapes, stretching away on every side, with nothing to break the profound mountain stillness, except the whirr of startled quail, or the drumming of the grouse.

I returned to Delaware in January, having been invited by the Legislature of that State to deliver the lecture already adverted to. I read it also at Milford, and at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

The sweet spring came, with its crocuses and primroses, and I found it hard to confine myself to my law studies, which had been resumed. Booth-hurst has a glorious wood—part of it so tangled and reticulated with creeping vines, especially grape and eglantine, that I could scarcely penetrate to the pretty little bowers they hid from a world less enterprising than myself. I had one such favorite spot, where I used to keep trysts with thrush and catbird, which, later, came almost to know me.

Just beyond the wood, and across the road, was a country place called "Swanwick," whose mistress, (Mrs. Fisher) years later, became one of Lide's most cherished friends, and who certainly was one of the most exquisite types of Christian womanhood I ever met with. There I went almost every night, and found always a select society drawn from Philadelphia, than which there was none more agreeable and refined.

CHAPTER VI.

"I do not love

Much ceremony; suits in love should not,

Like suits in law, be rock'd from term to term."

Summer came, with its torrid breath, and during the evenings I sought the river breezes, at a place at New Castle, called the "Battery." There, gathered the peripatetic half of the town for refreshment after the heats of the day, and to enjoy the brilliant effects of the comingling of moonlight and water; and to see and hear the golden river singing, in its wild, weird way, as it hurried on, and was lost in the twilight of the distance. One beautiful evening, I accompanied a cousin there, and soon I was thrown within a circle of girls, one of whom they called "Lide"—my sister's sobriquet—the name, of all others, the most pathetic to me. She was dressed in a white lawn, sown with coral drops, short sleeved, and low necked, but not to the extent of the *decolletee* style of to-day. Her hair was exceedingly full and rich, braided in heavy bands, as was the mode then; and, as she stood in the moonlight, she seemed almost transfigured in the "glory that shone around." Her head was without ornament, except a single half-blown rose, circled by leaves, drooping on the side next her heart. Her beautiful white neck and complexion gleamed, as with an *aureole*, such as the old art drew from Heaven, and threw around the Madonna. And I thought, then, and I have thought ever

since, that I had never seen such an exquisite revelation of purity and loveliness. It rose above her as a nimbus; it consecrated her, and was so distinct and diffused, that every unhallowed, every impure thought, perished in her presence. Her face—its soft, tender expression; her clear gray-bluish eyes—innocent, intelligent, and winning—all these were the insignia and livery of chastity, that was enthroned in her heart, and revealed its holy presence in her winning beauty. Her figure, too, matched all—well rounded, running into the rich, healthy *embonpoint* of youth, to a little degree lacking flexibility, only because of her very obvious embarrassment as I approached. My cousin presented me, and, as was very natural in a young girl, when first at the side of him of whom she had thought when apart from the world—even in the silence of her own chamber—she was fairly confused. She and I have often chatted and laughed, and thanked God, over all those dear memories; for I knew, later—in the after years of fruition and happiness—that even then she loved me, had always loved me from the first, and that no other human being had ever caught her fancy for a moment. The dress she wore that first night, she kept throughout all the years of tryst and married life, and after she left me, I found it, and another I had admired, carefully treasured up.

I now gave the law the go-by. The new life that had grown up in my heart, under the inspiration of her association, possessed me completely; and I had no pleasure away from her. I found her fresh and guileless, absolutely ignorant of the world; far beyond any of her sex I ever saw in studies which form the *curricula* of colleges, and withal, so diffident of her own powers, that she had no consciousness of their perfection, even when others were applauding their expression, and wondering at their maturity. I had always a romantic sort of idea, that when I

had determined to marry, I would catch, if I could, a young, unsophisticated girl, and train her up to a complete assimilation with my own ideas. Some years before, I had offered to adopt a child of thirteen—a witching little elfin, whose mother was a widow; and I had a vague sort of plan that I would, if she developed well, marry her. But when I put to myself the converse of the proposition—that is, if she did not develop well, what then?—I could not answer; and so that scheme of adoption, and the confirmation of “that amity with nuptial knot,” happily failed. All men—or at least many—have had the same plan. I know of success in one instance, and failure in another.

That old sentiment had a rapid resurrection when I met Lide. I saw a rare, pretty, fresh girl, as innocent as a nursling, very clever, passionately fond of music, and inspired by everything beautiful, and that belongs to the pathos of profound emotion. Her truth and simplicity, added to her educational accomplishments, were a rare treat. Like most young men who had been prematurely introduced to the world, and who judged all women from their own questionable and equivocal experience, I had many misgivings as to human purity—notwithstanding the two angels of my earliest life—she at whose knees I had folded little hands in prayer, and the sister who had knelt beside me. Lide had cured me of that heresy ere I had known her a week, and, at the end of that period, I was really ashamed that I had ever entertained so unworthy a thought. I made up my mind that very first evening to have her—to win her, if it were possible. I was perfectly charmed with her ingenuousness, and with the sturdy materials which made up her character. She was as the column of a Grecian Temple—pure, upright and solid; and crowned with the graceful volute and simplicity of the Ionic type.

During the long summer afternoons I read to her the warm metre and wonderful imagery of Tennyson, or the clearer and purer measure and simplicity of Coleridge. Every day, too, I brought her a bouquet of wild flowers, culled from the garden of my own uncultivated heart—sent letter-wise, and passionate as any. I had an autobiography of myself—incomplete, imperfect, boyish, and sentimental; but in its very irregularity and wildness, and impiety against rule and method, lay its whole charm and influence. That she kept and conned; and all its mad aspiration and luxuriance laid hold of her, and twined about her dear heart, and blossomed in beauty, and upon its branches her thoughts came as little birds, and sung of me.

Sometimes, too, she and one or two of her companions went with me in a yacht belonging to my brother, and on one such occasion I struck on a sunken pier, knocking a hole in the bottom of the vessel. Dan took Lide ashore in a little skiff, when she behaved like a heroine as she was, exhibiting no nervousness or fear.

And again, she and I, on horseback, wandered off through the long lanes, between blossoming hedgerows, talking low, sweet talk—lovers' talk—the sweet nothings that flow up from young hearts—words thrown into the stream to tell its drift.

And when the moon came up, and the winds were hushed at the coming of the night; or, in the afternoons, when the meadows were all fresh, and dripping with the summer showers—she and I wandered by the river beach, listening to the break and dash of the swelling tide, and watching “the stately ships” sailing out to sea. It was one such evening—the sky was full of clouds, and, far and near, the rain, at times, broke over the fields, and shut half the world out from us; and the drifting mists would separate

and open up long reaches of blue sky, over which the fading day struggled with the advancing night—it was then I asked her to bless me with her love, and to be the dear wife to lead me along the coming years—

“Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so, through those dark gates, across the wild
That no man knows.”

And while I spoke, I remember well that the heavy cloud-masses, just above us, broke, and left a little lakelet of blue sky, into which twin stars sailed, silvering the feathery edges of the environing clouds. She uttered no words, but bent her head, drooping low, until it nestled upon my breast, where it lay through the coming years, on until the last; and there she was hushed to her last sleep, from which she awoke an angel, in the Golden Land.

The town people—at least some of them—felt a strange interest in my wooing. They said that a man who had seen so much of the world, must necessarily have come away with its stains. I was a flirt—a social Free Lance, who made war on all, and whose shibboleth was “Beauty.” Lide saw for herself; and while, perhaps, she had no doubts, she was sorely troubled, as her journal disclosed. Poor, sweet child, the heart that had so frequently, at twilight, bent over one little mound in the churchyard, held no such wrong; and in its love for thee, it was almost as guileless as thine own. I knew that my native self would win recognition at last, and so the town reports scarcely moved me. I was armor-proof, and not hurt by these shafts; but Lide’s mother gave them heed, at first. She knew the condition of her child’s heart, and that, so far as eligibility went, I was equal to her requisition. Then she certainly did not understand Lide—did not know that she “entertained an angel.” It is a rare knowledge, and not

often seen; but she knew it later. And in saying this, I do not by any means intend to derogate from her maternal affection and virtues. I reached down to the depths of Lide's profound nature from the first; but her family—except, perhaps, her aunts Mary Morris and Mrs. Gemmill—knew nothing of the tree from its blossom. In its fruitage, though, they recognized the odor of Hesperides.

Few parents sound the depths of a daughter's heart—especially when that heart is weaned, and takes its strength from its own natural instincts and provision. Some parents seem to suppose, that, in the equipping of a child's person, and providing food, their duties are performed. But even children who have attained maturity, have sometimes little griefs, or joys, which would send them back again to their mother's bosom, if sympathy, and sweet, loving compassion, had not dried up, with the old nourishment. We do not try to forget the difference of age between ourselves and our children, and we take no pains to stand upon the same plane with them—rejuvenating ourselves, and trying to enter wholly into their fresh and beautiful souls. There is, in inexperience, something exquisitely beautiful and winning—especially the inexperience of a girl. The modest innocence of maidenhood is almost a manifestation of something divine; and if ever a daughter demands the care, and tenderness, and overwatching of a mother, it is just when she is passing into womanhood. If we are not strangers within such a heart; if we can win our children to sob, and spend their unquietness and griefs, upon our bosom; if we caress them, and put loving arms about them, and they feel that they can take to us all their sorrows; in doing this—in educating so our “bairns”—we can not better equip them to meet the storms and soilure of the world.

Lide had a rare nature, than which there could be none

more sensitive, tender, and beautiful. She was as a musical instrument, of a mechanism so delicate and nicely poised, that a rough, unknowing hand jarred and impaired; but under an intelligent and sympathetic touch, it spoke with a "golden tongue" that "flattered to tears." Then few understood her. She was known as intelligent, good-tempered, and sweet; but no one there could measure her to the full extent of her grand heart, so replete with harmonies, and the beauty we call Truth, in its largest sense.

"To those who knew her not, no words can paint,
And those who knew her, know all words are faint."

It was her isolation, her wandering through the greater part of her childhood without the full sympathy she coveted, and the failure of that full recognition her intelligent and half-divine nature required, that made her love for me the overwhelming and all-absorbing passion—the beauty and consolation of her whole life.

On the ninth of September, 1851, Mrs. Ritchie, Lide, and I, went to Philadelphia by one of the river boats. Lide was to spend a few days with a friend in the country, some twelve miles away, to which point I was to drive her. I was then engaged to her. It was a beautiful day—for I remember it well—and all the trip, seated on deck, I talked to her, apart from all auditors. She was distressed, excited, and nervous. Something had reached her the day previous, in regard of myself. An officious friend—one of what the French call *trompeuses et trompettes*—had said something highly disparaging to me and my intentions, and had placed to my door, purposes simply dishonorable and rascally. She was jarred and unstrung, doubtful, perplexed, and wavering. She had not exactly mistrust; she did not doubt my integrity; but as she had placed her all on the venture of her love, and, as a deep, earnest nature

such as her's, like a vine, entwines about and is upheld by the tree which sustains it, she reasonably looked with grave alarm, lest, from some cause, her support would be taken from her, and she would fall to the ground; to wither and perish. I encouraged her by declarations of my honesty and sincerity. I soothed her with promises, and renewed the vows made at the old trysts, telling her that she, and no other, should be my wife. She knew not then—Heaven knows I knew not—that ere another sun would set, each could claim the truest and most sacred title the sexes know.

Arrived at Philadelphia, we drove to what was then called, "Washington Hôtel." She and her mother went to bed, and I, under the *sesame* of a cigar, sadly wandered through all my past life, and tried to trace a horoscope of its future. I had resolved to leave the Navy, and try the Bar, and in some region remote from my native town. I expected to encounter opposition to my proposed change of life, and as my pride would not permit me to involve others in the experiment, I determined to go out alone, and rely upon my own resources. I felt, too, that if I could twine my door-posts with nuptial flowers, ere I started, I would have the strongest incentive to exertion. In working up all these problems, in speculating and weaving all my plans, the dear, fresh face of the darling came up; her delicious and clinging trust, her surrender of her hopeful heart to me. If I should go, as I proposed, I felt that she should have entire composure, and not be left to the chances of scandal-mongers, who knew me as one knows how the trees grow, or why and how the repulsive larva, in its resurrection, becomes the velvet-winged butterfly. Ere my cigar had gone clean to ashes, I had resolved all the primary and secondary stages of my plan, and then I retired.

The next day, September 10th, Lide had an engagement with the dentist, and I accompanied her. She was detained there but a short time, and, as the weather was delicious, she and I naturally sauntered on the shady side of the street, and in a direction not by any means accidental.

A few months before, I had assisted at a runaway match between a naval friend and the daughter of an inexorable ex-army officer. I had secured the services of Rev. James Bonner, who was, I believe, the Assistant Rector of St. Stephen's, and well known to be ready, at all times, to make a fugacious couple one. That morning I had bought a wedding ring, and, within its interior band, I had had engraved these words and initials: "One hope—one life. R. C. R., E. H. R." I have it now—mute souvenir of a happy, blessed day—it and a tress of hair, the most eloquent memorials I have of my married days, and her, whose face brightens all my past worth remembering, and, God forgive me, is the dearest and most alluring in that mystic realm which, to my hope and belief, lies within reach of our inward sense. She wore it from that date until I rewedded her with its counterpart, on that day when she passed from this life to a better one, and never shall it band other finger again.

She accompanied me, inquiring nothing, until we reached the residence of Mr. Bonner; and when I rung, and the servant pointed to the little parlor, she followed me, her face full of wonder and diffidence, and yet, unhesitating trust. When we entered, and while we waited the coming of the priest, I told her that I should now settle her doubts and perplexities forever; and that while what was to follow was marriage, and indissoluble, she must regard it as simply a pledge of my honesty and love; as a solemn and irrevocable betrothal, and nothing more. Mr. Bonner soon

appeared, and his coming hushed any answer that might have struggled up to the "door of her lips." He made an inquiry as to the motive of my visit. I stated it *in limine*, promptly and gravely, and tremulously, for I was embarrassed, and my pretty bride trembled, as a dove, frightened at the near gyrations of a hawk. At first he objected to marry us, because of the tender minority of my sweet one, who had no tongue, but over whose fair cheeks and neck, quick red flushes quivered, with the repetition of heat lightning, flashing through a tender summer even. When I told him we were citizens of another State, he hesitated no longer; and, under the wondering eyes of his wife and servant, attracted by that unusual spectacle—for our appearance and dress were assurances of our gentle life and station—we were married. As I see it now, it was a poesy—a lyric full of harmonious rhythm—the anthesis of two blossoms from a single stem.

Lide, notwithstanding her position and its embarrassing surroundings, felt the solemnity of the rite, and its responsibilities; and she spoke her dear promises in an undertone, sometimes in a whisper, her voice quivering with nervous timidity. And yet *hér joy*—for she loved me—broke in splendor over her face; and her eyes, like an April sky, were wet with tears, and yet radiant with the sunshine of smiles. Ere she realized it, the blessing was pronounced, and solemnly responded to by the auditors; we had signed our names, received the certificate, and had passed out with the consecration of prayer to the street,

"Each interwoven with the other's fate."

My philosophic humor and judgment condemn such an act as usually dangerous, and involving great risk. I should say that clandestine marriages are ill-advised, very imprudent, and, in most cases, unjustifiable. Where one

ends happily, an hundred terminate in sorrow, and perhaps in blasted lives. I must frankly say that I was not pressed to mine by parental rigor and obduracy. In view of the happy life it introduced and inaugurated; remembering that it made me the owner of a heart than which no purer, greater, and more tender ever throbbed; and in the face of a marriage that has been so rarely beautiful—I am not fit to judge impartially, and to apply a criticism and reproof that, in my own case, can not “point a moral.” I can offer no excuse, save that I saw a rich and rare treasure—an exquisite casket, replete with gems—and hid it within my greedy bosom, lest some one else should get it. And it was worth all the risk and misconstruction to have the pleasure, even under the rose, of calling her *wife*, and seeing and being hallowed by the beautiful revelations the dear child made, from day to day, of a higher nature, a purer and more emotional heart, than even I dreamed she possessed.

We kept up the same circumspection, we invaded no propriety; but we grew nearer and nearer, drifting into an intimacy not of marriage, and yet something beyond that of mere lovers. I lived strictly within the bounds I had placed about me.

I remained at Booth-hurst until the verdure had gone, and the sad yellow leaves were whirled over the old paths in the wood by the first frosty breath of winter. I had some recurrence of my rheumatism, and, much to Lide’s distress, I determined to pass the winter at Natchez, or New Orleans, returning in the spring to be married. Our engagement was announced, and it was arranged we should correspond.

On the twenty-fifth of November, 1851, I left for Pittsburg *via* Philadelphia, where my brothers Dan and Julian were then living. From that point I took a steamer with

Mr. Gliddon, one of the authors of "Types of Mankind," and his wife. She was, I believe, a cousin of Leigh Hunt, and charming enough for any man to be proud of.

At Pittsburg, I received the first letter Lide wrote me, calling me "husband," and signed, as she did most always through the later years, "Your own little wife." One can easily fancy the rapture that came to me as my impatient eye lingered over those endearing terms. Such matters have no relation to the world; they fill a man's heart with a glory as of the sun, revivifying it, and quickening the germs of all good feeling, charity, hope, and humanity; and yet they so affect the moral life—they invest it with such beauty, they throbb with such emotion—that we never forget them; they survive almost all other remembrances. During all my married life, did that phrase—"Ever your own little wife"—pathetic, and full of faith in herself and me, thrill me as no other expression ever could thrill me. And now, all the letters, except one or two little notes, bearing that touching profession of a love "which passeth all understanding," are gone, clean gone; and as I struggle to reconstruct our life, and set up her image here, I bow my head in sorrow that I can not give some of her letters, to show, as nothing else can show, the exquisite perfection of her sensibilities, and her wonderful faculty of expressing them in clear, graphic, and forcible phrase. She always wrote charmingly, but especially at that time. If her letters had less of the *abandon* of later years, they abounded with a joyous enthusiasm, gracefully and tenderly embodied, with a modesty and exquisite charm of expression I have never seen excelled. My own to her are all gone, too—burnt upon the same pyre; and as I was then young, and loved, and was full of sympathy with everything beautiful, and my heart half beside itself with the joy and majesty of her possession, it can be easily

imagined with what wild eloquence of phrase I wrote to her. All gone are they, and now nothing survives—scarcely nothing beyond the image “the limner’s art” has preserved, the shining tress, and the golden betrothal-wedding ring, against which the last wave of her earthly life faintly beat. It encircles my finger now, and perhaps when I pass through the gate of the skies, its image may be borne to her—for did she not tell me she would wait me the little while I lingered here?

It is only proper to say that these references to the little things of life—the commonplaces of our experience—are intended to show to our children the esthetic, and, if I may so speak, the spiritual element in the nature of their parents; or, to use the scholastic phrase, the esotericism of the school in which the *Master* taught us. These minor phases of life, these generally unnoticed palpitations of the heart, are the signs which denote the degree of vigor and health of the love we bore to each other.

CHAPTER VII.

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom, and be lost in me."

I had a most disagreeable trip, for the season was one of unusual severity. "At Evansville, Indiana, the river banks were bridged with ice. We grounded as we endeavored to make a path, and then the cold put its arms about us; hedged us in with solid walls of ice; hung icicles everywhere about the boat, in strange caprice of form and sparkling splendor, and scattered over the decks spangles of frost and snow that seemed baby stars, and dressed us up in such wild device and imagery, that half the day would I go a little distance off and admire the strange scene.

There was a general alarm among the passengers. Added to the discomfort of our position, was the fear of an explosion; for we carried beyond the legal rate of steam, in the effort to extricate ourselves from our unpleasant environment. Two days of confusion, excitement, and nervous expectation of an ascent, were quite enough for me. I can say, just here, that I had no fear of explosions and snags, but throughout all the hours, I had a little spirit rapping at my heart; and over my memory, as if it were a Claude Lorraine glass, was pictured one sweet, pensive face; and I heard, through the nights, a voice as low and soft as the whisperings of an Eolian harp, calling me back,

and with a pathos I could not resist. I got my luggage on shore, and, hiring a cart to carry it to Evansville, some seven miles distant, I went on foot through the frozen snow, with the temperature at six degrees Fahrenheit. I had filled my wardrobe with clothes adapted to the pleasant tropical weather of New Orleans, proposing to remain there until the swallows led me north again; and so I suffered from a positive insufficiency of warm clothing.

From Evansville to Urbana, I traveled in an open, springless wagon, and my sufferings were distressingly hard to endure. I reached Columbus moneyless, for my funds had been remitted to the original objective point, and passage paid through. I went, of course, to the best hotel, where I proposed to remain until I could get means from home. By chance I met a friend, who supplied me. I should add—not for my own praise, but for the sake of recording a pleasant incident that honored him more than me—that when the landlord heard I was he of Mexican notoriety, he declined to receive a single cent from me.

I reached New Castle on Lide's birthday. She had had no idea of my return, and so, when I threw myself within the door, I sent wonderment to her heart, as if something supernatural had appeared to her. All that winter through I lived at Booth-hurst, studying law pending the day hours, and passing the evenings at the side of the darling wife. She and I determined on our plans, at least as to our second marriage, which was appointed for April 15, 1852. The long winter nights; the cold days; the heavy icicles depending from the projecting eaves; the dendritic pictures painted by the artist Frost on the window panes; all these passed away, and the season of grass, and delicately folded clover leaves springing up from the moist earth; the sweep of the swallow through the soft air; all these were coeval with the day named for our wedding.

The night came. Our respective families, with one or two of Lide's *intimes*, were there. We had one single bridesmaid, dear Bessie, my sister's only child. Lide was dressed in pure white, upon her head the sweeping veil of gossamer, and the fillet of orange blossoms banding her rich chestnut hair; her face full of that rare expression of purity, so marked an element of her beauty, then and always, even to the moment when she was borne to the spot where she sleeps now, under the fragrant geranium blossoms.

We were married by an Episcopal minister, Rev. Mr. Billoup, which church Lide had declared her own by baptism. At Mrs. Ritchie's request, we remained at her house, where we lived happily enough, for we had need of no one beside ourselves. In the attic I built a small study, and there I placed my little library. And through the evenings, Lide and I sat there, she engaged with her needlework, while I endeavored to master the jargon of "uses and trusts," and the "rule in Shelley's case," and to thread the labyrinth of "contingent remainders." But oftener I would take up and read aloud some work of poesy or romance—some golden-thoughted book, embroidered with pearls, and replete with the illuminated letter of sentiment—more fitting food to our young hearts, during the time of the "honeymoon," than the uncouth and tortuous fictions of the common law. And by day, too, we sat there, cheek to cheek, looking through the small window; along the broad river shimmering athwart the green meadows, and twisting through the timbered slopes, far away in the distance. O, happy days of youth and love, how sweet and bright you seem, with your silver gleam, wandering through the past—days so dear, and yet stained by many a tear—remembering that you can never come again!

"O, death in life, the days that are no more!"

I do not remember any out-of-the-way incident during that summer. Lide and I were very happy, and never so much so as when left to ourselves. We made frequent trips to Booth-hurst to dinner, spending the evenings there, and going home through the summer twilight; lingering, with a sense of awe and solemnity, in the thick wood; watching the darkness closing up the leafy aisles, and the fireflies beating against the bosom of night. And I remember, too, that, during the gleanings season, and at that same hour of "twilight gray," she and I would sit upon the verandah of Booth-hurst, watching the stars coming up from the wood, and listening—which always had a strange charm for both of us—to the song and musically wild chorus of the negro harvesters, going townward.

My brother William was then living at Wilmington, Delaware, and, of all my sisters-in-law, his wife was more closely associated with my young years. She was then a beautiful woman, unusually clever, and charming in address and conversation. Her house was the perfection of good taste, and her *menage* wonderfully methodical and perfect. Lide and I passed some days there during that summer, and I was happy to introduce to that household one so pure, and ingenuous, and natural as she was.

I will say here that many of my friends expected me to take into my family some dazzling city-child, who could bear off the honors of a ball; one who, perhaps, would have pleased my pride for a twelvemonth; whose life would have been an aspiration for a society where wealth was indispensable, and which I had not; who would not have appreciated and answered my requisitions for heart and intelligence, and who would have broken my heart, or I her's, if she had chanced to have one, ere we had celebrated the second anniversary of our nuptial day.

William was a man of rare culture, educated to a degree

even unusual among those who claimed the degrees of an *alma mater*. To solid acquisitions, he added a remarkable esthetic taste, cultivated up to the highest demands of dilettanteism. Poetry, painting, and music, were unfailing sources of delight to him; and his taste was educated to appreciate their most refined and delicate expressions. In addition to his knowledge of them as sciences, he was fairly versed, in the two first, at least, as arts. In the last, Lide went beyond him—not in the individual history of composers, and of music as a science, or in its philosophic aspect, but in sympathy with the genius and spirit of what I may call the subjective life of melody. Her grace, and force of expression of *sonatas*, for example, were something remarkable; for she felt every chord she struck. I have heard her play the “Six Songs without Words,” with a feeling and tenderness such as I never heard before or since, and which has brought tears to my eyes.

Throughout all that summer we passed a half-idle life, making little pilgrimages to the old trysting spots, and going to Philadelphia on shopping excursions. During the long evenings we were alone in our eyrie; sitting in its darkness, with clasped hands, looking up to the Heavens, and the bright gleam of the stars flashing through their serene depths. Under such influences we auspicated our future—wondering where our lines would fall—dreading the separation which then began to disclose itself.

And there, too, on one soft, early summer night, while we sat in the darkness, our study lighted alone by the stars, she laid her hand in mine, and, half in rapture, her voice quavering with emotion, she told me of the growing mystery of a new life lying next her heart—a new soul God had fashioned—throbbing within her, and filling her with inexpressible wonder and awe. And then she crept nearer me, and reached her arms about my neck, and

even as a little child, laid her face against mine, and wet my cheek with tears. O, Father, among all the beautiful lives Thou hast consecrated with something of Thyself, was there ever one, so perfect and pure as that Thou laidst upon my breast in benediction?

That same summer, I presented myself for admission at the Bar in Delaware, was duly examined, and passed. Previously, I had been admitted at Baltimore. The next day, I assisted the Attorney General in the prosecution of an indictment of a negro, for murder. When I opened the case, the Court was crowded, many of the auditors being ladies—among whom was the *darling*, with inciting eyes. I was, at first, in a sort of terror; but my head served me throughout, and I passed the ordeal with honor.

That season was one of great political excitement. Pierce was the nominee of the Democratic party, and he was assailed by the opposition press with a vituperation, and an application of scandalous epithets, without parallel, even in this country of unlicensed freedom, and unrestrained liberty of abuse. The "Tribune" charged him with cowardice at the battle of Cherubusco—an accusation as undeserved as mendacious. During the fever of the campaign, I went to a small town called Delaware City, on a fishing excursion, in the yacht of my brother. There happened to be assembled there a large County meeting, which was addressed by prominent speakers, who met the charge of cowardice made against Pierce. My name being mentioned, and my presence known, I was hurried up to the platform—rather borne upon the shoulders of the mad, enthusiastic crowd—and then there was that appalling hush of expectation so trying to an unpractised, nervous speaker.

The next day, and for some days thereafter, the Democratic papers were full of my praise, and my remarks were pretty fully reported. I would never, perhaps, have recog-

nized them as mine, simply because, at the time, I really didn't know what I was saying.

That speech, and others I made, reached Washington, and, a few days afterward, I was ordered to a naval store-ship, fitting out at New York. Fortunately an attack of rheumatism came on, and saved me from the voyage to which the author of "Swallow Barn" would have consigned me. On my return to Delaware, I had a little bit of malice to gratify, and so I commenced to write some contrasts of the campaign in Mexico, so far, at least, as the Presidential candidates were concerned; and an *ex-militaire*, who had served under General Scott, and who was then editing the opposition paper in Wilmington, replied, and our contest waxed warm; I—impetuous, indulged I—for a wonder, never, for a moment, losing my temper. When our disputation had reached its climax, and dialectics were rapidly tending to the *argumentum baculinum*, I was again ordered away—to Boston—as master of the sloop-of-war "Albany." I had rheumatism then, but not quite as badly as when I was ordered to the storeship at New York; and yet I managed to get a Board of Surgeons to examine me, and it "condemned me"—to employ the equivocal nautical term. A friend took my place, and the "Albany" sailed away to the West Indies, and from that day to this, no tidings of the hapless craft have ever been received.

During that enforced sojourn at Boston, Mr. Webster died, and I went to Marshfield to his funeral. When the body was placed on the lawn, and I had a fair opportunity to see the face of the "Great Expounder"—to see it under the seal God had placed upon his lips and eyes—I was struck with the majestic beauty of his features, over which beamed that mysterious smile which the faces of most dead wear, to a greater or lesser degree. I remember the day well—a soft one in the mid-Indian summer;

the sea, near, throbbed under the golden sunlight, while on the land, the foliage of the trees and shrubbery was painted in burning crimson.

When Mr. Ritchie returned from China, in 1847, and while his wife was still at New York, he made a visit to Boston, taking Lide with him. They halted at Springfield, and, one morning, at breakfast, she saw a person seated opposite to her, with such a remarkable physiognomy, such grandeur and massiveness of brow, that she was impressed with them; and when she and her father retired, she expressed to him her admiration of the intellectual beauty of her *vis a vis*. She was then told that she had seen him whom the witty Sidney Smith called, "a walking Cathedral"—Daniel Webster. I will add, that I have several times seen her face flushed with excitement over the reply to Hayne—especially the peroration of that speech, where he refers, with such strength and majesty of phrase, to the Union.

When I started from New Castle for Boston, I had arranged all my plans with Lide. I had determined to leave the Navy—to resign at once, rather than go to sea. Notwithstanding that precedent agreement, she was alarmingly nervous during my absence, lest some unexpected misfortune would hurry me off on a cruise. Her condition augmented her nervous anxiety, and when I returned to her, some time in November, I found her quite ill. All that time the little life was completing its ordained time, and yet its advent was not expected until February. In December, 1852, she had a severe pleuritic attack, which relaxed her strength, and alarmed both her physician and myself. Its immediate effect was to produce premature confinement. On the twenty-seventh day of that month, at 11 A.M., the little stranger made its appearance, and was named Eliza Jacobs, after my sister. It was the

tiniest human creature I had then ever seen—just big enough to fill a large mug; but with a perfectly formed oval face, the size of the disc of a sunflower. It was a rare curiosity to me, and I wondered whether it would ever grow.

Lide entered into the struggle of childbirth wholly unprepared. Instead of being strong, and disciplined for such a fearful contest, she was altogether unstrung; and the *sage-femme* aggravated the evil, to an alarming degree, by her tenacity to the old heresy, that there is but one nurture for an infant—that given by the maternal *mammæ*. Her method was all for the child, and it regarded the mother as a mere instrument for the subsistence of the offspring—nothing more. Lide's supply was meagre and wholly inadequate, and she was sick and alarmingly weak; but these obvious disabilities had no weight with the nurse. These things went on unchecked, until, to my eyes at least, my poor darling was daily being pushed nearer and nearer the churchyard, just opposite. I had no disposition to trespass upon the gynecian domain, and yet I had, perhaps, some right to "be master of what was mine own." A long illness supervened; the nurse was dismissed; and as, even then, I could not reconcile myself to the views of Lide's mother as to the nurture of the little one, I left the house, with wife and child.

I desired to avoid all allusion to that difference; but I could not wholly pretermit it, for, otherwise, I must have omitted all reference to the cause of the estrangement with Lide's parents, which succeeded. In halting my pen here, it is not because of any consciousness of error, or any abjuration of former opinions; but that her grave beats back all clamor, and hushes all strife. From that holy spot, let nothing but "violets spring." And yet, in her tenacious clinging to me at that time; her entire adoption and de-

fence of my conduct and opinions; and her deference and obedience to my higher claims on her heart and duty, above *all* others—all these brought into exercise a heroism, a firmness, and a devotion to me, as courageous, as they were beautiful

“With all the tenderness of wifely love.”

Pierce had been inaugurated, and Washington held two-thirds of the old volunteer army of the Valley of Mexico, and “three hundred thousand more,” ready to serve their country in civil life. I had fully made up my mind to go to some new field, “open to all comers.” I had resolved to venture out alone, as already stated, to be *favor mea fortuna*; to have nothing from my parents even, although they were able, and lovingly anxious to aid me to the extent of their ability. I waited until the first attack of the horde of office-seekers had been made, and then I went to the capital, and was received by the President and Cabinet with great cordiality. Him I had known well in Mexico; had served on his staff during the Trist armistice—he having been appointed by General Scott one of the Peace Commissioners—and had been to him, at that time, to use the Tennysonian simile,

“Kin as horse’s ear and eye.”

My contest with the Navy Department, during the preceding canvass, had been, I was told, a source of some merriment at an informal Cabinet meeting. Mr. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy, was especially kind to me; as was Judge Campbell, the Postmaster General. They endeavored to dissuade me from leaving the Navy; referred, in handsome terms, to the position I had attained in it by my conduct in Mexico; and Mr. Dobbin promised to do all he could for me, so long as he should remain at the

head of that Department. But when I disclosed all my heart to him—told him of the sweet life infolded within my own, and that I loved it far beyond any mere honor the Navy offered—when, in one word, I opened the door of my heart and showed him the sweet face that made all its brightness, he said no more—declining, though, to receive my resignation, until I had reached California, and had assured him of my success. Judge Campbell pursued the same line of persuasion; but when I repeated to him that my resolution was fixed, he offered to send me to San Francisco on postal duty, which would, at least, save me the enormous fare then charged. All these kind words and ways of men in power, touched me deeply, and I would have been happy, except that that very complaisance assured my separation from my wife, whose love for me was something wonderfully beautiful and absorbing. The untried land, and the profession I had then adopted, had no terrors for me; all my woes and fears centred about the one sweet life that it seemed almost death to part from. I accepted the offer of the Postmaster General, and, when I returned to Booth-hurst, Lide knew all at a glance.

I busied myself in preparation. My uncle, Judge Rogers, who had sat with honor upon the Supreme Bench of Pennsylvania for more than a score of years, loaned me a part of his law library, and I shipped it to San Francisco. My day of sailing from New York was fixed for June 6th. On the evening of the day preceding my departure from Booth-hurst, a letter came from the President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, offering me and my family a complimentary passage to California, "in consideration of the distinguished services I had rendered the country, during the recent war with Mexico." Had it reached me two days sooner, I should have accepted it, and taken

wife and "bairn" with me. I had already received the trust offered me by Judge Campbell, and as I was bound in honor to execute it, I had to decline the honor tendered me by the Company in question.

Lide had, by that time, through her dear womanly ways, her intelligence, and her resemblance to my sister, entwined herself around the heart of my parents, and she stood, in their love, as their own child. There was no need of my father's promise to guard her—I knew he and my mother would do that, fully and perfectly; but all these assurances scarcely mitigated the grief I had. My proposed departure from Lide was as if the keen thrust of a blade had passed through the fibres of my heart.

She went to New York with me. Her uncle, General Morris, of the Army, commanded that harbor, and had his headquarters at Bedloe's Island; and it was arranged Lide should remain some time with her aunt, after my departure. Then, and always, aunt Mary A. Morris was very near us. She stood really *in loco parentis*, a position she had won by her earnest sympathy with, and her thorough understanding, of us. She always loved Lide as she loved the child of her own heart, and when I left, she took her, and, like Naomi, laid her in her bosom, and became a mother unto her. To this fondness for my darling, she added an almost devotional feeling of gratitude that Heaven had given her, in her own niece, an example of perfect womanhood. She saw, too, how I filled all Lide's life, and that her love for me was "something apart—her whole existence." She understood both of us; appreciated us and our trials, and encouraged us, and lovingly prepared us, by tender words and motherly ways, for the separation so near at hand. Of all Lide's family, her aunt Mar, and her aunt Lizzie Gemmill, stood nearest her heart, from her early days down to the very last. In-

dependent of aunt Mary's moral qualities, she has an intelligence, an intellectual energy and force, that make her an uncommon person.

I can not dwell upon that portion of our life. To-day, in this far-off land, alone in my chamber, and looking from my window upon the dear home where I spent the only really happy part of my existence, the conjuration of that parting blinds me with tears, and gives me many a wistful thought of the day when I will lie beside her. When we passed down the harbor and were near Bedloe's Island, I saw her upon the ramparts, supported by her aunt, and I beheld no more of the external world until another day, and then we had reached the blue sea, and the land had gone clean out of sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

I left New York in the steamer "Georgia," which vessel was commanded by Captain James D. Bullock, an old messmate of mine, and, subsequently, the well known Confederate agent at London. His wife was on board—a gentle little weakling, who, a few months later, passed to the skies.

Those were the days when the worst people, of both sexes, formed the majority of the great body of travelers to California; the days when all that is true, heroic, false, and selfish in our nature, had expression. Our steamer-world was "an epitome of the macrocosm;" it had a representative of almost every condition of society; where all that is mean and generous, virtuous and corrupt, were strangely moving in the same orbit. Perhaps I do not go too far when I say, that the phenomenon California presented, from 1849 to 1854, will never be repeated. The world will not see again so many strange people, brought from every quarter of the globe, under the *auri sacra flammæ* that marked that epoch. One can easily imagine, that at no period was I led by any degraded tastes, or had any congeniality with depraved people—much less, at a time when I bore still the almost palpable impression of a wife's sweet head against my bosom, and always felt that

her bright, pure eyes were upon me. Among the women, I did not make one acquaintance during the whole passage. There was one—a bride, who owned a sweet, pretty, and modest face, and, in some few regards, reminded me of my wife. I perhaps would have made her acquaintance, but, poor thing, she sickened with yellow fever, and soon afterward died.

I was a fortnight at Panama, and I passed most of the time in wandering over the old town and ramparts; plundering its convent ruins of green moss, and the pretty imbricated leaves of the leek; and in sending wifeward a thousand sad and hopeful thoughts. I found the separation from her so full of pain, and so productive of misery, and mental and moral exhaustion, that I determined to bring her to me without delay, no matter what the risk and imprudence. I accordingly wrote her to commence her preparations; that I should send for her at once. I felt no apprehension as to providing for her; but, I must confess, I was embarrassed when I thought of the disposition to be made of the little one.

Our passage from Panama was tedious and painful. At Acapulco, I accidentally met the Mexican officer who had me in charge when I was confined at Vera Cruz, and he loaded me with presents of fruit and fowls. I caught there a severe dysentery, which alarmed me, and my few friends on board; but which yielded to care and medicines. We had many cases of yellow fever on board, and some deaths; and, in all respects, the trip was one of great discomfort and unhappiness.

We reached San Francisco July 8th, I think it was, at the commencement of the summer—the season of dust, and wind, and fogs—and my first impressions were by no means favorable. Then the sand-hills clasped hands, and almost ringed the city; and they were as magazines, from

which the summer winds obtained supplies of pellets, with which, then, more than now, they peppered pedestrians. The ungraded streets, too, crept up and over the verdureless and brown hills; and, except the scrub oak, there was no green thing to be seen—nothing upon which the eye could rest with any degree of pleasure after looking upon the dunes, and the tawny skin of the mountains skirting the bay. I felt a degree of disappointment, at first, that was painful—for I am sensibly affected by my surroundings—and I thought, then, that, in all colonization schemes, there should be educated eyes and taste to select the best spots for, and to lay out, a city. The natural site of San Francisco is, in all elements, capital; but the mistake was to permit the tunneling of the hills, that should have remained untouched. I doubt if any one can show, even in America, any such prodigal waste of natural advantages and beauties, as San Francisco can furnish.

The day I came here—that is, when I had landed—I felt unutterably sad. I saw my home before me—the place where wife and I must pass our life, and then came up the thousand fancies naturally born of my new position. But I was not of the sort, then, that sits aside and mourns over “phantasms and dreams.” I stepped on shore, and took the nearest street, which, happily, conducted me to the chief *restaurant* of the place. Tired of sea food, I sat down to my breakfast with an eager appetite. Let me think what I had—not for the purpose of declaring my taste, but to call my grandchildren’s attention perhaps, to the taxes imposed upon the stomach by “publicans and sinners,” in 1853—the period when the flush times began to wane. I had *café au lait*, ordinary French twist, two eggs, a brace of chops, a modicum of butter, and a toothpick. To pay for those things, I subtracted from my store four genuine dollars. I determined, then, that I

would bring myself down to the elements. From that meal I rose with a half reproach to my appetite, and at once sought my cousin, James R. Bolton, a member of the house of Bolton, Barron & Co., than which there was none more respectable in this city. From the moment I crossed the threshold of his counting-room to this day, I have had, from him, as generous, delicate, and rare a kindness as if I had been his brother. He is one of those men of honor, breeding, and generosity, that make us proud of human nature.

Mr. Barron, his partner, was then in Mexico, and I, on the invitation of my cousin, occupied his cosy room. In the same building, I got an office, and, with James' aid, I furnished it comfortably. So, under the auspices of such a gentlemen, was I introduced to the San Francisco world. I was then fixed, sign up, and ready for the litigious world. Mr. Barron soon returned, and he, Bolton, I, and Mr. Thomas Bell, their friend, made up a pleasant quartette, and we passed most of the time together.

I had not been here a fortnight before I made a fee of some fifty dollars, with which I purchased an enamelled bracelet, and, having had inscribed on the clasp these words, "First Fruits," sent it to my wife. Aunt Mary, in a letter which now lies before me, says of that offering:

"I wish I had power to paint her face, so photographed in my memory, when, at our home, on Bedloe's Island, she received the little case containing your gift of an enamelled bracelet. The expression will never fade from my recollection, as she held it up, and, with that sweet half lip, read the words your hand had sent with it—'First fruits for my dear wife. May God bless her, and her great love.'"

That period of my life had nothing remarkable in it.

My days were passed in seeing the city, and in making acquaintances, rather than in study. The fact is, students are not the property of new communities; they come later, when wealth and population accumulate, and civilization supervenes, with its thousand vices and virtues.

When I reached here, I found the city divided between two opinions. First, there were those who held that the gold fields would soon be exhausted, and the country given up to its primal uses—supplying hides and horns. The corollary was: make all the money you can, and then return to your old *aris et focis*. Home was never dreamed of in connection with San Francisco, and when one spoke that sacred word, he at once pointed to the hills from behind which the sun rose. This class scouted the idea of the country having any agricultural capacity, and vinicultural promise; and so, denying the future of the State, they made no investments, as we plant fruit trees, expecting that in the years to come they would mature, and yield their rich products for our health and enjoyment. People who held that opinion, for the most part are the drones and thriftless part of our population to-day. The other class was made up of thinkers and calculators, fellows who leap years ahead of their time. They saw the geographical position of the city, and its grand harbor, and remembered that this latter was unique in position and capacity. From its headlands a keen eye, as it were, could look into the antipodal regions; could see the tea plants maturing on the hill slopes; the yellow fibres of silk bursting from the bosom of the chrysalis; the hum of hand-looms weaving the costly satins; they saw steamships bearing these valuable products to our shores, and from thence by a trans-continental road they reached New York, and from there they were distributed worldwards. They had seen the golden fruits laughing from among the leaves above

the walls of the Mission Gardens; they saw the shrewd old *padres* pressing out the rare racemes of grape, and entertaining you with home-brewed wine; and they saw, everywhere, in our valleys, and on the hill-sides, a soil which, to use Jerrold's expression, if "tickled with a hoe, laughed with a golden harvest." In one word, they saw a State of great natural wealth, of every variety of temperature, and that it only needed strong hands to build it up to a condition of prosperity. Those who beheld these visions, and had that "evidence of things unseen" called faith, are to-day the capitalists and lenders.

I believed in the destiny of the State, and, in my daily walks, I saw the sand-hills razed, and broad streets stretching from bay to sea. I saw commerce and enterprise bringing to us Oriental wealth, and bearing our staples of wine, grain, and fruit, over and beyond the Sierra Nevada. I saw a great and populous metropolis lying where then the "golden sand" heaved up under the sea-winds; and a noble race growing up, under the nurture and influence of Christian civilization. In seeing these things, I became reconciled to the place, and schemed how I should bring to my side the dear life that was fretting beyond the sea,

I wrote to Lide to prepare to come here, *via* Cape Horn, in the steamer "San Francisco," expected to sail from New York in September; and as that vessel was commanded by Commodore Watkins, an old friend of Mr. Ritchie; and as many families of army officers were also to embark in her, I regarded myself fortunate in securing Lide, through the Company's agent here, a good cabin in that vessel. One morning in August I met a friend, to whom I communicated my good fortune in procuring the berth in question. Instead of congratulating me, he expressed regret that I had concluded to permit my wife to take so long a voyage, and, really, a dangerous one; adding,

that he had an old *intime* of thirty years' standing, who would sail that day for New York, and would come back on the succeeding steamer, and who would gladly take charge of my wife on the return trip. I at once accepted the offer, and, as I had but an hour to spare ere the departure of the steamer, I wrote Lide to communicate with the person who was to be her escort, and to come out in his care. The whole thing was arranged within the hour, and at 12 M. the vessel sailed away, bearing the dear missive that was to lay my wife upon my bosom again.

The suggestion was a happy one—perhaps I should say providential—for the fate of the "San Francisco" is well known. She was caught in a severe storm, her decks were swept by a sea, and the cabin, set apart for Lide, washed overboard. The vessel foundered, and, soon after, sunk.

These were days of almost isolation from the world, when we were nearly a month from New York, and so I was kept in ignorance when my wife would sail—and, I must add, in a state of most painful suspense and anxiety. I made several visits to New Almaden in the interval with my good cousin and his partner. It is a beautiful spot, and through the generous hospitality of these friends, who were the agents, I had always everything to render my stay agreeable and entertaining.

On secular days, and dominical too, I took long walks with James R. Bolton; frequently to the "Mission Dolores," then reached by only one road, by Mission Street. Bolton, Barron & Co. had large interests there, and so that was the objective point of our rambles oftener than any other place. We would ascend the highest point of the hills, sit astride of the ridge, as it were, looking over the valley at our feet; or, better than all, over the wide sea.

At all times, a view of the ocean, with its mysterious

murmur sounding in my ear, at once delights and saddens me. I never find any monotony in its broad expanse—quite the reverse. With a sense of its tremendous power comes also soft, delicious pictures, in which sea and sky commingle and blend. If the wind is silent, or comes in “frolic mood,” nothing can equal the tender beauty of the silvered sea. At one moment the lover-like clouds come down and lie softly in its bosom; and again it heaves and throbs, as if it would ascend to the blue of the skies, and lose itself in the greater depths of the empyrean. I prefer it in its repose, when it lies hushed and resplendent under the crimson splendor of the setting sun, or as the silver twilight rises from the nether world, bringing with it the wonders of night and stars.

Then, in those walks, I looked on the sea in a mythological sense, as a god to be propitiated; or as a good St. Christopher, who bore, upon his broad shoulders, the tender life which made up all my hopes and joys. Often and often have I then run my eye along the “watery plain” to find a mote lying in the eye of the sea; a craft that, perhaps, held above the reach of the wild waves all that I most loved, and whose coming would be to me as “sunlight in a dark place.”

The “Presidio,” at that time, was another point of attraction—not that I cared for the ceremony of “mounting guard,” but because I found life, and strong pulses, and wholesome respiration in the exhilarating air; and glorious lights and shades dancing upon the hill-slopes on the northern side of the bay. I kept a little journal then, which lies under my hand now. It has a few dedicatory lines in these words: “Dedicated to my beloved wife, of whom are all my better thoughts, and with whom is my whole heart.”

I can not say why it was not destroyed with the others.

It should have been, for it is simply a heart-history during the period when she was upon the sea; of days of wretched impatience, suspense, and depression. And, perhaps, because of its privacy, of its exclusive reference to her, and of the circumstances under which it was written, she would not destroy it. As it recalls an unhappy period of my life, and is replete with passages of pain and sadness, I will not quote from it, as I proposed to do when I first alluded to it.

At that period I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Alfred Wheeler, whom I saw married, only four days before Lide came. They say brides are always pretty. She was rarely and dazzlingly so. In her rich wedding costume, and within the charmed atmosphere which surrounded her, she was one of the fairest pictures I ever saw. She is a pure *blonde*—usually an insipid style of beauty, and infrequently opulent with character. She is a charming exception—a person of marked mental and moral characteristics, and, in many respects, unusually superior. Those who have the honor of her intimacy, will bear concurrent testimony to her attractive charms. I give her this special notice, for she was the most intimate friend my wife ever had—nearer to her than any one on this coast, her own family by no means excepted. It was one of those rare female friendships distinguished by entire unselfishness, founded upon congeniality, delicate and refined; and where there were sympathies of taste, and, in many ways, of feeling.

CHAPTER IX.

"Absence, with all its pains,
Is by this charming moment wip'd away."

On Saturday, October 15, 1853, just at sunset, Lide reached here in the steamer "Cortez," *via* Nicaragua. She was, if possible, more girlish looking than when I left her; so very young in appearance that people would not believe her a married woman. Our child had been left behind; first, because I had desired it; and next, being weaned, there would have been difficulty in providing proper nourishment for it. The method of preparing milk, so common now, was not generally known then, and cows are not usually found on steamships. It was my intention to send for "Lala," (for so she had nicknamed herself) the next year; but I did not foresee that she would take so firm a hold of my parents, so that, to separate them, would be almost impossible. It was a grievous error on my part, and I here confess it.

I had prepared a room for my wife on Stockton Street, in one of the two houses called "Botts' Row;" had furnished it expressly for her, and finding wall paper exactly like that which I had placed in the "Eyrie," at Mrs. Ritchie's, I had the room papered with it. The chamber set of furniture I bought for her then, she used, up to her departure for Europe, and she would never permit me to substitute a handsomer and more fashionable one for it.

The next day after her arrival, she, James Bolton, and I, started for a walk of the *enciente* of the city, and we

ended it by ascending the steep slope of Telegraph Hill, from the eastern side. From there she had a view of the neighboring country, the bay, sea, and purple Coast Range, than which there is nothing prettier anywhere. I can honestly say *I* did not see, that day, any of the exquisite reaches and coloring of hill and sky cousin James called her attention to. I saw only the pure, pretty, ruddy face of the wife I loved with all my heart. The day I remember as one of unsurpassed tenderness—soft, clear, and blue, and so transparent, that objects far away could be seen with unusual distinctness. It was, to use a line from Wordsworth,

“One of those heavenly days, that can not die.”

And again I say, bright and beautiful as were the heavens and landscapes then, they had no such divine aspect and suggestiveness as did that small wife-face, which glowed with soft and bright eyes, and a complexion never excelled.

We remained a month at the boarding-house referred to, which was not especially agreeable, and then I took a house at the southwest corner of Lombard and Dupont streets, just erected opposite that occupied by Mrs. Wheeler. The situation overlooks the north bay, the stretch of stream, and mountain ranges, which make the view, looking through San Pablo Bay from North Beach, one of rare beauty and picturesqueness. On the left is Angel Island, and as you go seaward, your eyes rest upon a succession of mountain peaks and ridges, great gaps, ravines, and depressions—the dreamy apex of Tamalpais crowning all—such as one never tires of; at least one who finds in fine scenery, not only natural beauties, but lessons, that educate our hearts and minds up to the grand truths God writes upon the hills, and meadows, and floods.

The high ground upon which my new residence was situated, sloped gently to the bay; and when, as during the rainy season, it was covered with verdure—as well as the opposite hills—nothing could be more beautiful. If San Francisco, in mid-summer, has, in its physical surroundings, many repelling features, its winter season brings full compensation for the poverty and threadbareness of the dry. From autumn to spring, the temperature is unequalled. There are no sudden changes; no abrupt introduction of snow-storms; and no keen, trenchant blasts. Ice rarely forms, and when it does, it does not outlive the forenoon; and snow comes no nearer than the Coast Range and Mt. Diablo. Then the whole country is one vast lawn, and every tuft of grass is interwoven with wild flowers. Even from the sides of the sand hills, strawberry plants and lupines hang blossoms of showy splendor. In the small piazza of our first home, Lide and I used to sit, especially on the Sabbath days of the winter time—the time of the young grass and flowerets, and soft, windless mornings and noons—watching the ships passing to and fro; the silver waters of the bay running off among the hills about Benicia; and the innumerable changes of the clouds, that hung low enough to touch the ridges of the mountains of Marin County, which come near to the bay, and cast shadows into its clear waters. She had a strong taste for, and appreciation of, the esthetic in nature; and no one—not even John Ruskin—had a nicer eye for the great *chiari oscuro* of the clouds and mountains. The hills are the canvas where that great artist, Nature, best displays her richest combinations of lights and shades; and upon those immediately opposite our house, the soft light of the forenoon, and the grander splendors of the sunset, gave magic changes that no tongue, or pen, or pencil could even approximately portray.

At the boarding-house just named, there were two brothers, with whom I became quite sociable; and when I spoke of going to housekeeping, they requested I would permit them to live with me. I yielded to their request, and yet my wife did not approve of it. I regarded them agreeable, and I supposed they would be rather an acquisition than a drawback. Besides, those were the days of high charges and extravagant ways. Rents were somewhat appalling—all the way from two hundred to five hundred dollars per month. Peaches one dollar each, and difficult to get at that price. Strawberries twenty-five dollars per quart; eggs six dollars per dozen; fresh butter four dollars per pound; and coal seventy-five dollars per ton. "Help"—to use the New England phrase—was from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per month. To a man whose office rent was in proportion, his mensal expenses were really alarming. I saw, the other day, a copy of the Fee Bill of the "San Francisco Medical Society," at that period. Here are some of the items:

For a single visit, in a case in which no further visits are required.....	\$	32
For each visit during regular attendance, or for advice at office.....		16
When detained, for each hour.....		32
For a written opinion, or advice.....	\$50 to	100
For a consultation visit in the night.....		100
For an opinion involving a question of law.....		150
For a certificate of the state of health.....		50
For vaccination.....		32
For a case of ordinary labor.....		150
For the extirpation of tumors.....	\$100 to	1,000
For the operation for cataract.....		1,000

My two friends shared all my household charges, and, *quoad hoc*, their association was desirable.

That first winter in California was eminently a happy

one. Lide and I were no longer separated, and the very presence of each to the other was the *sumnum bonum* of our hopes. All the days we were at Wheeler's, or they at our house, having little card parties, and *petit soupers*; or we would mount on horseback, and wander through the defiles of the sand hills to the sea beach. Very frequently, too, at their house, there would be musical parties, when some celebrity, such as Vieuxtemps, would be introduced, and others, whose names I have now forgotten. As I have already said, I write all these pages from mere unaided memory. I remember bare occurrences in plenty, but the life and motion which made them beautiful and agreeable, have almost, long since, perished, and are forgotten.

Buntin (for so I always called her) and I, at least once a week, went to the theatre on foot; but on grand benefit nights, we appeared *en grande tenue*, and went in a carriage, which cost enough to buy a horse elsewhere. On the odd lay evenings, when she and I ventured out by ourselves on a frolic, she would put on long boots, and, with umbrella and lantern, we picked a path down Stockton Street, through pools and sloughs; and frequently have I carried a candle-box, with which I bridged many a hole, or lakelet, obstructing our path. And when we reached dry ground, or the planked sidewalks, we would go to a grocery store, and beg the grace of room for our lantern and soiled boots. And then we would step aside into some little nook, where we were screened by make-believe candle and tea boxes; and my pretty one would draw off her boots—or rather I would for her; smooth her rich hair; and I played looking-glass, by indicating when this or that article of dress was arranged. No need had that exquisite face and head for any other adornments than her glad expression and happy eyes, her rich complexion and

glossy hair, then braided, as in the trysting days, in broad puffs. Wherever she went, she won admiration—for nowhere could be seen a face more sweet and happy.

These pictures are perhaps very commonplace and trivial, and yet they are the sum of my married life. As my wife and I were in no sense public persons—as indeed the current of our existence flowed placidly under the delicious shade of home—of course the narrative of our occupations and pastimes must be, in a certain sense, entirely devoid of all excitement and romance. But is there no teaching—are there no lessons to be found in a life passed wholly within the limits of home? If I should say, as I do, that my wedded days had been entirely contented and happy, would it not be a rarer occurrence, and more suggestive, and holding more practical and higher moral instruction, than if I could record here a career of political successes and excitement, or active participation in battles, or prodigious accumulations of misused wealth? When one passes beyond forty years of age, he sees the world through a different medium than that which belonged to his early years. He rates human success and human triumph at a heavy discount; and he sees in the crown, won when his blood beat quickest, only tinsel and pasteboard. As one nears the goal, and looks back over the past, to a career of quiet married days—trials borne cheerfully for the dear wife's sake—with an inward satisfaction at having done all in his power to keep from her the heavy hand of the world; feeling that he has led her, with a cheerful, tender solicitude, through all the years, loved and cherished her with a whole heart; believe me, there can be no satisfaction, and tranquil, inward content, like to these. As now I stand alone with broken vases at my hearth, in which lingers still the perfume of crushed flowers; as I seek, from day to day, the places where she has been, and

feel this constant craving to see her face again; and as I lift my gaze from these ruins of home and heart to the golden skies whither I believe she has gone, and where perhaps I will meet her again—better satisfied am I with these fragments from the old life at home, than could I be with any earthly honor. In telling my children of what we did and thought; in going over the mere routine of our daily life, and teaching them that all I am and all I have enjoyed are the blessings *she* gave me—in these they will find the highest philosophy and the noblest guerdon the world can offer. It is to show them ourselves under the influence of home and happiness, and our ways and forms of thoughts, that these pages are written.

We passed that first winter in the avocations named, and when the spring came, Lide and I were heartily tired of promiscuous housekeeping. Such associations were well enough in the early days of California, when the *menage* was so enormously expensive; but as I was growing stronger to meet all such demands, I resolved to dissolve the uncongenial copartnership. In pursuance of that plan, I took a small house on the south side of Union Street, west of Mason, just then finished, and we went there with a single servant. It was a baby house, and yet large enough for a pair of lovers such as we were. Our principal guest then was Charles L. Strong—a man who possessed a hearty, generous, and gentle nature, and to whom both Lide and I were attached. He had a delightful establishment over his store, on Montgomery Street; in arrangement and comfort, perhaps luxury, the finest in the city. As I desired to get Lide in a more central position—our own being inconveniently remote, and its approaches difficult to pass over, especially during the rainy season—I accepted Mr. Strong's invitation to join his mess. That was in the summer of 1854.

I did not attend to my business, at that time, with exemplary assiduity and application. I was satisfied with that degree of industry that brought me a sufficiency of means for my wants. I passed most of the time with Lide, and she and I, and Mr. Strong, made afternoon excursions around the city, and as far as San Mateo—which latter place was then, and for some years later, the goal for double team races among the gentlemen of San Francisco. Indeed, it was the only baiting-place to be found on the peninsula; and a pretty good hotel had been erected there, where many San Francisco families spent the summer. At that period it was notable as being the spot where the timbered lands of the peninsula commenced, and where groups of really respectable oaks could be met with. Then this city had few or no gardens, and its appearance, during the summer, was desolate and threadbare in the extreme.

Lide and I were happy enough to get, even occasionally, into a country where there were sunshine and shade. Attached to the hotel was a garden, where a rose, or other household shrub, could be seen, and in which we delighted; and over in the clefts and dimples of the hills were to be found groves, and the music and silver spray of mountain streams. Many a Sabbath morning have we wandered there—out of reach, to be sure, of the sound of the church bells; but where were, nevertheless, “God’s first temples”—the groves—and the silence of the glades, and the swelling abutments of the hills, which, in mid-summer, were golden with wild oats; or, in winter and spring, starred with wild flowers.

During that period Lide and I had several agreeable trips—to Napa, to Martinez, and to New Almaden.

In May, 1854, the family of Mr. Ritchie arrived here, and immediately went on to Benicia, where they resided until some time in 1855. Lide went to see her mother

on board the steamer, whither I accompanied her. She did not then encounter her father. The year succeeding, the family residence at Benicia was burnt to the ground, when Mr. Ritchie removed to San Francisco.

CHAPTER X.

"What are your politics?—I have none;
I have my thoughts. I am no party man;
I care for measures more than men, but think
Some little may depend upon the men;
Something in fires depends upon the grate."

In the autumn of that year—that is, in 1854—I was, quite unexpectedly to myself, nominated as a member of the Assembly. It was a period of intense political excitement. The government of the City and State was in the hands of a clique of tricksters, whose sole aim was official pillage. The municipality was, to them, as a stranded whale to Laplanders. Nominations were made only for the purpose of making plunder formal, and securing its fair and equal distribution among the disinterested persons who formed what are called conventions. These latter were the Pretorian Guards, who bestowed the Purple, not according to the Alexandrian mode, "to the most worthy," but to the highest bidder. The very ballot box was denied to peaceful, honest voters. The exercise of the simple elementary privilege and duty of a citizen as a suffragist, was to place one's person in danger—omitting all reference to abuse from the professional party workers. A select *coterie* controlled the whole election, named candidates for the fat city offices, and elected them. The "stuffing" of ballot boxes, and the use of bribery, were open and barefaced; and that inalienable right of the American citizen to elect his own rulers, which makes the

clap-trap phrase of stump orators, was the veriest joke and travestie ever enacted under the solemn forms and safeguards of law. The worst Irish element had the ascendancy; and it was as insolent as it was corrupt.

At "Laurel Hill Cemetery" there is an elaborate monument, tall, costly, of bad design and worse execution. It is erected over one they called "the man of the people"—who was mechanic, and then Senator. He had been a stone-mason, and from the granite he and his father had chiseled, his character and courage had taken hardness and firmness. He had the *physique* and force of a gladiator, or of the modern pugilist; and, in the early times here, he had passed to the head of political bullies by mere muscle, resoluteness, and will. He had fidelity in friendships; was true to all his pledges, whether to punish or reward, and so he passed to his chieftainship by a rude sort of chivalry, in which was some natural virtue. He had fixed his regards on the Senatorship. He coveted a seat among the *patres conscripti*, in that Hall where his father's chisel had aided in carving the ruffled acanthus leaves on the capitals of its noble columns; and that cynosure sometimes blinded him and his coadjutors to the nice distinctions men call honor—a blossom or flower, though, we rarely seek in the morass named Politics. He was one of a triumvirate that sought to govern the City and State; in whose energy there was something manly, and whose determination and strategy, to a certain extent, had something heroic in them. He came from the *proletaires*, but he rose above them—not from educational fitness, but by the exercise of a prodigious will, *and* a judicious system of pensions and rewards. Had he had intellectual force coequal with his resolution, then David C. Broderick would have been a true type of a class which popular governments, for good or ill, frequently bring to the surface. But it must be said

in this connection, that such a man, and such qualities, in a community influenced by educated and refined men, would never have lifted himself into any position beyond the petty posts a ward, or township, can confer. His success and advancement grew from the crude elements of society here, and the disorganization peculiar to the extraordinary circumstances attending the colonization of this coast.

When he had attained the prize, to the pursuit of which he had given so many years of intrigue, and for which he was entirely unfitted by mind and association, he became honest and incorruptible, they say. He was, though, sadly out of place on the floor of the Senate—without that address and *eclat* which come from long association with society, and which are borne gracefully only when they spring from a proud self-consciousness or intellectual *aplomb*. But he represented a principle, nevertheless—that of the spirit of free government, and equal rights before the law; and which is now the vital force of progress, and irresistible. It culminated in the late civil war; it has slain its thousands and ten thousands; he was an early martyr to it, and his death consecrated a life that otherwise would have been without one manly triumph, and unworthy of any special commendation.

His competitor, but afterwards his tributary, William M. Gwin, represented the party which led Broderick to martyrdom, and which, in turn, hopelessly fell before Richmond. He had the education of a gentleman, and, *pro tanto*, was fitted for Senatorial life at Washington. But all the world said that his eyes were always fixed upon the *spolia opima*, and upon nothing else. In that respect he was not eccentric; for placemen, at Washington, are there only for the purpose of relieving the Government of its plethora of money.

At the period I speak of, Irish preponderance, insolence,

and influence, set in motion, in San Francisco, the "Know Nothing" element, and the "Lodges" of that order were thronged; not by converts to its really narrow principles, but by people chafing under the rule of iniquitous politicians. They would have ranged themselves under the "Great Dragon" himself, to clean the city of the "vile crew" which impoverished and disgraced it.

On the eve of the election, in September, 1854, at a mass meeting, held at the Metropolitan Theatre, a People's ticket was nominated; and the next day, details of citizens who had determined on a fair election, armed themselves to protect the sanctity of the ballot boxes. Their candidates were overwhelmingly successful. It was one of those sudden popular ebullitions not misnamed Revolution.

To my chagrin I was elected. I had endeavored to defeat myself, by beseeching my friends to vote against me—for Legislative life, at least in California—to a man thoroughly home-happy, and, I hope, honest—was simply the tyranny of self-denial. When I married, I laid aside all ambition in my entire contentment and happiness. I put away all my old aspirations; and I deemed that the highest good I could accomplish, would be to dedicate myself to her, who afforded me more joy and pleasure than could be extracted from honor or station. I had seen enough of society in its generic sense, and I knew that its highest triumphs are merely the largest opportunities for display. Wife and I had no wish to be lifted out of sight of each other, and we desired no domain larger than our hearthstone. We did not, by any means, underrate the world, and the many advantages it offers to the successful. We merely set a higher value on our own happiness, and we fully appreciated the truth and beauty of Hare's expression, "that to Adam, Paradise was a home; to the good among his descendants, home is a Paradise."

As I grope among the odds and ends of that period, lying pell-mell in my memory, I come across one face, old and furrowed, and belonging to an odd sort of person enough; and yet, who was not without a large admixture of *bonhomie* and intelligence. I refer to Henry S. Foote, Esq., a quondam Senator from Mississippi. He had just then built a residence on the opposite side of the bay, at San Antonio, and had decided to remain here, long enough, at least, to try his chances for the Senatorship from this State. He had a hearty admiration of Lide, and he omitted no opportunity of expressing and evincing it. He regarded her as a person of unusual force of character, and in the possession of educational accomplishments of a high order. He has said to me, time and again, that he thought her one of the best educated women he ever met with, and with every moral and physical feature to match. He regretted she could not be persuaded to place herself at the head of a Pacific Female Seminary—not from any need to herself, but to meet the requisitions of a community rapidly increasing in population and culture. In one word, he would have persuaded her to be a benefactress; to be, in education, on this coast, what Florence Nightingale was in therapy, in the Crimea. Perhaps if she had not been a happy wife, she *might* have been a “school-marm,” for which she had a half sort of *penchant*. Let us not underrate the dignity, and even grandeur, of the position of teachers. They are secular parents in the schools, and on their example and precept, in a great measure, depend the very life and character of a nation. What an institution of learning can accomplish, when fitly and ably conducted, may be seen by a reference to the chronicles and *matricula* of Harrow and Rugby.

I determined to accept my Legislative responsibilities, more especially as there was to be a Senator elected.

The contest was narrowed down to Broderick and Gwin, and outside of them no choice was possible. Those were the days when majorities were bought, sold, and "traded," as any chattel; and when the Legislature, supposed and intended to be the cream of the State's honesty and intelligence, was purchasable and purchased as you buy any means to an end.

En passant, I will say, that these are the concomitants of what we call popular governments; and the more widely diffused the liberty, the greater and more flagrant the corruption. Let the voting franchise be restricted to a property qualification; make a knowledge of reading and writing, and of the language of the country, conditions precedent to the right of suffrage; give to the Presidential tenure a term of not less than a decade of years; abolish the noxious system of rotation in office, and adopt the principle of *quamdiu se bene gesserit* as the sole condition of incumbency. Do these, and you advance the premium on honesty and education; and a strong government will be the necessary consequence.

Lide was then *enciente*, and so I would not permit her to accompany me to Sacramento; and to live at Strong's without me, was not, of course, to be spoken of. In that dilemma I wrote my brother Dan to abandon his residence at Pittsburg, and to come to San Francisco and follow his profession, the law. He yielded to my wishes—more especially as the fuliginous atmosphere of that city had seriously impaired his health. He reached here a few days before the Legislative session commenced, and under his protection and care, Lide lived during my absence. The fact is, that during the whole winter I vibrated between the capital and this city; for my wife fretted over our short separation, with an urgency and discontent equal to my own. During the fever of the Senatorial contest,

no member could be absent from his seat, for fear of what is expressively termed a snap judgment; and so Lide came to Sacramento and remained with me until the Joint Convention had adjourned, *sine die*. When I was finally liberated, I was as joyous as a lad at vacation time.

"And four and twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool."

On my return I took the house I had formerly resided in, opposite to that of Mr. Wheeler—Dan of course coming to live with us.

On the twenty-ninth of May, 1855, Eustace Barron was born. He was named after my friend, Mr. Barron, who has been already referred to. He was a sturdy fellow from the first, and never, during his whole infancy, did he give his mother the slightest trouble. Soon after his birth, we removed to a brick house a client had built for me, on Prospect Place, near California Street. From Lide's room, which opened upon a balcony, there was an extended and pretty view of the bay, and the hills which outlie Oakland. At this time, Dr. R. T. Maxwell became our family physician. Up to that period, Dr. C. F. Winslow had held that relation, which was terminated by his departure from California. As both Lide and I had been educated in the belief that the attendant physician of a family should be carefully selected, both with reference to his professional ability and his character as a man and a gentleman; and, when so chosen, should not be put away except from grave cause—Dr. Maxwell remained in that position up to my wife's translation to her home beyond, and holds it yet, with me and my children.

CHAPTER XI.

"While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two, let there be peace."

"Oh, men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime."

When the intelligence reached here of the capture of Sebastopol, the countrymen of the Allied Powers in this city held a grand *fete*, opposite to the house of Mr. Ritchie, in honor of that questionable triumph. He invited some of his friends to come to his residence to witness the celebration, it being "a good place of espial;" and he selected that occasion as a fitting opportunity for a reconciliation with Lide and me. When his nephew, William G. Morris, who was tenderly attached to his cousin, brought the olive branch, its acceptance or rejection was left exclusively to her determination. I knew there could be found no wife more tenacious of her own and her husband's dignity than she, and so I promised to be guided by her. She properly decided to accept the situation. We went, and she was folded within her father's arms, from which she should never have been separated.

From day to day she grew more and more dear to him, and he saw what a treasure he had in his eldest born, who was singularly and remarkably unlike the rest of his children, both in character and appearance. He was quick to perceive her moral and intellectual wealth, and he beheld in her a refinement—an exquisite specimen of womanhood—

that had no approximation, much less equality, in his own household, if indeed it had in all his association. He was a man to instinctively recognize the exact relation that thoughtful acquirements, and an exquisite moral organization, bear to specious emotions, and, what is aptly and sneeringly termed, sciolism.

Then, and all the years afterward, did Lide thank God that she and her father had been reconciled—for, July 9, 1856, he was thrown from his wagon while going from Sonoma to Napa, and instantly killed. In all the sad circumstances attending that event, the imparting the news to her poor mother, consoling and nursing her, Lide declared herself the true daughter and woman.

I have already stated my ideas of Mr. Ritchie's character, that he was a remarkable man in many respects—foremost in his profession, clear and precise in reasoning, and even profound in his deductions. He possessed a rare encyclopedical knowledge; and yet, in many specialties, he was even perhaps in a certain sense learned. I have hitherto expressed the surprise he gave me once by his exegesis of some chapters of the Old Testament. He was a good and faithful husband; firm and steadfast in his friendships, sociable and conversational; and yet a man of strong and obstinate, and, of course, sometimes, unjust prejudices—a quality now and then associated with sturdy characters, as his, but as frequently a concomitant of weak ones. The obituary which follows is from the pen of Chief Justice Baldwin, of this State, and the author of "Flush Times," and of "Party Leaders:"

"It is due to the memory of the lamented Captain ARCHIBALD A. RITCHIE that some notice should be given to the virtues which distinguished him in life, and the extraordinary qualities which adorned his character. He was

born at New Castle, in the State of Delaware, on the twenty-eighth day of January, 1806. His life was enterprising and adventurous. Few men have experienced more of the vicissitudes, or borne part in more stirring and exciting events than Captain Ritchie. Whether in the United States or China, he exhibited the best qualities of the American merchant. He possessed an extraordinary intellect, whose natural vigor was greatly improved by reflection, reading, and study. Indeed, it is not extravagant to say of him that he had talent enough to qualify him for almost any station of honor or trust, in any department of administration or practical affairs. As a writer, few men, even writers by profession, equaled him in the vigor and masculine sense which distinguished his productions. He was acute, discriminating, and well informed upon all the questions of the day, and he was blessed with a judgment remarkable for its solidity and clearness. It was impossible for any one to converse with him for an hour without acknowledging the presence of an intellect of uncommon strength and scope. He was one of the best types we ever knew of an intelligent, comprehensive merchant; who had a true conception of the dignity of his calling; who saw the relations which his profession held to the great interests of the world. He was a man not only of enlarged intellect, but of great moral worth. He lent himself readily to the advancement of every scheme of public interest, and encouraged by his influence and his purse every worthy object of public importance that claimed his attention. Nor only this: he was kind, humane, and charitable toward all deserving objects. He was a warm friend, and in the relations of domestic life irreproachable. No man lent more ready or efficient aid to the support of the laws of his country, or inculcated a higher reverence for the principles of free government; no man had more honesty of

purpose, or went further, or was more self-sacrificing in his devotion to what he esteemed correct principles of individual or governmental action. He was at once one of the ablest men, and one of the most public-spirited, liberal, enlightened merchants, we ever knew.

"Probably no man commanded more of the public esteem, or wielded a greater, though it may have been a quiet, influence, than Captain Ritchie; for he loved not ostentation, and never obtruded his views upon his fellow citizens.

"We have often heard the remark that if Captain Ritchie had been educated for the law, he would have been a leading member of the bar; and elevated to the bench, would have been a distinguished jurist in any State in the Union. Yet with such gifts, it may be doubted if he were not less appreciative of them than any intelligent gentleman of his acquaintance. He possessed social qualities of a high order, and though energetic and diligent in business, found time to devote himself to the education of his children and to the society of friends.

"The loss of so good a man, at this time, may be considered a public calamity; while it brings to his bereaved family a burden of grief only relieved by the sympathy of a large circle of friends, and a consciousness that the life which has gone out was not spent in vain; that he whom it animated was useful and honored when he lived, and will be affectionately remembered now that death has removed him from our midst.

"The heritage of a good name has fallen upon his children."

My brother Dan, who had been in bad health for some time, and to whom a sea voyage had been recommended, left us in January, 1856, on board the United States frigate

"Independence," for a cruise through the South Pacific. He was offered the post of Secretary of the Commodore commanding the squadron, which, while it afforded sufficient activity to his mind, gave him ample leisure to visit the different points where the ship might touch. It is not the office of these memoirs to dwell upon merely collateral incidents and individuals; but I can not overlook the departure of Dan, without pausing a moment to express my estimation of his character. He and I are the two youngest of our family, and we have been more nearly associated than brothers usually are. From the days of our earliest boyhood until now, I have never seen him different—always the same gentle, sweet, and self-denying person. As a child he was eminently pure, and as a man he is still the child. I can not conceive of a person more religious and conscientious than he. With him it is but a step to Heaven. He and I have been chastened alike, except that to him God was perhaps more kind, by taking his wife before she had

*"Set herself to him,
Like perfect music."*

But he finds a consolation in his well-disciplined mind, sanctified and strengthened by firm and habitual religious ways, that I can not. Her death found him a true and unquestioning Christian, while through the grief that too frequently hardens, I must struggle with doubts and perplexities, and perhaps never attain that peace which imparts to his life such an enviable charm. In vain do I seek among all my acquaintances for a man who, in all the constituents of a Christian gentleman, is greater than he.

The political frauds already spoken of, and more especially the intrigues of the late banking firm of Palmer, Cook & Co., induced an ex-banker—James King of William—to publish and edit a small penny sheet, for the

declared purpose of calling general attention to such abuses, and, if possible, remedy them. I do not use too strong a phrase when I say that the political corruption in this city, at that period, was unequaled anywhere in depravity. The municipality was in the hands of a clique as dishonest as resolute, and its magnificent dowry was wasted under the forms of law, and was distributed as the spoils of party, to keep up its unity and solidity. Worse than all, there was no remedy—for, I am sorry to add, the Judiciary in the last resort was too frequently “induced by potent circumstances.” Decisions then were sometimes a matter of secret or contraband traffic, and there was always a *pro-chain ami*, who, for a consideration, would, Procrustes-like, make the law accommodate itself to any suitor, or to any circumstances.

The chiefs, and, to use the cant term, “the wire-pullers,” were the targets for King’s thrusts—among whom was one James Casey. The community foretold—at least anticipated—the result; for such scoundrels assumed to themselves the impunity to murder as to steal. King was shot by Casey, in the public street, in broad daylight. That outrage stirred the town to its profoundest depths. So Rome was agitated, some centuries before, when Cæsar fell; and so will be any community, not thoroughly base, when vice plays the bravo, and essays to stifle censure.

He lay becalmed between two worlds for many days, and then the current swept him off into the mists which veil eternity. His pulse had ceased to beat, but not so that of the great public he had, no matter from what motives, desired to serve. His death provoked a tumult—for he died in seeking to introduce reforms, and he was, in the popular favor, placed among the *Demiurgü*. The mob—rather the people—organized and armed themselves. They suspended, to a certain degree, the operation of the

law, and, sitting as a High Court of Appeals, hung Casey precisely as an abnormal tribunal had, some few scores of years before, led Royal Charles to the block. It was not done by constitutional ministers; it had no precedent within the rules and decisions of courts; but it was justice worthy of an Oriental apologue, and not the less commendable because *dehors* the law. I must confess that there are *sometimes*, in these popular ebullitions, a decided manifestation of the divine spirit of Right. They may be dangerous, and they are; but they purify and cleanse as the lightning, and they sear like it, too.

The "Vigilance Committee" fortified itself on Sacramento Street. From its own number it selected an Executive Committee, and it sat as usurpers; but the usurpation was healthy, and it transfused new blood and life into the community. It hung—not in every case justly; it expatriated, but with too nice a discrimination; and it administered a crude sort of equity with a Cromwellian energy. During its rule the city was governed as it had never before been governed, and one had a sense of security never experienced under that imaginary symbol called the "*ægis* of liberty." It was one of those rare occasions when the people felt, and thought, and saw clearly; and, in the main, did right. *Interdum vulgus rectum videt*. This phrase expresses my ideas, but its scope was too narrow for Lide. She was strong in her democratic ideas; believed in the people with a larger faith than I did, and was as unaristocratic as John Bright, or Guiseppe Garibaldi. She had read and reread Mill on "Civil Liberty," and knew Carlyle by heart. She applauded the doings of the "Committee," as she applauded all intelligent and generous popular manifestations. But let us place here some limitations, else she will be misunderstood. That which moved France in 1793 was right, as a principle, but ter-

ribly cruel in action. The Protectorate was full of high, honest motives, and, in its contest against the tyranny of the Throne, right and worthy. The Declaration of Natural Justice, penned by Jefferson in '76, and which makes the corner stone of our constitutional edifice, is perhaps the highest expression of human progress and liberty the world has ever seen. The war it introduced was not only defensible, but it is the grandest landmark Christian civilization in its progress has set up, since "the Lord God of Israel visited and redeemed his people." Thus she thought, and such examples taught her a love of that Justice and Freedom which, after all, are the highest qualities of our Anglo-Saxon race. It was that same teaching which made her so zealous, and true, and devoted, during the late civil war.

We may revile as much as we please, but the Puritan element is indestructible. It is identified with progress, educational triumphs, and the best conquests of civilization. It is the active principle at work everywhere, and to resist it, is simply impossible. Lide and I have had many a sturdy battle over such matters, and her intelligence always supplied her with proofs and illustrations, and her native sense of justice and right, with arguments. In all cases, and under all circumstances, she had a cool temper that nothing could disturb or upset; and she reasoned with an intuitive synthesis. She fought in such arenas as a *Retiarius*; covered you with a net, and then gave the *coup de grace* at her leisure. Judge Currey, late Chief Justice of this State, and a lawyer who appreciates and can detect dialectics, told me that in analysis and an acute perception of sophisms, he had rarely seen her equal. "I heard her once," said he, "give an exposition of Renan's specious reasoning in his 'Life of Jesus,' that filled me with wonder and admiration." The honorable Judge is right; but where he saw one swing of her mace, I have seen a

thousand. I should say, while on this subject, that so thoroughly did she hold in contempt all displays, and withal so modest and unpretending was she, that she was always annoyed when I alluded to the line of her studies, and her proficiency in branches of education generally supposed to be outside the tastes and position of her sex.

To show how little she was cramped by the modern system of female education, at least that which prevailed when she was educated, I will add that she had an extraordinary *penchant* for both physiology and therapeutics. Her physician, Dr. Maxwell, can bear witness to her remarkable aptitude for these studies. Her mind seemed peculiarly prone to all subjects connected with, say, geology, botany, chemistry, anatomy, and history. Professor Wm. P. Blake, author of "Geological Reconnoissance in California," and a brochure entitled "The Reduction of Silver Ores," and who is even now, while I write, the geologist of the San Domingo Commission, thought her, to use his own phrase, one of the best lay-geologists he ever met with. For several years he was accustomed to visit my house very intimately—indeed, was my guest for many weeks—and, frequently, he and my wife were employed with a small laboratory he used in the field, in testing metals and making analyses.

In etymology she was more proficient than any unprofessional person I ever met with, and her knowledge of it was remarkable—certainly so, when we regard her sex. When a question of *radices* arose, I was satisfied with a reference to her. While at Strong's, Judge Freelon, a friend of his, and an old one of mine, whom I first knew in Mexico, we being in the same division, was accustomed to dine with us several times a week. He has many accomplishments, but he especially prided himself on his critical knowledge of *philology*, and in this term I include

ideology. No dinner ever passed without a discussion between him and my wife on some *radix* or other, and I never knew him to come, but that Webster's Dictionary was served regularly with the soup. Mr. Strong and I were merely auditors when these wranglings commenced, and during their continuance; and he and I, and, for that matter, the Judge, too, will admit that he was, in that especial branch, no match for her. To give, too, due honor and dignity to the triumph, I believe my judicial friend had been, at one period of his life, a college Professor of Greek.

Lide's knowledge of Latin, to which she applied herself for some ten years, aided her, as a matter of course, with the *etymons*, and it facilitated her in her teachings of Eustace in that language. Indeed, he will admit that, from his mamma, he acquired a more thorough knowledge of Latin than from his regular teacher, who is a *cantab*. Last year, when I attempted to take her place in teaching the child, and reading "Cæsar's Commentaries," he, with more frankness than politeness, said: "Papa, you don't know half as much Latin as mamma did." The boy was quite right, and if he had said so of a half dozen other things, he would not have gone far astray.

Her readings were what almost all her sex call "heavy." Her prime favorites were Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Draper, Prescott, Motley, and Thackeray. She took to modern novels as a pastime, or by way of relaxation, and of these, I think Reade was her favorite. I do not mean, of course, to place him, in her estimation, above, or equal to, Thackeray and Dickens, whom, with Hawthorne, she regarded as at the head of the present school of romance. Her prime pet, and which she read over and over again, was the "Newcomes." She regarded it as a wonderful book, and, perhaps, unequalled in the language. It had a rare charm for her, as it has for all lovers of genuine, hearty sentiments.

In poetry, of course Shakespeare held the prominent place, and she had studied his works as one studies a language. No one could have a heartier admiration for him than she had, and few general readers could excel her in her critical appreciation of his wonderful composition. In this connection, I must not omit to say that the "Book of Job" was a great favorite, and that she frequently read it, and each time was impressed with its theosophy.

Then came Coleridge, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Shelley, in all of whom she delighted, from a sympathy with all that is delicate in thought and expression. There was another book which, especially during her early married life, she read with a great deal of care, and the boldness and daring philosophy of which had a peculiar charm for her; I mean Bailey's "Festus." I think that work, and some kindred teachings in pneumatology, and my example, led her into some experiments of table-moving, and, let me frankly and bravely say, spiritualism. I will speak, though, of this subject later.

She had no very exalted idea of the literary talent of her sex, and no one despised more thoroughly than she, the claims women put forward for equality and the right of suffrage. "Strong-minded women" were her abhorrence, and lest she might be suspected of such a tendency, it made her anxious to conceal the peculiar tastes she had for studies usually called masculine. She believed that God had drawn natural and clearly-defined limits to her sex, which it was folly to endeavor to overleap; and while she thought that statutory law and usage were unjust in narrowing the sphere of woman, and excluding her from employments naturally within reach of her physical, mental, and moral capacities, yet, she held to the belief that the happiest, proudest, and most influential position her sex can aspire to, and which should satisfy all the aspirations of true

womanhood, is that of wife, in its best sense, and, naturally, of mother.

She had an admiration for George Eliot, perhaps, more than for any other *litterateuse*; but she had an idea that the literary faculty in her sex is rare, and always lacks the power, philosophy, and grandeur of that in man.

With all her strong points in taste and cultivation, prone as they were, from their intrinsic force and quality, to step upon the domain men claim as their own, she had, nevertheless, as rarely delicate and refined sensibilities, and as profound and tenacious affections as could be found anywhere. While as a wife her merit was exquisite and unexcelled—while she clung with implicit trust, and, in clinging, declared the sweetest charm of her sex—yet, at the same moment, her perceptions were so keen, her foresight and forethought so far-reaching, that even while she clung she would counsel and direct. I can honestly say that I never erred in following her advice, but that I always did when I disregarded it. In three matters, especially, growing out of my business, I consulted her. They seemed plausible to me, and promised to be richly productive. She warned me against their tempting seeming, and pointed out to me their meretriciousness. I turned from her judgment, and was guided by my own. The result was disaster, and the rescue that followed came through her wifely ways, and the pursuance of her judicious counsel.

I now regarded myself as permanently settled here, and so I resolved to get a home of my own, “however humble.” Besides, Lide, at that period, was threatened with a vertebral weakness, and Dr. Maxwell recommended a house without stairs—that which is described by the word “bungalow.” As I never halted in my efforts to make her comfortable and happy, I bought her a lot on Brannan Street, near Third, almost *vis-a-vis* to the home of her

mother, and at once commenced to build. I proposed to erect a temporary establishment, and so I did not use any care as to plan or adornment, and beauty of construction. Indeed, at that period, a very common sort of house was an expensive affair. Mechanics were in great demand, and their *per diem* was scarcely less than that of a Senator, and, I must frankly say, more honestly earned. Later, when I desired to multiply conveniences, and to remedy original defects made or suffered by the contractor, I found it a most expensive process, and it tasked my architectural tastes and ingenuity.

On the tenth of September, 1856, the anniversary of my first nuptials, Lide, Baby Eustace, I, and a "deft lass," who answered to the name of Mary, took formal possession of our first, and the only home I ever had, as a married man. It was hard work to make a pathway through the confused mass of household utensils, lying pell-mell within the little rooms. Lide was spared all trouble. I made her sit quietly upon a sort of dais I had constructed, from which she could look out and direct. As I recall the whole scene now, I am reminded of Captain Cuttle in the house of Mrs. McStinger—"his legs drawn up under his chair, on a very small desolate island, lying about midway in an ocean of soap and water." All the little chars required in the new building, arranging and adapting everything to the demands of comfort, employed me for many days. But it was *home*, and when we planted, we hoped to reap. The promised blossoms on the shrubs I placed in earth under her eye, were for ourselves, and they were beyond the caprice of an unromantic landlord. How beautiful, too, and how full of a very tender pathos, is the sight of the little ways and domesticities of a happy home: the charming foot-prints and unpremeditated finger-marks seen where a loving, cultivated wife presides; the fragrance

and softness that make its temperature; the grace and beauty that consecrate the commonest objects; the tiny shoes left by the barefooted *bairns* on the floor; the mutilated toys scattered carelessly about; and through the open window, come, perhaps, the lisping voices of the “chiels” from among the drooping branches of the willow in the garden. Ah, me, in drawing this picture of the old, happy time, but gone forever now, I feel glad to think, that the days which come and go are bearing me nearer the little mound where she lies.

I turn from this writing, and look along the walks where she lingered through the gone years, when the soft, bright days of early spring clothed all the plants with the wonders of leaflets and buds, and the blessed showers beaded them with glittering rain drops. The scene is but little changed now. Even while I write, the moon comes up from behind the hazy hills, and hangs like a jewel in mid-air—filling the old garden with quivering alternations of light and shade—and, so bright is it, that only here and there can I see the soft beam of the stars. The trill of the linnet, that in the old, happy days she and I listened to, as it came from the jasmine tree, breaks out again, filling me with strange thoughts, with eager aspirations for an inexplicable something which is, and yet is not; and from which I go back helpless—I came near to add, hopeless, to the sharp disappointments of this “work-day world.”

To-day, while the setting sun was throwing golden shafts through the waving willow branches, and beating against the casement of her old room, I stood in the garden walk beneath, waiting, in spite of my disenchanting memory, to see the dear face, as I have in the aforetime lingered to see it; for she often, at that hour, came there to

fill her eyes and heart with the wonders of the burning sunset, that,

“Like a sea of glory,
Spread from pole to pole.”

And as she stood in the golden air, and the light fell with a tremulous gleam athwart her pure face, and flecked her beautiful hair, she seemed the type of all that is spiritual in humanity—even as a saintly figure apotheosised by the old art. There were the sunbeams as of old, and the open window through which they poured and laughed along the wall; but her face came not, though I waited until the twilight filled all the walks with sombre shadows; and now—now do I bitterly know I will never see it *here* again.

A day or two ago, while ransacking my desk, I came across some detached leaves of a journal, written at that period. They are at once a *te deum* and a *miserere*, full of the new home and happy forecastings, and recording my first recognition of the sickness which has brought such utter desolation to me.

In November, 1856, I was elected Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco. My nomination was unsought, and I was elected without resort to undue means.

CHAPTER XII.

“Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative;
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And Faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly, then, is sure the best;
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.”

The journal last referred to contains frequent allusions to experiments in spiritualism, which I investigated with my wife, and several friends, who were by no means credulous or easily imposed upon, if we admit that imposition is probable among honorable people who meet at a private house for the purpose of exposing an error, or confirming a truth. I refer to that inquisition as a concatenation in the chain of our lives, and because I really think it bears useful lessons. Our children are entitled to some insight into our religious convictions, and I shall state them frankly. It is a delicate subject, I know, more especially in this age of intellectual activity and inquiry. Except from Froissart, I think it was, I hardly ever heard of spiritualism until a friend, the brother of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, mentioned to me some strange—one especially—happenings in his own knowledge. Then, again, it was a subject of earnest conversation one evening at the house of Dr. J. K. Mitchell of Philadelphia, who was a physician of much eminence, and who related to me some wonderful *phenomena* lying wholly within his own experience. Later, on my passage from New York to Aspinwall, in 1853,

Captain James D. Bulloch narrated to me a strange incident, which occurred to him in connection with a person he and I had known well. Some two years after I had reached here, I saw, at the house of a friend, for the first time, some experiments in table-moving. Whatever the power may be—magnetic, electric, or spiritual—the table did move, and under my touch. “It was a trick,” you say. Perhaps *that* was; but later, I have seen table-moving demonstrated in startling contradiction to Professor Faraday’s *dicta* to the contrary. I need not add, that, assuming the table did move, it does not follow the motory agency came from a *spirit*. I admit the *non-sequitur*; but if with the movement you can connect an intelligence outside of yourself—or, to use quaint old Burton’s distinction, if it be obsession and not possession, what then? To employ the logical phrase, this is not *petitio principii*—it stands in the category of *proven*.

We conducted that inquiry for our own honest purpose of testing the truth of the alleged and seemingly well-authenticated communication with the spirits of those we call dead. We had our curiosity to gratify, and yet we sought to probe the subject to its foundation. We never went astray over it; never experienced any super-excitation; met all developments with a clear and sifting mind, and accepted nothing on faith. But all who struggle for the truth, no matter with what composure, strength, and elevation of mind, must pay at least the penalty of misrepresentation.

It is difficult to say, with precision at least, the exact influences upon me resulting from that inquiry; but I can honestly add that no harm followed—quite the contrary. If then I had impulses and intellectual mercuriousness, they were held in check by the calmer and more analytical temperament of my wife. She and I believed in the *principle*—that is, as Bailey expresses it:

"That spirits are about us, and believe
That, to a spirit's eye, all heaven may be
As full of angels as a beam of light
Of motes."

We always believed in it, as most Christians do, and as all the Christians nearest to Christ, in point of time, did. If I am asked whether we gave credence to all or half of the declared revelations made, or professed to have been made, by "*Media*," I would unhesitatingly say no. On the contrary, we held most of them to be charlatans, and worthy of the *bilboes*. But, at the same time, I declare that I have absolute faith in the supernatural appearances, as authenticated by the Scriptures, as well as by the experience of holy men and laymen, throughout all the ages lying within the leaves of the Chronicles. John Wesley said, that to give up witchcraft, is to give up the Bible. I suppose no Christian questions the New Testament in its testimony as to demonism, nor the abundant evidence furnished by Old and New, as to the ministrations of angels or good spirits. To me the admission that they ever existed, is to admit the *possibility* of their re-appearance to-day; and the acceptance of one class, whether of good or of bad spirits, is, by the law of correlation, to allow the other. The "familiar spirit" of the Bible I firmly cling to; or, to give my faith clearer expression, I call it "guardian angel," which every household, that has an empty chair, must accept. While I reject, as already stated, many of the alleged evidences of spiritualism, I believe, nevertheless, that God sometimes permits the angel world to exercise an influence over some, or all of us here. The Pope issued an Encyclical Letter some few years ago, admitting the truth of spiritualism, but called it a device of Satan. Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, in an address delivered before the "Young Men's Christian Association" at

St. Louis, was equally frank and admonitive; and so of many other of the ecclesiastics. It is very proper for the Church to warn us against errors, and the evil machinations of the Devil; but as to pneumatology, and the constitution of the life to come, Lide and I thought for ourselves. For myself, I can say that I have something beyond instinct, and yet entirely separate from reason, as to the reality of another existence. I recognize, frequently, within me, an unmistakable *something* super-sensual, that no human being can reason me out of. And, in addition to these spontaneous convictions, let me say that I can see, in the nameless and indefinable spiritual expression visible on the faces of the dead, the calm and smile left and imparted by the soul in its first recognition and reception of the golden life just then apparent to its consciousness. Archbishop Hare very properly said, "that the imagination and feelings have each their truths as well as the reason. The absorption of the three, so as to concentrate them on the same point, is one of the universalities requisite to a true religion."

It is well to remark here that I am not arguing any question of faith; not assailing any tenet or usage of the Christian Church; but merely anxious to present my impressions, to state the struggles I have borne, and the general influences which have directed me. I can add now that I prefer the religious condition which has its basis upon the moral, rather than the intellectual life. I hold that love, rather than philosophy, is the best evangelizer.

Lide and I held at that time, indeed, at all times, an identity of creed on all these subjects. We had great confidence in the Church as a teacher, and as an important coadjutor in modern progress; but Lecky, Draper, Spencer, and Huxley broke a little of our reverence for much taught by theology. They instructed us that there had

been, and were, perhaps, errors and absurdities in much of that part of the hierarchy built up by councils; and we did not accept all the Church taught merely because so taught. That is, as members, we did not surrender our reason and conscience to the keeping of the priesthood. Our private judgment did not manifest itself openly against the traditions and ceremonies of the Church, but, at the same time, we did not give to all her instructions absolute submission. We recognized the right involved in the accepted truism, that God's "service is perfect freedom." We acknowledged the earnest, and, I will say, inspired effectiveness of the Church as a civilizer; and, as the aggregated efforts of the united many are more powerful for good than the desultory and undisciplined acts of the few, we attached ourselves to it. It was proper, too, as an example, and as conducing to a more subtle spiritual communion in its offices of adoration and worship.

I hope I am not misunderstood. God knows I mean right, and am far from feeling and believing anything unworthy of the example and teaching of the dear ones who "departed this life in His faith and fear." Neither do I desire to depreciate or belittle the Church, which

"Begins

And ends, and rightly, in Heaven and with God;

While Heaven is also in the midst thereof."

I have declared that the effects on me flowing from an inquisition into spiritualism, were more beneficial than otherwise, principally because it *called my attention to a much neglected subject*. I had been disposed to doubt and cavil—perhaps, reject. I had been a deist, and strongly impregnated by the pantheism of the oldest Greek philosophy; and while the investigation taught me nothing of revealed religion, it put me on the inquiry as to that, and all cognate subjects, and, so far, it was beneficial. Then I

simply held to the primary truth, that we are in the hands of an all-wise and omnipotent God, whom I did not and do not invest with the dread elements so often taught us, as making up His nature, by those strict constructionists called Calvinists. I gave and give to Him more merciful and more loving attributes than most pulpits teach, and I believed and believe, that the purpose of our creation was higher than that we should be used as fuel to keep ablaze the "flaming horror of consuming fires."

I can say that I have examined with some care, and, perhaps, critical judgment, the passages relied upon to support the cremation theory, and I do not regard them as by any means intrinsically strong enough to support a doctrine so cruel and sanguinary. It is to attribute to God passions and qualities that would degrade a man—making Him more cruel than he of old, who hung tablets so high that people could not read them, and who then punished them for an innocent disobedience.

"They who read not in the best belief
That all souls may be saved, read to no end.
We were made to be saved. We are of God."

Sin *must*, in some way, answer for its transgression of God's laws; but not to the extent of eternal and unredeemable damnation. How we are to be punished, He only knows; but that there will be something just and expiatory, I do not doubt. I merely question the soundness of the belief that there will be fire and hell throughout the eternal cycles, if at all. I have been often struck with that incident in our Savior's mission when James and John asked Him if He would "command fire to come down from Heaven, and consume" the Samaritans who did not "make ready for Him." He rebuked them, saying: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.

For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." He said also that we "are of more value than many sparrows." This chapter records the general nature of my struggles and doubts, and discloses the tribulation under which I have lived many a year. My greatest difficulty had been to comprehend, from an intellectual stand-point, the necessity, object, and nature of the *atonement*. The theory and the historical proof both suggested embarrassment, and when one regarded them by the law of probabilities, scanned and analyzed them, he turned away dissatisfied and doubting. I have had hard work to throw from me the influence left after a perusal of the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of "Gibbon's Roman Empire," a work of wonderful research, and impressively majestic in its composition; and even now, when I venture out upon that sea, with Reason as my pilot, I am sure to sink "foundering in the vast abyss."

At first sight it seems incomprehensible that a *God* should assume man's nature; be born in a manger; be compelled to escape into Egypt; should unhesitatingly accept the betrayal, the scourging, the crucifixion—a death so ignominious and cruel—He who could "pray to His Father, and he shall presently give Him more than twelve legions of angels."

And then I wondered—believing as I do that all the starry worlds are inhabited—whether people there demanded the same redemption as we. I did not question the fact that, at the period named, there appeared some remarkable person who did perform the wonderful acts we call *miracles*, but their ascription to the "only Son of God" was rather difficult to accept.

Take Swedenborg for example, whose reputed "inner-sight," and spiritual association and intercourse, rest precisely upon the same evidence as the miracles do, viz:

Kant, human testimony. If that same testimony has any value at all, we *must* believe that he communicated matters, and declared facts wholly impossible, except on the theory of his professed relation with the spiritual world. And on the authority of such vouchers as Erasmus, together with my sound faith in such *possibilities*, as well as on the structure and intrinsic sincerity of Swedenborg's philosophical writings, I am not prepared to say that his followers are infatuated and heretical. Strange as it may appear, (I merely declare a conclusion, keeping back all insight into the ratiocination) the Swedish philosopher has helped me in my recognition of the truth of the Redemption. But there were two other aids which have largely contributed to produce that result. During the last year of Lide's life, when she was spiritualized by sickness, and bore God's seal as an angel—and so to me was as one inspired—she professed her belief in the *atonement*. That avowal forever silenced my doubts, and calmed my intellectual agitation, as to that subject; and so I say I am a believer. The other is that the New Testament bears intrinsic testimony of a divine mind, and that it is quite beyond the invention and capacity of that dual-natured animal, called "man."

And yet all the wonders declared in the New Testament are not a whit more strange than the thousand marvels constantly, daily recurring in the physical world: the rising and setting stars; the little life, imprisoned within the seed-capsule, bursting through the earth clods and rising into resurrection in the sunny air in its marvellous garments of leaves and blossoms; and, more strange than all, are the tissues, bones, muscles, and the vascular and cerebral life within us. Reason helps us, and is grand in its triumphs up to a certain stage, and yet it halts blind and powerless before some of the simplest manifestations of organic life.

To say, then, that we will not believe in a thing because we can not understand it, is to leave us without a place to stand upon; for really we can explain nothing about us only from noting effects. How absurd, then, to reject the atonement because we can not bring it within the comprehension of our finite reason. It is generally the case, that, after expending years in the solution of such problems, and in attempting to bring them within the theory of probability and reason, we get back to the starting point, no wiser than when we set out. In matters of religion we must be ingenuous and credulous as a little child. "Whoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." My own experience, too, is in testimony of the truth embodied in this saying: "Thou hast hid things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

Lide and I, during the last few months of her earthly life, talked much of these matters, and I found her faith strong and sustaining. She declared her entire belief in the grand miracle of the Redemption, and she called on me to examine and weigh it. No need then and now to seek to test it from my own stand-point. She simplified it, and led me up to the temple, and I became then an acolothist as it were; and although I do not at present comprehend more than I did in the aforetime, yet I desire to learn, and the scoffing and incredulity which seem to be the earliest lessons young men receive as they enter upon the world, were and are, forever dead within me.

She and I had no conversation then as to spiritualism, but she foresaw, with her clear comprehension, the effect her departure must have upon me; that I would be impelled to seek her through all the plausible possibilities of communication; that I would be persuaded to "give heed to wandering spirits and the instructions of demons," and

so she asked me to give up spiritualism. She and I had seen enough to fill us with wonder—enough to be repressed rather than encouraged, in pursuing it. She said there is something very strange and mysterious in it, and that it should be left alone. In 1857, the latter part of that year, she abandoned it, and so have I abandoned it forever.

I have already said that she and I believed that there is a world of spirits, whose influence is sometimes felt here. So believed Thomas Aquinas, who saw St. Bonaventura rise in the air by supernatural means. So believed Loyola, who had a similar experience of levitation. So believed Tertullian, who declared that there was “a sister who conversed with the angels.” So believed all the Christian Fathers. So believed the ecclesiastical chroniclers from the early times down, and so believe some of the most brilliant minds of these modern days.

Paul declared to Festus that he was converted by a miracle. Zaccharias “saw a vision,” and conversed with Gabriel. The *madonna* was foretold by an angel, of her miraculous conception. The woman at the sepulchre “beheld two men in shining garments.” The prison doors were opened to St. Peter by angels. Christ, during His Passion, was “strengthened by an angel.” Even more remarkable than all these, was when an angel announced our Savior’s birth to the shepherds, and “suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host.” There is testimony enough as to all these things scattered through all times and among all people, and she and I held it sufficiently good and credible to support our belief that to our world have been manifested visitants from another. We *must* believe it, or you sweep all substance from Christianity. The *Holy Scriptures* are rooted in inspiration, and their vitality springs from supernaturalism.

In one word, there was Scripture warrant for *all* we held to, and our belief was authorized and approved by it. I heard Mr. Wyatt preach a sermon in Trinity Church, in this city, in which he expressed his belief in the ministration and constant presence near us of guardian spirits, in all respects coincident with the notions we held.

What we believed did not depend upon, to use Dr. Reid's classification, either the principle of credulity or of veracity. It had for its ground work the imposing test of demonstration. That is to say, looking to the metaphysical nicety of the word—to us it was *proven*.

The Free Love and Communistic doctrines of spiritualistic sects—their new ideas, and the strange images they have erected—their demolition of fanes, to which the tender, loving hand of a cherished mother led us in the days of childhood—of the blessed tokens of the Christmas and Easter seasons hung up above the hearthstone, and of the refined aspirations woven in with every association and remembrance of a religious home—all these assaults, upon what we held dear, she and I despised and abhorred as sincerely as any. What the temper and disposition of our minds were at that time and at the period of the investigation referred to, can be seen from the following extracts from a prayer I wrote November 24th, 1856:

“We thank Thee also for the Christian privileges and blessings we enjoy; that we live in an age of enlightenment and progress, and that Thou hast given to us understanding to comprehend Thy great love for us, and the religion Thou hast vouchsafed to establish among us.

“Grant that the way of truth may be pointed out to us, that we may not be left in ignorance and superstition; but that our minds may be rightly directed by Thee, and our hearts cultivated and enlarged by true Christian knowledge

and charity. More especially do we pray that we may not be tempted by false doctrine and teaching; that we may not be seduced from the faith of our fathers by deceitful persuasion and pretences ! But that we may be taught the worship most acceptable to Thee, and best promotive of our spiritual welfare.

“And if thou hast, indeed, permitted those who once had being in this mortal life to come back to us for the accomplishment of Thy wise and inscrutable purposes, may we then be properly impressed with the solemnity of such a revelation, and see in it not only the display of Thy great power, but the exercise of Thy great goodness. Sanctify, we beseech Thee, such teachings to good uses and ends, and may they contribute to our religious progress, and direct us to purity and holiness.

“We pray Thee that our hearts and lives may be purged of all viciousness and mischievous propensities; that the utterances of our tongues may be pure, and governed by the solemn thought that Thou seest all we do, and hearest all we say. We pray Thee to give us strength to successfully guard against the temptations which daily beset us, the pernicious examples around us, and to resist the influences of our own corrupt and sensual passions and desires.

“Grant that we may endeavor, from day to day, to purify and exalt ourselves by moral readings, religious thoughts and actions, and aid us with Thy power and Spirit when we sincerely endeavor to combat the evil that is within and without us. Endue us constantly with Thy Holy Spirit, and may it strive with us, encouraging us in all good; repressing all impure influences, and helping our weaknesses with its strength and countenance.”

I find this endorsement upon the paper containing the prayer :

"This prayer was written at the period when I commenced experiments in what is called spiritualism. A belief so utterly opposed to our pre-conceived notions and teachings, may well claim God's especial aid to comprehend, if true; to contradict and avoid, if false."

It is a blessing that I should have discovered the manuscript of the entire prayer, for it explains our nature and our mental and moral *status* at that time. Minds so armed, and which, upon the threshold of such an investigation, seek a strength beyond themselves, can not get far astray. So far as I may be concerned, I care nothing for the reproach and censure of persons—at least for those whose mental force is no greater than my own, and whose moral refinement has no delicacy or beauty mine has not. But for the dear life, which now has passed to that sphere where Truth and Goodness are—for her sweet sake, who, when here, was the soul of all that is pure and virtuous—I hope I may be able to describe clearly the sincerity and beauty of her earnest strivings to be good.

She was an Episcopalian—the Church in which I was baptized, and that which my parents professed and conscientiously brought me up in. She adopted it as most consonant to her aspirations and reason; she lived in it, and passed from it to the clearer life beyond. I shall tread the same path, feeling that it will lead to happiness at last. God forgive me, if this real human love, which has brought me so many joys, should have with me a stronger persuasion than anything else. I can not help it, if the human experience of the wife-blessing I had through the gone years, has an influence more direct than that of the profound, mysterious, and incomprehensible Creator, whom I am taught to believe as "without body, parts, or passions;" whom I can not incarnate; who is too vague and infinite for my heart and mind; who is

“Beginning of all ends, and end of all
Beginnings, throughout whole Eternity!
Originator without origin.”

Now-a-days, when I go to church, I am satisfied with the prayers, that are simple enough and impressive enough to express my thought, and to bear up my aspirations to Him into whose hands we all must fall, sooner or later. And yet, and yet, to me, at least, there is more in the music than in the formulary; for, to a mourner, there are voices and inspirations in the anthems, we hear and feel in nothing else. Origen said, that he believed that in public worship “we are in the presence of the Lord, the holy angels, and the spirits of the departed.” If this be so, and I believe it, then, indeed, is music the ladder of the patriarch’s vision, upon which, at least, one angel comes down to me, whose wings beat against my heart, and whose voice thrills within my ears with an added melody to the tender intonations I so well remember. Perhaps I may be regarded as superstitiously imaginative, but at such moments I feel as if there was *something* that lays soft hands on me, touches me with kisses as it were, and lifts me up, and bears me through the nave, on billows of music. And so I always dream in church, keeping nothing of the world in sight but the stained window; its symbols of the agony and glory of the “Holy One;” and the floral offerings that, especially at this Easter season, impart to the service such a spirit of beauty and hope.

I sometimes think that religion, so far, at least, as the personal offices and relation of the priesthood is concerned, is lacking in warmth and sympathy, and seeks rather to excite our fears than our love. It is too much of an abstraction, wearing the cold mystery and repelling awe of a sphinx—turning dead, cold eyes to us when we reach out with loving, longing and yearning arms. The Church

does not come down to our level, forgetting that religion "is oft-times nearer when we stoop than when we soar." We have desires and yearnings which, at times, at least, influence us toward the altar, and fill us with a sense of our weakness, and our dependence upon a power beyond ourselves, and these constitute the best elements of piety. Go to the chancel with such impulses and longings, and the chances are you will be put off to some more convenient season, or comforted with some passage of Scripture, harsh and comminatory. Perhaps the Church should not be made responsible for the unsympathetic character of its priests; but people, at such times, at least, will not separate the one from the other. The great secret of the success of evangelism in the Romish Church, and its unity, is the paternal relation existing between clergy and laity. It is needless to add, that when the pastor moves among his flock, enters homes and hearts, he makes more converts than he does from the pulpit. Personal sympathy and kindness move more than sermons.

Mariolatry is "a fond thing and vainly invented," but one sees in its devotees an intensely human craving for sympathy with one who was all human, and who perhaps bears with her still a remembrance of our infirmities. And it is the teaching that Christ "was made like unto us in all things, sin only except," that gives to religion its most attractive aspect. Lide, during the last few months of her life, longed to see Mr. C. B. Wyatt, the old Rector of Trinity Church, to whom she could unburden herself on the subject of her hopes and doubts. She knew his true instincts as man and priest, and that his religious views fully recognized our double nature of earth and heaven.

It is at the grave we are bruised and our hearts lacerated with cold dogmas and colder Scripture texts, that obscure our sky—rainbow, stars and all. I except, alone among

all Protestants, the exquisite burial service of the Episcopal Church, than which there is nothing more grand in any language—more especially when the anthems fall upon our hearts from the lips of music. I remember once in this city to have attended the funeral of a brother lawyer who was a Congregationalist. The sermon preached on that occasion exceeded in bigotry and narrow-mindedness anything I ever heard or read. The poor widow, on the declaration of some passage that completely shut the door of heaven against all except a few elect, cried out in open church an indignant protest against such cruelty.

There was something exquisite, to a pure character such as Lide's, in the simplicity and appropriateness of the Episcopal Church prayers. The Litany she justly regarded as the most pathetic and solemn form of supplication in the world. It includes every feeling and want that distinguish our human condition, and no formula of petitionary worship can ever equal it as a humble declaration of our finiteness, and as an eloquent appeal to a Father, infinite in power, as well as in compassion. That entreaty, sincerely uttered and felt, contains all that our poor hearts need offer to the throne of the God of all things. Such are its grandeur and beauty and fitness, that one can be excused in attributing its composition to inspiration.

Lide, it can be seen, had generous views as to religious matters, and they were in full sympathy with our human progress, which to-day broadens the theological platform and adapts religion to human wants and weaknesses. Her conception of God was formed from the harmony and beauty of His commonest manifestations, throughout all nature, and that He is essentially compassionate and forgiving. She saw the Redeemer's life and character full—oh, so very full—of ineffable pity and goodness. She saw that His religion was founded upon love, and that it fully

recognizes the weakness and frailties of our man-nature. She saw that His ministrations were among the poor, the outcast, and miserable. She saw that His disciples were selected from among the lowliest, and from the humblest social conditions; and that all His days were passed in healing the sick, feeding the poor, casting out devils, opening the sight of the blind, and even raising the dead to life. She saw in His ministry the highest expression of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind;" and that, crowning all and hanging up forever a hope to the most abandoned, in the moment of His agony on the cross, His divine heart opened to the prayer of the poor malefactor, whose spirit He bore within His own bosom, to Paradise. Thus she felt, and thought, and hoped, and so her life was pure, beautiful, and instructive, and her death simply grand in its tranquil heroism and tender religious trust.

After years of impatient inquiry and longing; repelled one day by much that is cruel and harsh in the Bible, and then again attracted by the tenderness, and love, and humanity of the Saviour's mission and teachings; fully conscious that there are no genuine philosophy and morality that are not in full sympathy with Christianity, and in recognition of the government of a Supreme Personal Intelligence—I have come to the conclusion that sincere piety is in, as already quoted, receiving "the Kingdom of God as a little child." The more we question—the more we seek to comprehend matters deliberately and wisely concealed from us—the more rapid the aggressions of scepticism and unbelief. God is a great and inscrutable mystery, whom we can not solve. He is, too, to use Sebastian Frank's saying, "an unutterable sigh lying in the depths of the soul." An aspiration for Him, diffusing and cultivating, so far as we can do, the love and charity He has

implanted within us; placing our hands in His, in full faith that He doeth all things well; loving Him and our neighbor—herein lie our duties, and in their fulfillment is true religion. The sigh and tear of a bereaved heart carry us nearer Heaven than philosophy can do—profound and majestic, according to man's ideas, as it may be. Indeed, it is true, that “the wise and prudent have no such revelations as little babes.” To me, all my old yearnings and ponderings brought discontent and incredulity. A few golden words from the lips of one whose wings were expanding for the homeward flight; the quiet, pulseless form from which God had taken to Himself the beautiful life that had animated it; and the tears he sent, both as consolation and hope—these teach more than the philosophy I had consulted in the gone years; they teach patience and resignation; they teach, too, that it is only through the sleep we call death, we can awake as angels, in the Better Land.

CHAPTER XIII.

“Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.”

All these years were quiet and happy, with nothing to annoy us except the enforced separation from our daughter. I usually spent all my evenings at home. At no period of my married life have the club and billiard-room, or any other male invention for pastime, ever taken me from my wife. The moment I reached the house I passed at once into her possession, and no one could question her *jus disponendi* of my evenings to suit herself. She had, though, difficult work to allure me from the little library; and when she proposed a visit to a neighbor, it required a great deal of coaxing to wean me from the easy chair, and the pretty pictures I saw in the sheets and jets of flame blown from the shining facets of the candle coal. The truth is, she made home so beautiful and attractive, that, to leave it, at any time, was to give up a greater pleasure for a lesser one.

Nothing marred the even flow of my life at that time, except a very severe accident I had—falling from a wind-mill, and miraculously escaping death. I was confined to the house many days, and, for some months, I was driven to the use of crutches. My brother Dan was here then; he had returned from his South Sea trip, much improved in

health, and was at the office punctually, attending to our business. As I was then wholly under the care of my wife, requiring only quiet and nursing, I accepted the tumble as a *quasi* blessing.

From mid-summer of 1855, up to our departure in 1868, Dr. Maxwell and his family were our most intimate friends, always excepting Mrs. Wheeler. We had known each other previous to our coming to California, and, naturally enough, the old friendship was renewed here. They had only one child, and she grew up to be confessedly the most beautiful girl in San Francisco, and its most charming *belle*. Her beauty, distinguished as it was, did not run ahead of her sweet, unaffected character. Take her for all in all, a more lovable person could not be found anywhere.

About this period, Mrs. L. W. Fisher, who has been already referred to, came to California. She resided near us, and, as Lide and I had known her in Delaware, we were glad that a person so excellent in all respects had come here. Perhaps a more delicious type of well-bred, refined womanhood was never seen in this country—its superior nowhere. Her manners were gentle, easy, and natural, and her native goodness and ingenuousness had been developed in a society reputable for its excellence and accomplishments.

During the first decade of our colonization here, there was no *general* society. In the social heavens the constellations were small, and wide apart. The diffused and scattered houses, the steep grades, the absence of sidewalks or *trottoirs*, made an exchange of visits, between persons living in remote parts of the city, difficult and wearisome. Then there were no indications of permanence. People always spoke of a return to their old homes as merely a matter of time, and the incentive to pecuniary success.

Many of those who were married had left their wives in the East, and there were few well-bred, educated women here—that class of the sex which imparts tone, dignity, and virtue to society. Men highly cultivated—men of refined experience and proper antecedents, were to be encountered; but the majority rather degraded itself and morality by associations that were at once a violation of the marital vows, and the commonest demands of decency. Society excuses, indeed, sometimes rewards, these offences, and yet they are not the less disgraceful and shameless. Women are most interested in keeping up among men a high principle of fidelity to their obligations as husbands, and yet, strange to say, they themselves too often applaud and give encouragement to these breaches of that virtue, which is at once the soul and the highest beauty of married life. Why should my sex be esteemed honorable and be respected because of integrity to business matters, and yet shamefully violate the duty they owe to the mother of their children, without the forfeiture of the respect and esteem of their fellows?

Later, homes began to be founded; the churches were fairly attended; a system of public and private schools was established, and children—the sweet, welcome faces of children—were seen in the streets and door-ways. It was time such missionaries began their propagandism of morality and home influences, for there was a depravity of morals here without parallel in the United States.

And sometimes I think it is not to be wondered at—for the history of the colonization of this State was, in all respects, abnormal and peculiar. When I remember the character of the pioneers, gathered from every quarter of the globe under the influence of one of the most impetuous passions of our nature, I am not surprised that there was demoralization—a complete want of the principle of

cohesion and sympathy. One wonders, that from such discord and barbarous license, there should have emerged the order and government that distinguished the Territorial reign and the ensuing State organization. But it is noticeable that the political virtue of system and law advanced much more rapidly than the social. The former naturally asserts itself where there is property to be protected; the latter is fostered and advances only from intellectual and moral culture. The one grows out of interest, as it were, but the other has its root and growth from the home hearth and the chancel.

It was not until about 1859 and '60 that people looked upon this State as a possible home, and homes were planted. The civil war rooted many here, and business interests were commenced that naturally ramified until population began to be permanent. Residents commenced to look ahead, and so, many of the best qualities of prosperity developed themselves. Society did not move apace. There was everything repulsive in a new country to women who were habituated to the ease and luxury of the ripest civilization. The sex now-a-days seeks in marriage the means for the largest display, and it seems that the old fashioned honesty and modesty are fast going out, and the grossest sensualism is coming in. San Francisco had little to attract those persons whose tastes and habits were formed under the sensuous warmth of metropolitan life. Here were wanting all the opportunities wealth demands for its ostentation. The very motive that sends Americans to Paris would keep them from this city. There is really nothing to entice here a woman, for example, who has always lived within reach of the highest culture and pastimes of an opulent community. We are yet in the material stage, and, beyond physical wonders, we have nothing to tempt the stranger. Those who find in home

the gratification of all desires, and whose relations extend only to those who sympathize with their own tastes and habits, will be happy here as anywhere. But it must be said that San Francisco is destitute of what I call a society of *esprit*, high breeding and refinement. There are some families here qualified for the highest demands society can make, and yet the preponderance is not up to the standard to be found in any large city. In this temperature are being developed the finest *physiques* of America, and here will grow up men and women overflowing with luxuriant health. At the same time it must be said that this very physical superiority requires a careful and strict moral nurture to check its obvious tendencies. Our American freedom of intercourse between the sexes has its advantages and drawbacks, but it has its conservatism and safeguard, too, in the cultivation of the truth that modesty is the highest honor and beauty of the female sex. Our San Francisco life is usually called "fast," and the tendency is to sensuality. Society is permeated by it, and I can see no promise of the substitution of higher and more religious aims and training. There are many families in this city of high breeding and integrity, yet unfortunately their example and influence are not strong enough to check the evil complained of. The fault is in the paucity of educated women—women who have been reared to regard Christian principle as superior to all other considerations. Society here does not represent progress—the progress that elevates and teaches; that turns out "brave men and chaste women," and which demands as the condition of matriculation, intelligence, refinement, and a decent respect to principle. Women make society. It is moulded by their refinement or their want of it. The general tendency to break down the natural and prescribed distinctions that are necessary between the sexes, without we wish to go at once

into Free Love and *Saint Simonianism*, comes from, and is agitated by, the women. Under the name of "Women's Rights," is preached a *socialism* that, if it grows and extends, must destroy every tie that, in our hearts, we should cultivate as religion.

There is here, also, a palpable disposition to misrepresent the commonest offices of friendship between the sexes; to look out for opportunities to malign; "the prurient curiosity" that develops into slander, and the suspicious mind that sees licentiousness in a smile and lewdness in a salutation. These are especially traits in the young men who constitute the *beaux* of our social world.

I must confess to no great admiration of San Francisco society—feeling that it is crude, and built upon the loosest elements of a new community. I know, as already said, that there are here men and women of high integrity and refinement, but I know that they are sadly out of proportion to the sinners. A recent murder trial in this city has developed but *one* of the many sadly immoral associations that are so common that but few precautions are used for concealment.

Lide visited all the people worth knowing, through whom she took the rounds once *per annum*. Home to her was the dearest spot on earth, and, as a rule, she found visiting oppressive, and without adequate compensation for the self denial and trouble involved. She went to Dr. Maxwell's oftener than to any other place, with whose wife she was very intimate. There could be found the very best of San Francisco society. His intelligence, Mrs. Maxwell's hospitality, and Ella's engaging beauty, made their drawing room one of the most attractive in the city.

It was there we first knew M. S. Latham, Esq., who was then one of the Senators from this State. He was a person who carried into, and who left, public life with a

character for unswerving integrity—strange and attractive enough when one recollects the rottenness of the politics of that period, or of any period, at least in the United States. His example only proves that a public man *can* be a gentleman in all respects. He served in both Houses of Congress, was Collector of the Port of San Francisco, and, for a short period, Governor of the State of California. In all these relations to the people and to the Government, he proved himself to be an honest man. When he settled his accounts as Collector, and which embraced millions of dollars, it was found the Government was his debtor one cent, which was duly paid to him.

I have read somewhere, that Samuel Rogers, whilom banker and poet, hung in his library one of the only two bills for a million sterling ever uttered by the Bank of England. Is not Latham's penny, which represents honesty, capacity, and an unusually intelligent administration of a perplexing and responsible office, of far greater value and honor than the million bill, which was, I believe, an inheritance? In addition to these official honorifics, he has a warm, generous nature, and is a clever conversationalist and highly entertaining companion. Lide had always a high regard for him, and when she was sending her last messages, a few hours before she closed her eyes to this world, she said: "Rob, do not forget to give my love to Mr. Latham, and my regrets I did not see him."

Among our most intimate friends were two brothers—Benjamin and Charles K. Smith. The latter was accidentally shot while on a hunting expedition. Tetanus supervened, and he died, most sincerely regretted. Ben. has been as of my household, for many years—a brother, as it were, of Lide and myself. He is a rare good fellow—true, honest, brimful of humanity, and companionable, and one regrets there are not many more like him.

On the thirtieth of May, 1859, at 6 A.M., Robert Bolton leaped into the world with a lusty cry, well equipped in flesh and abounding in health. His babyhood went on smoothly enough. He gave no trouble ; was, as Eustace had been, a good child ; rarely took his mamma from her bed, sleeping through the night too profoundly for even hunger to disturb him. We had a capital wet nurse for him, whose wealth of nutriment would have been ample for all the family of the "old lady who lived in a shoe."

CHAPTER XIV.

“To aid thy mind’s development—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent’s kiss—
This, it should seem, was not reserv’d for me!”

It was now six years since Lide and I had seen the dear people at Booth-hurst—especially the little one whom I last saw a wee baby, lying upon her mamma’s bosom. Lide was sorely puzzled whether to go with me or remain with her child—while I had inwardly resolved not to move without her. The nurse was competent; I had two brothers then living with us, Dan and Eugene—the latter of whom had come here as one of the *attaches* of the Army Pay Department—and there were *Mesdames* Ritchie, Wheeler, and Maxwell to supervise the nursling. Lide determined to accompany me, and I knew, later, she hoped to induce me to bring Lala back with us. Would that I had then seen that matter as clearly as she did!

We sailed from here October 4, 1859, in the “Golden Gate,” Captain Whiting. Lide left her baby and home with great distress, enduring all that rather than be separated from me. We took Eustace with us, who was then four years old—an age when the mischievous in a child begins to develop itself, and constant supervision is necessary.

We had as *compagnons de voyage* Custis Lee and Charles Winder, both of whom were afterwards noted officers in the Confederate service, the latter having been killed at Gettysburg. To Lide the trip was unpleasant, for she suffered from sea-sickness, which was accompanied by distressing nervous headaches. She always had an invincible prejudice against sea voyages, chiefly because of the odors of shipboard. Her sense of smell was something wonderfully acute, painfully so, and nothing was more obnoxious to her nostrils than the scent of coal, bilge water, and the eliquament that usually pervade ships. The heat, too, was intense, which completely exhausted her; and, to add to all, Eustace had an attack of croup. So much did she suffer from the tropical warmth, that the day we reached Panama she fainted, and did not recover her consciousness until I carried her out on deck.

We made the passage to New York in a trifle over nineteen days. It was a clear, crisp day that we landed, but on the next, when we rose from our comfortable bed at the "Clarendon Hotel," the housetops were white with the rime and snow of early winter—most inopportune visitations in the midst of the usually delicious Indian summer. We were scarcely housed when Eustace was taken ill with measles and Panama fever, and, for a fortnight, Lide was detained at his sick bed.

After an imprisonment of many days, Lide and bairn were liberated, and we went to Delaware. There we remained until the middle of November, when we returned to New York to spend a few days with cousin Estelle Morris, who had married Dr. Carnochan, a surgeon of high repute; a very Murat in his dash among muscles and bones, and whose bold operations with the scalpel have awarded him a distinguished place in the surgery of the country.

That visit was made charmingly agreeable through Estelle's sweet *savoir faire*, her graceful and affectionate hospitality, her high breeding and intelligent conversation. It was distinguished, too, by Patti's *debut* in opera, and before the footlights I passed almost every evening during that visit. Church had, at that time, too, placed on exhibition his "Heart of the Andes," and it was the first genuine landscape Lide had seen. It is a picture of marvellous beauty in detail, splendid in coloring, brilliant in composition, and replete with an exquisite comprehension of the vivid lights and shades seen only in the hills and forests of the tropics. She detected at once its salient points, and was hushed to silence before so vivid a manifestation of true genius.

I had intended, indeed it was the chief purpose of my visit East, to take Lala back with me, and I ventured to say so to my parents. My father told me frankly he could not spare her; that it would break his heart to give her up then, at a time when he most required her company, and that she was a necessity to him and to my mother. My brother William, who always had great influence with me, made a personal appeal to me, and I yielded; yielded, too, when my darling had warned me that considerations of the child's welfare should govern me, rather than mere sympathy for the isolated condition of my parents. She was right—indeed, she was always right. She saw with a clearer vision than I did; she saw that our separation from our daughter, and at an age, too, when her mind was impressible, and receiving images never perhaps to be erased, in this world at least, was a violation of a parental obligation and duty. Her calm, neutral judgment regarded alone the welfare of the child—the young heart that, under her own eye and within the influence of her teaching and example, would open its blossoms skyward. I saw the lonely life of the two who had been kind and true to me,

and that the beautiful face and sweet ways of their grandchild would charm their declining years, and help their weakness and isolation. I saw in that surrender the only means I had to repay the love and devotion that had sheltered my young years. Mine was a sentiment honorable to my heart; but Lide's was something higher—it was a principle, a thorough appreciation of her maternal duty, that put aside as unworthy all lesser considerations, and she justly thought that all pity and sympathy are always upon a plane far below that of duty. Lide reasoned; I felt. From her exalted position, her eye swept not only through this life, but reached the hereafter. I stood upon the hearthstone, gazing upon the smouldering ashes, and saw my parents' grief and their rapidly increasing infirmities, and their leaning upon my child as upon a staff, and I beheld only that. She saw above and beyond—the fire gone, the chairs empty, the life of the child wasted—her young and plastic years passed, and her susceptibility to other teachings and influences dulled. I builded for a day; but Lide would have shaped and laid out her work for now and hereafter. When a principle was involved, she had the heroism and will to adhere to it with the tenacity that alone comes from a high religious purpose—no matter what the degree and nature of the pain caused. If she and I had had a sum given to each as a specific trust, and had encountered a mendicant, she would have suffered in suppressing the pleadings of her own dear, sweet heart, but she never would have yielded; while I would have given all, and then would have tortured myself for my compliance. It is needless to add which of the two is most declarative of the higher principle. In one word, her mind predominated, and yet her heart was brimful of goodness, and tenderness, and compassion. She was of the stuff that martyrs are made, and, in a matter of con-

science, she would have faced Torquemada, and an *auto de Fe*, with a courage equal to that of any saint known in martyrology.

I have a note addressed by her to my mother, which contains this passage, that bears somewhat on her steadfast adherence to principle. She is speaking of her purpose as to Lala's education :

"I am sure that you will believe me sincere, when I say that I have all a daughter's respect and affection for you and for father, and that I am truly anxious to avoid wounding your feelings; but I can not change my views upon this subject. I explained them all at length to you when I was at Booth-hurst, and told you of the course I had marked out for the future—a course not determined upon until after careful, and, I may add, *prayerful* deliberation. My judgment may be erroneous, for, like other human beings, I am not infallible; but, in a matter like this, I *dare not* allow feeling to sway me. I must be guided by the dictates of my own conscience, and once being convinced of what I consider the proper course, I can not go to the right or to the left."

I left my daughter with my parents, and on the fifth of January following, Lide and I sailed from New York for California. When we reached our little home, just at twilight, on the twenty-sixth of the same month, a cheerful fire was blazing in the grate, and the fragrance of flowers filled the rooms. So happy was she to reach the old ingleside again, that she declared no temptation would again separate her from it.

While we were East, occurred the John Brown raid—a fanatic whom Hugo has canonized, and Emerson named as one of the greatest orators the world ever knew; that his speech, on the occasion of his trial, and that of Lincoln at Gettysburg, are the highest expression of true eloquence. In the history yet to be written, when Progress has reached

out its hand, and toppled over all thrones, and when missionaries will preach from the Tartar wall on the then old error of Buddhism, and when the lion and the lamb shall be led by the young child, then, perhaps, will John Brown figure as a Colossus. But in the light of sober truth, and under a system permitted and protected by law, he must be regarded as heroically mad, wild, and chimerical as Mazzini, but incomparably more respectable than George Francis Train. And yet there *was* heroism, foolish and fatal as it may have been, in the old man's defiance of the "law," in his impetuous and impotent crusade against an institution over which the Constitution had thrown its protecting shield. There *is*, too, something dramatic and respectable, and even sympathetic, in the history of John Brown's seizure of Harper's Ferry, and his defiance of the servitude and the ownership in human flesh, that, talk as we please, was the most barbarous feature of our boasted civilization. But while we applaud his courage, we must condemn his conduct as treasonable and insensate.

Lide had a large sympathy with reformers, and men of the people; with all schemes and resolutions that clear the way for modern liberty, and raise the masses to the level where their humanity at least shall be recognized. So have I, so far as encouraging and diffusing general education go, opening all places and distinctions to merit, whether for peer or peasant, and breaking up a discriminating and inexorable primogeniture; but I no more believe in political equality than I do in social.

The War commenced, in fact, on the passage of the Ordinance of Secession by South Carolina, in December, 1860. Its genesis found me a Breckenridge Democrat, and what apoclypt could have foretold that, when in April, 1865, Lee laid down his arms to Grant, Freedom would pierce the savannas, rescue the slave from the jungles, and

invest him with all the *insignia* and franchises of a free-man? Search through all the changes in the capricious errations of man, and you will find nothing so startling as the results of that war. All through the winter and spring I watched the march of events, and I saw that compromise was impossible. I stood with bated, fluttered breath, really undecided what to think, or say, or do, in so dire an emergency. I had been all my life associated with the South, and called myself Southern; possessed their sectional prejudices, and believed in their superiority; and yet my reason taught me that the conduct of that Confederation was a violation of all the principles of the Government, and even as mad and treasonable as was John Brown's raid over the Potomac, October 16th, 1859.

Pending that suspense and uncertainty, rather led by my heart and associations to adopt the Southern view, my wife, my good angel, here, within the little library of the old home—where, at midnight, I now write these lines—with her clear, incisive reasoning, did she expose and lay bare the sophisms of the State Rights doctrines. We discussed the whole matter patiently, and with reference to its gravity and importance. She persuaded me to give the subject its legitimate consideration, and above all, she begged me to lay aside the prejudices of education and feeling, and to judge as an American. A little while afterward, on the twenty-second of February, 1861, I delivered a lecture on "Garibaldi," and I took that opportunity to make a public declaration of my views on the political situation.

I occupied myself at this time in preparing and speaking several lectures. Thomas Starr King and I delivered "a course" before the "Mercantile Library Association" of this city. I lectured also before the military companies in conjunction with Generals Halleck and Shields, Judge Freelon and Senator Baker. I repeated these lectures at Napa

and at Stockton. My subjects were "Napoleon III," "Garibaldi," "General Scott," and "General McClellan."

I also became a contributor to the "Bulletin," having written seventeen articles for that paper, on various subjects, over the *nom de plume* of "Kuzzilbash." In 1867 Bret Harte and I edited a hebdomad called "The Californian," and when we retired from that paper, we projected the "Overland Monthly," of which he and I were to be the editors. My departure for Europe prevented me from carrying out my part of the arrangement.

In March, 1863, I caught a very severe cold, and paid no attention to it. I was so hoarse I could scarcely speak, and *aphonia* supervened, which became chronic, and thus my active professional oratorical life died, without hope of resurrection.

February 12, 1861, my eldest brother William died, quite unexpectedly, at Washington. He was a person of remarkable intellect, which had been richly cultivated by careful study, reflection, and observation. Withal, he was a thorough gentleman in its highest sense. The following notice of him, from the "National Intelligencer," was written, I believe, by Senator Brown of Mississippi, and is a tribute rather under, than over, the mark:

"DIED, on the twelfth of February last, WM. H. ROGERS, formerly of Delaware, but for several years past a citizen of Washington, aged fifty years.

"In his native State he shone as a bright ornament of the Bar, ranking with the highest of the profession. His legal reputation alone, unassisted by any partisan merit, (for he was not a party man) procured him the appointment from President Polk of United States District Attorney, the duties of which he fulfilled with great ability and fidelity. He had also great abilities as a statesman. These,

added to polished manners and kindness of heart, would have insured for him the highest political honors in his State; but his innate sensitiveness shrank from any attempt to pursue the thorny path which every one must pursue who aspires to political success.

"At an age comparatively early he left his domicil in Delaware and took up his residence in the City of Washington. Here he soon distinguished himself, particularly in his several able and successful defenses of accused naval officers before the famous Court of Inquiry, efforts which will be remembered by all who were cognizant of the proceedings of that court.

"Although Mr. Rogers took no part in the administration of political affairs, yet he distinguished himself as a political writer. In various parts of the Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, evidences of his ability in this respect may be found. He interested himself only in questions of universal interest, and, within a few months previous to his death, was zealously employed in the discussion of those mighty questions which have recently rent asunder this Empire. His knowledge, ability, urbanity of manner, and hospitality of soul, added to the charming society of his wife, brought around him many of the leading statesmen of the day, of all shades of opinion; also some of those enlightened men who, eschewing politics, sought in the literary society of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers a pleasure far superior to anything which mere political discussion can afford. He had cultivated to an exalted degree an innate taste for literature and art. His mind was stored with classic lore, ancient and modern. In the study of the fine arts he had polished and perfected his judgment by the facilities of foreign travel. To the extent of his humble means he was the ready patron of the patient and struggling artist, both while he was combatting

with fortune in the development of his genius, and after that development had brought forth to the eye of the world the images of his soul. The last he was enabled to do successfully, because his taste and judgment were highly appreciated by all who knew him, in painting, in statuary, in architecture, as well as in letters, particularly in the classic drama.

"Mr. Rogers was a son of the Hon. James Rogers of Delaware, a venerable and distinguished citizen of that State, who at the age of eighty years has beheld his brightest flower blasted in the summer of its life. His wife and now disconsolate widow is a grand-daughter of two great champions of the Revolution—Samuel Chase and Commodore Joshua Barney."

The hoarseness which accompanied my cold did not alarm me at first; indeed, I treated it as a merely temporary embarrassment of my vocal organs—a stridor which would pass away with a dose of squills and a hot bath. When I felt that the membrane of the throat was thickening, and so crippling my vocal chords, and my voice sank to a whisper, I felt then somewhat uneasy, and, too late, begun to use drastic remedies. Lide and I went to the Warm Springs, at the old Mission of San Jose, hoping that my separation from all business, and the disuse of my tongue, would restore me the purity of my voice. I used sulphur baths and emetics, but these remedies had no effect. I was then ordered to take a trip to Panama and back, for the purpose of trying the effect of the warmth of the tropics. I booked myself for the "Constitution," Commodore James T. Watkins, to sail May 2d. Three days before my departure, a small steamer, called the "Hancock," exploded her boiler at San Pedro, near Los Angeles, killing William L. Ritchie, my wife's second

brother—a youth of fine promise. Of the sons, he alone gave evidence of intellectual ability, and he possessed some salient points of character that furnished hope for the future. He was a clever lad, and his death was sincerely regretted.

Early in the forenoon on the day named, we sailed. As I passed into the street, under the *ceonothus* which arched my gate, I could see nothing for tears. My separation from my wife, under all these circumstances, gave me great distress. I was absent until June 6th, and there was no apparent benefit from the trip. I returned with the same hoarseness and raucity. I had neglected the use of remedies too long, and when I had consented to adopt them, the mischief was beyond their reach.

I arrived here on Saturday, at 2 A.M., and as there were no carriages at the landing place, I came home through the rich moonlight, on foot. The steamer was not expected until the next day; but a pair of keen ears heard the familiar step upon the gravel, in the garden walk, and soon I held the dear life within my embracing arms.

I was not permitted to remain long at home. I had scarcely any voice after I reached here, and my physician was disappointed and discouraged to find little or no improvement of my speaking power. It was the season of boisterous winds, and when the *apices* of the sand hills take wings, and fly over the city, thicker than locusts; and, like them, eating up the verdure and stripping the fields of the wild flowers. San Francisco is sad and dreary in its summer aspects, and while the mornings are usually clear and lovely, the afternoons are gloomy from the mists borne from the sea by the trade winds. One can imagine how bare these breezes strip the country, and what sadness they impart to the landscape.

Dr. Maxwell advised me to leave town during the summer. While, perhaps, he did not share the general con-

cern as to my health, he felt, at least, that the dust and fogs would increase the irritation of my throat, and he counseled a visit East. He thought that a radical change of climate would be of great benefit. I made a mistake, I think. If, instead of the hot weather which exhausts and prostrates, I had essayed the bracing and strengthening qualities of a cold climate, I sometimes think the result would have been different. Dr. Maxwell is a physician of skill and experience, and it is with diffidence I express this opinion.

There was another farewell—keen and heart-rending; but it was not without its consolation, for I determined to bring my child back with me. I was thoroughly convinced of Lide's sound judgment in that matter, and I had resolved to make all the amends to her possible.

I sailed in July with Commodore Watkins—a rare gentleman, and competent seaman—the finest type I ever saw of a merchant commander.

I reached New York during the heated term of that year. That city mourned its ninety souls *per diem*, dead under the fierce blows of the sun, on constitutions made defenceless through steady draughts of cold water. I did not remain there long. I became tired of the torrid warmth that left Broadway comparatively thongless—the sultry, windless nights, and the piquant pipe of the mosquito. I sought Booth-hurst—the deep shades of its old woods, the paths where Lide and I had been; the tangled thickets where the wild grape and eglantine hooded the hawthorn, and where, under the ruddy leaves of the trees, we hunted nuts through the autumns of the gone days. And there I saw the child, and a delightful spiritual something of the mother in her soft blue eyes; in her fair skin, through which the throbbing blood threw a roseate glow, and in her thick masses of golden hair. The old faces were

there, too—unchanged since I last saw them—and, to me, as sweet and pure as in the days when my child hands wandered over them.

I returned to New York, and, by the advice of Dr. Carnochan, placed myself under the care of Dr. Marcy, the great apostle of Hahnemann in the United States. I remained there during most of September, daily pelting my interior with pimping pilules. I must confess I lacked faith from the beginning—for I see in the homœopathic system tissues of sophisms. I broke away from globules and Dr. Marcy, who was a good conversationalist; but all his discussions were muddy with political prejudices, and, like a ^{dead} turned stream, flowed fiercely, overlapping its banks, and sweeping all riparian things away.

I went to Baltimore, and sought in vain for the friends I had known there years before. The family circles, within which I had passed many a happy hour, were destroyed by the fierce and truculent passions of war; and, in many cases, those who had been nurtured from the same breast were unpitied enemies then—all the corollary of the State Rights doctrine.

The “Monumental City” was one vast barrack, and all the graces and charms of its once reputable social life had been superseded by the horrors of “grim-visaged war.” From there I went to Washington, and, in wonder, and some touch of grief, saw its *enciente* broken by barbette and embrasure, and through the streets beheld vast caravans of army wagons, and the rapid passing of dragoons.

General Halleck, who had been my warm friend at San Francisco, was a sort of Commander-in-Chief of the army, resident at Washington. I induced him to send me to the Army of the Potomac, then under the leadership of General Meade. It was stated that he and Lee were manoeuvring for position, and that a battle was imminent. I started in

a special train—my movements being much accelerated and my visit made more agreeable, by the attentions of General Simpson.

The two armies confronted each other, and, so far as could be ascertained, were well matched in numbers and discipline. The day I reached there, General Warren had handsomely whipped Confederate Hill, and captured some fifteen hundred prisoners. I saw them coming in, in the gray of the morning, after a night of exposure to a drenching rain, and a sadder and yet more impoverished looking set I never had seen anywhere before.

As I reached headquarters, far on our left was heard the sharp crack of artillery, from among the wooded slopes of the Blue Ridge; and little wavy and threaded lines of smoke slowly moved up to the purple outline of the hills, marking the headlong dash of Buford, pushing rebel Stuart out of sight among the tall pines. Meade advanced his whole line, offering Lee battle; but the latter slowly retreated, and when night came, a heavy rain shut out all the view, and compelled a blessed armistice to the weary combatants. The next morning, the Confederates had gone clean out of sight, and our columns concentrated at Fairfax Court House. Seeing no chance for a fight, which had been the motive of my visit, together with the desire to see old friends I had known in Mexico, I returned to the capital, bearing the rebel flags captured by Warren, which were duly deposited in the War Department.

On the twentieth of October, 1863, I left Booth-hurst with my child, and her parting with my parents was most affecting. We sailed the next day in a little steamer called the "Champion," with near one thousand passengers—a vessel and equipage shamefully unseaworthy and insufficient.

We reached San Francisco in that pleasant interval lying between the summer winds and the winter rains. I laid

again upon the mother's bosom, the child, lost to it so long, both almost strangers to each other; no sweet tie between them knit by daily association, and interwoven by years of common talk and ways. Then I began to realize the unhappy effects growing out of my too ready sympathies with my parents, and my unwise disregard of my wife's counsel and superior rights. She herself did my heart full justice, although she thought my judgment erred. The truth is, I was led by my compassion, and I could not believe that any evil could result from leaving the child with my parents. I made a grievous mistake.

CHAPTER XV.

"A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon the moonless sea;
A lute, whose leading chord is gone;
A wounded bird, that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon;
Are like what I am, without thee."

That autumn Lide was very ill. A sadly depleting hemorrhage brought her very low, and she rose from her sickbed with an alarming weakness and emaciation. The rains came before the summer winds had well ceased, and they succeeded each other so rapidly, that our old pathways were almost obliterated, which precluded her from taking the exercise necessary to her. Besides, the grade of the street had been changed, the *trottoirs* destroyed, and, during the whole winter, the road was impassable. For the first time an unequivocal cough developed itself; slight, to be sure, but to my ear and heart, so sensitive to any vicissitude affecting her health, full of menace and pain. Dr. Maxwell proposed to her a trip East, not so much, perhaps, for a change of climate, as to separate her from her household duties. She had been accustomed, for some months, to drill Eustace in his Latin, and other lessons; and when Lala came, she also was placed under the same tutelage. The children went to school, and it was her self-imposed duty to aid them in the preparation of their school tasks. They gave her much annoyance and solicitude, and her

fidelity of attention completely exhausted her. I would remonstrate, but so long as she said, "It is my duty, my dear," and knowing the character of her firmness and principle, I could reply nothing. I saw later that the task was obviously beyond her strength, in her then infirm condition, and so I insisted on her abandonment of her teaching, at least for a season.

How rarely do children realize, and are grateful for, the thousand denials and sharp sorrows their rearing and education cause their parents. There are martyrs at the home hearth, whose quiet, patient endurance betoken a higher courage and principle than any ever found at the stake; wives immolating themselves for perhaps insensible, brutal husbands, and mothers who absolutely lay their lives down in humble heroism to their children, who perhaps forget how dearly their nurture has cost. I have seen one such, and I feel like bending my knee in praise as I go over all the history of her uncomplaining fortitude, and tenacious adherence to her moral obligations. But the Father marks these sacrifices, and this heroism, and, in the other world, I firmly believe that He will reward such martyrs with a happiness accorded to no other condition of human suffering and trial.

One day, in the early spring of 1865, on my return to the house after office hours, I found Lide nervous and sick, and the traces of tears upon her cheeks. When I approached her, and asked, in some distress of tone, the reason of so unusual a spectacle, she threw her arms about me, and sobbed as only such a strong nature can do. When she became quiet, she said to me that Dr. Maxwell had told her she must leave San Francisco during the summer then approaching, and that her health was critical—"leave you, darling Rob, and my dear little home." I soothed her by telling her that our separation would be

short, and that she must endure it for the good results promised—and all the while my own heart was full of unutterable woe.

It was arranged she should sail May 3d, and her mother, who desired to make a visit to her sister, Mrs. Gemmill, residing in Delaware, determined to go at the same time, taking her daughter Hettie with her.

During that winter, or the previous autumn, Charles L. Strong came here from Virginia City, with his wife and two children, *en route* for New York. He desired to have the younger baptized, and asked Lide to be one of its god-mothers. She consented, and yet with much reluctance, solely because she regarded the responsibility as great—looking at it, as she did, from the standpoint of the Prayer Book, with its solemn vows and obligations. Except with her own children, she never before or afterwards stood sponsor to any child.

Lide sailed May 3d in the “*Constitution*,” commanded by Commodore Watkins, and reached New York after a most disagreeable passage of twenty-two days. I have nothing to say as to my own sorrow at parting with her. Perhaps others have gone through the same tribulation, and that my suffering is common to married life. If so, then indeed the Divorce Courts misrepresent us, and wedded people are much happier than I deemed them. I have been behind the scenes so often, that really the rouge and padding, the puppet angels and *genii*, are very familiar things, and altogether different from the fairy land seen from the boxes. I have had an unusual insight into the domestic life of many a couple, for, as Court Commissioner, I have tried more than a hundred cases of divorce. My experience is, that the deep love and sentiment which blessed my own married life are rather rare, and that the history of my union is not that of many others.

I remained at the house with the children, and that summer was one of the unhappiest of my life. Everything seemed to go wrong, and the chiefs especially were a source of great trouble and anxiety. I never had had anything to do with their control, and my own nature lacked the peculiar qualities that so admirably fitted Lide for Empress of the household. Indeed, the form of government of this house was an unconditional monarchy by reason of the absolute perfection of the sovereign. My regency was unsuccessful, not because of any incapacity, but because I succeeded one whose administration had been faultless. Lala had never before lived with me, and as children only love from constant association, I had no right to expect a willing, cheerful obedience. I was then reaping the tares I had sown, reaping them in distress and tears. All that my wife had predicted as evils to arise in the coming years, was having a sure and sad fulfillment, and I had the repentance that comes but once, and that is always.

I found myself utterly unable to give to Lala the attention she required, and so I sent her to Santa Cruz, where I placed her under the care of a very excellent governess. I had no solicitude as to Eustace and Bolton—for boys are not easily soiled; and if the world does begrime them, it leaves no stain as upon girls.

Dan was then engaged to be married to Annie H. Jones, the daughter of Judge Jones of Pennsylvania, a person of some note in that State, and who, when the civil war broke out, offered his sword and life to his country. He died for the land he loved so well—died as a soldier desires to die—in the front rank, leading his brigade to battle.

Dan went East in September, to be married, and I sent Lala to her mother by him, to be placed at a good school. She was duly matriculated to the "Convent of the Sacred

Heart," near Philadelphia, and although most of our friends regarded the selection as singular, we being Protestants, yet Lide was not, of course, moved by what others said, especially as she had given the matter of the school proper consideration. We thought that where the heart is properly cultivated—that where true and fixed principles of honor and virtue exist—especially in a girl, the natural fruitage will be healthy religious convictions. I can not say that we looked upon her conversion to Catholicism as the worst evil that could befall her. We were willing to trust her reason when she should reach a proper age, and, in the meantime, we had the promise from those in charge of her that no means should in anywise be used to proselytize her. To the clamor of our friends, Lide merely said: "I have placed my child where there is the promise of the largest good to her. My husband approves of my course; that is sufficient for me."

I can not linger over the sad days of our separation, and the sharp sting it gave me. I, who was daily and hourly accustomed to the ministrations of a wife, whose earnest nature entered into and vivified her love; who was truly *siamesed* to me as a woman is rarely to a man, is only half himself when left in such a condition as I was. I had, however, one distraction during the summer months: it was in building a residence for my brother and his expected bride. There was still another, sadder to be sure, and yet an occupation of my mind, helping and encouraging my wife's brother Hugh, who was suddenly seized by a *marasmus* and cough, shockingly rapid in their conquest of his fine, handsome *physique*, and which, in a few days, developed phthisis, with its most angry and pitiless expression. In January following he succumbed. The last month of his illness his head lay upon the "fond breast" where it was first hushed to sleep.

The summer winds had now passed, and the autumn promised a mild winter. Charles Strong and his wife were then in New York, and about to sail for San Francisco. Lide determined to come out in their company, and under their care, and not wait, as she had proposed, for Dan and his wife, and Mrs. Ritchie. Her separation from me was enforced on sanitary grounds—to escape the sea winds and the dust, which severely test the throat and lungs of the strongest. All her letters were replete with unquietness; complaints of the burning heats of the East, and longings for me, and this little cottage. She had passed most of the summer with Mrs. Fisher, who lived at “Butler Place,” which was within the far suburbs of Philadelphia; and occasionally, too, she spent a few days at Booth-hurst, where she could follow the paths lying through the thick wood which our joint feet had aided to beat among the silken tufts of the wild grass. She begged to come back, and in winning, irresistible phrase, pleaded to lay her head upon her “little home”—by which name once, when weary and sad, long, long ago, and ever thereafter, she called my bosom. With as warm a yearning did I reach out to her, and call her back to the “little home.”

Wonder, wonder, if now—if through these sad nights, when I am seated within the little library, she comes to me as in the happy gone years, and nestles her dear, angel head in the bereaved empty “little home!” Wonder if, when I am so desolate and unquiet, and I find no consolation either in hope or tears, she places white spirit hands upon me, and tries, through her old humanly, wifely ways, by kisses and soft, loving patings of my cheek, to still and hush my grief? “*Perhaps* she does,” say some who pass through chambers where happy hearts sing cheerily from day to day; but I, who have laid my better self down among the mists that sweep so unlovingly over the

little mound in the cemetery yonder, I say and know she *does* so come, and *will* so come, just so long as I linger here; and when at last I fold my hands to sleep, on her bosom I will awake to the better life beyond.

I made many changes in the cottage while she was gone—wainscoted the dining-room, built ~~her~~ dressing and bath rooms *en suite*, re-painted and re-carpeted the whole house. When, on her return, one bright, soft November day, she entered the house, and with a face transfigured with joy, exclaimed, "Have the good Fairies been here while I have been gone?" I felt more than repaid for all the labor and sacrifices I had used.

The ensuing month Dan and his wife and Mrs. Ritchie came, and, with the exception of the sad condition of poor Hugh, over all the future beamed the bright aurora of hope. Lide's health, I may say, was improved; her cough was in a measure repressed, and she seemed stronger. We passed a quiet winter—when the sun shone taking little promenades, and when the paths were dry, looking in upon Mrs. Wheeler, and spending sundry evenings with Mrs. Maxwell.

In March we made a visit to *Morrisania*, belonging to cousin Will. Morris, a pretty little spot, situated at the *debouchure* of Napa Valley. Yesterday I found a little journal I kept at that time, and, for the purpose of showing to my children the character and the general flow of the letters and diaries I destroyed, I will extract verbatim the reference to that visit made in the journal cited:

"MARCH 12, 1866.

"On Saturday morning Lide, the boys, and I, jumped on board the Napa steamer, just as she was leaving the wharf, and went to Suscol. The previous week it had rained, and we were anxious lest the morning in question

would be of a piece with the preceding ones. But the clerk of the weather proved himself to be amiable—for he turned the wind from the clear quarter, opened all the blue sky to us, drove the storm-clouds away, and left in their stead, fleecy cloud-phantasms—delicate and airy as if painted on the blue sky by the Artist Frost.

“The air was cool, yet there was pleasure in sitting out on deck and gazing on the mountains, gorged and ravined as far as we could see, and covered with verdure of exquisite freshness and delicacy. There was no uniformity of color—far from it. In some places the green was as warm as if made up of osier branches, while in others it was dark as ivy leaves, and scattered between were brown spots where the plow had been. Add to these, splendid contrasts of light and shade, and I have tried to outline as beautiful a view as I have seen for many a day.

“At 11:30 we reached Mare Island, where we landed a score of Jack Tars who had been on ‘liberty.’ We hadn’t time to go on shore. We lounged idle eyes on the groups at the landing, on the extraordinary domicils, standing a little inland, which seem all the world like lazy school-boys put in a row for punishment, and then, swinging around, we encountered the low hull of the ‘Comanche,’ which looked like a monster of the Liassic sea.

“We were soon in Napa Creek, winding through the sedgy marsh lands, flecked with white wings of water fowl and green clumps of tussack grass; and beyond, were the velvety slopes of the Coast Range, broken by groves of trees and the houses of the settlers. Will. met us at the embarcadero, and soon we were driving inland, through an avenue of locust trees, while on either side were rows of peach in early blossom, and the pear, which, with its white flowering, looked beautiful and bride-like. This spot was once the great fruit producer of this State. I remem-

ber that, in 1853, when peaches were worth quite a dollar apiece, Lide and I stopped here on our way from Napa, where we saw at least fifty baskets of them; and how we longed for a taste of just one! Since then we have crushed our teeth on quite as many.

"The first day we spent in looking at the improvements and in listening to the details of proposed changes, in eating fresh eggs and drinking creamed milk. The next day the sky was clear again, and when the sun got well up, the air was mild and soft. Morris and I took our fishing rods and sauntered up the stream which brawls over its pebbled bed through the whole length of his domain, on its way to Napa Creek. We found a quiet little nook, where the brook deepened, in a cluster of trees—of bay trees and willow, and a sort of elder which grew on the edge, its green branches trailing to the very water. We paused here, but with no piscatory intent. The place was so secluded and quiet, the flow of the rivulet so even and murmuring, the grass so green, and the sun so vivid, that really we thought of nothing but lying quiet, and dreaming the afternoon away. But, before we should be lost in idleness, we tossed our line into the stream, little caring whether we had a bite or not. Ten trout were bent on immolating themselves, and so in a little while they lay panting on the grass, and soon they hadn't life enough for somersets. We had no feeling of triumph and pleasure, such as anglers describe. If it would have restored them to life, we would have tossed them back into the brook, and left them to the chances of another idler. We walked back to the house, and, leaving our rods, we started again and followed the creek up to the mountain slopes, some ten miles above. Its course was distinctly traced by the line of trees which stretched away toward the hills, with a directness so unusual, that it seemed as if the hand of

man had placed them there. And yet we found spots wild enough, where fallen trunks of trees lay across and along the brook; where huge rocks were heaped up, from which the waters fell in sheets and drops of shining silver; and where the foliage was so thick that only little lines of sunlight could get through. One such spot we have marked as a hiding-place from the garish sun some summer day—a regular bower, where the branches of the trees on either side interlace, letting the sunlight through in vapory gleams, and where the waters, rushing for some yards over the rocky ledge, leap from the bluff rim of a boulder into a dark little pool below—not angrily and noisily, but languishingly and sportively, as if Naiads had their home there.

“We went on until we came to a small farm-house, situated on the hill slope, on the edge of the ravine through which this same stream leaped. The owner came out, a slight, sun-browned fellow, the place of whose nativity we could not conjecture. He looked like an Italian, but he had not the accent of one, and when I sought to identify him with that race that once imprisoned me, I found a lack of verisimilitude which started me off on other conjectures. As we walked away from him, we were preceded by a woman who was, I swear, of the land of Iturbide—for she had the complexion, hair, and eyes of one, and no woman ever wore *rebozo* as she did, without she had been born, or passed years in the clime of the maguery. I feel so kind and grateful to the women of that race—for when in peril and danger they warned and guarded me; when hungry they have fed me; and when their countrymen have persecuted me, they had kind words of hope and encouragement. So it was I followed this woman with a heart full of unexpressed blessings.

“We got back a little before sunset, and until dinner we lounged and idled with the dogs, or watched setting hens—

wondering how they amused themselves during incubation. One of them—a yellow speckled thing—seemed the most earnest creature I ever saw. She went to her work as if she fully appreciated its responsibility, and as if she had a wager she would hatch every egg she sat upon, and I'll bet she did it.

“When the sun peeped through the windows of our rooms the next morning, we felt a regret in thinking that, when he went down, we would be back at San Francisco. After breakfast we sat upon the porch, much too dull for any emotion, and yet, at moments, we had a clear consciousness of the unusual beauty of the landscape we looked upon—made up as it were of hill and river—valley and meadow land. Away to the south, beyond the brown tule lands, through which the creek meandered, looking like a cord of silver, rose up the mountains of Marin County and the bluff sides of Angel Island; and, standing out from the purple haze of the far perspective, were the white sails of water-craft. Near us were parallels of peach and pear trees in full blossom, and here and there stood isolated oaks, hung with flowing tufts of moss, their gnarled arms bare yet, and leafless.

“The afternoon was blustering, and so when we reached the city it was quite dark. As we went homeward through the misty streets, we could not but go back to the crimson blossoms of the peach we had just left; the long line of locusts and their leaflets; the clear singing brook and its glassy slopes, and that quiet which gave to the whole scene a religious aspect and sentiment. During these two days we had seen pictures more gorgeous than Church or Bierstadt had ever painted, mere sketches of which I thus limn from memory.”

Some rough winds that came early that spring took me

to the side of Lide very often in consultation as to the avoidance of the dust and asperity of the coming summer in this city. A migration—a swallow's flight to some spot where the sun dallies all day with leaflets and blossoms, and the wind stirs in lyrics, as it were—this was the subject of our thought and constant deliberation—some place where Lide could be within arm's reach—no longer than a day between us. Mr. Barron had built a country seat at Menlo Park, some thirty miles from the city—midway to *San Jose*. I had been there frequently, and always admired the soft climate of that place, and the bay and hills which border the peninsula on either side. A change from the city being decided on as a necessity to Lide, I naturally turned my regards to Menlo Park as filling all the conditions we demanded—especially those of temperature and accessibility. I made frequent visits of exploration there, hunted all the ground lying between the foot-hills and the sanded rim of the Bay, and, at last, quite by accident, fell upon a six-acred lot, over which were distributed, at proper convenient intervals, deciduous oaks, hung with mistletoe tufts, and bossed with clumps of matted moss. Its owner had to sell, and as the property was suitable in all respects, and the terms quite within my reach, I bought it. On the anniversary of my second nuptials I laid the corner post of "Oak Cottage."

CHAPTER XVI.

"The pure air

Braces the listless nerves, and warms the blood :

I feel in freedom here."

The month of April, 1866, was dark and sad within my household. Lide had a hemorrhage, and, of course, I lived in a condition of fear and nervous apprehension. She passed out of all danger under the careful attention of Dr. Maxwell, and the affectionate nursing of her mother. When she became really convalescent, I resumed my supervisory trips to the country, watching the progress of the house, laying out the grounds, and adapting all things to the taste and necessities of her for whom all was intended. I then coveted the wealth of the "Comstock Lead"—not for any purpose higher than smoothing and embellishing the path in which "Buntin" trod.

My cottage was not an extensive affair, and yet it was in exquisite taste. The roof projected some eleven feet, supported alone by brackets, and a verandah girded the house, over ten feet in width—along its edge a low balustrade, around which the honeysuckle and rose soon entwined themselves, and starred the green curtain of leaves with blossoms. January 14th we formally took possession of it. Lide had all things to suit her, and the introduction of water from the *Corte Madera*, a stream that laughed along the slopes of the near Coast Range, enabled me to have a bountiful supply for house and grounds. I had also a carriage built after my own pattern, and a fine

mountain wagon, and I purchased a pair of gentle staunch horses, in addition to a pony for the children. Besides these, a friend of mine presented Lide with a noble looking carriage horse, who was so gentle, that, unattended, she was accustomed to drive him all about the neighborhood.

The change for her was a wholesome one. She seemed to thrive in the sweet, equable temperature of Menlo Park; and as I had surrounded her with every luxury within my means, I really began to believe that her health would be entirely re-established. I can proudly and consolingly say that no wife was ever more assiduously and lovingly tended.

There is no condition of life unvisited by the spirit of frailty and decay which underlies everything human, whether animate or inanimate. No matter how and with what we may hedge ourselves in; no matter how alert and watchful we may be, we can not shut out the inevitable and ruthless visitations of sickness and death. The latter we shrink from as we shrink from nothing else—for there *is* something awfully mysterious in the rigid calmness, the silence and appalling mystery that follow the destruction of our vitality by that terrible incognito we call Death, which reaches out and strikes us from an ambush even in the golden air, and the heart-warmed temperature of home. Who knows, who knows, but that the Father, who in all else manifests Himself so lovingly, has given to Death so revolting an aspect for the purpose of heightening the surprise and pleasure of the golden chamber which lies just beyond?

"The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

We were scarcely nestled within our little rural home,

and were soothing ourselves with cheerful forecastings, when news came to us that Dan's wife gave birth to a boy on Saturday, the twenty-first of July. On Monday Lide came to town with me, and found Annie quite ill. She grew worse during the night, and ere the day came again she had passed to

"The bosom of her Father and her God."

They had been married less than a year, were very happy, their promise of the future was specious and fair, and reasonably they had the right to look forward to years of wedded happiness. One can say nothing in the face of such terror; it confounds us, and we stagger to our knees, almost unconsciously ejaculating complaints and prayers. Such the frenzy of the despair which comes to us while we are prone under the blow; but soon we open our eyes, and one by one come the stars; and echoes of strange voices sound in our hearts from lands we know not of; and then we throb under aspirations for *something* we can not shape, and around us we feel the pulses of another life, and hear a murmur as of the sea, that just lives above the silence; and then over the tropical night which lies above us, is seen the silver gleam of "the constellation of the cross," and so, under that sign, the weary wanderer is guided home at last.

Thank God for that *something*—for the revelations in our hearts; for hope, for the eager instinct To Be. Thank God that he has thrown us these succoring planks, and for the lights He has set up on the shore which we see gleaming steadily through the mists about us.

The babe Annie left passed safely through the storm that rocked its cradle life. Dan picked it up, in his half stupefaction, and its voice and smile, and the strong faith, and the ardent prayer of his Christian heart, bore him safely above the flood of his sorrow.

All that summer was overshadowed by her sad fate, for her death came without premonition—there was absolutely nothing to forewarn us. Poor Dan, he lost the brightest years of his life in looking for the “one fair spirit to be his minister,” and he had scarcely found her—had scarcely clasped his bride to his bosom, ere God, not gently, but abruptly, tore her from him. But He was not all unkind—He laid on his bosom a sweet child-life, developed it in beauty, and gives to his manhood the delicious burden of shaping it to good, and so affording to a man of his religious trust and virtue one of the highest, if not the highest of the privileges we can have.

But the poor orphan had a hard struggle for it. He lay panting for many days and weeks by the shore of the sea through whose obscurity his mother had gone, and we had almost abandoned hope—were ready to fold hands and sit down in despair. Lide held the little darling to her bosom during all that season of waiting for God’s manifestation, and she, with Dr. Maxwell and Mrs. Ritchie, under God’s blessing, gave to Dan a babe with strong life and promise. He has, up to this day, grown marvelously in beauty and sweetness, and already has yielded his father a harvest of comfort, the wealth of which no one knows except those who have suffered from a like tribulation.

Our first summer was spent in preparing for those to follow; in planting, in embellishing, in laying out roads, and in hunting up spots for picnics—quiet dells threaded by silvered laughing streams, in which grew quivering aspens, and feathery ferns. We searched, too, along the mountain trails for the rarest views; for the silence that, after leaving the city, touches our fagged hearts with a consoling calm few wot of in the hard, crisp, and restless agitation that makes our California life so wasting to the heart, mind, and body.

Toward the end of October, the wind commenced veering from the south, the mists gathered on the hills, the spiders hung tender filaments from branch to branch on the oaks, and troops of wild fowl sailed through the white clouds. The evenings grew chilly, and we were driven from the starlight to the arrowy flames on the hearth; and so, on Lide's account, I had to come back to town. All the summer—Saturdays and Sundays excepted—I went daily to and fro in the cars, leaving "Oak Cottage" at 7 A.M. and the city at 5 P.M. That travel was what Milton calls

"A quotidian of sorrow and discontent,"

and it was the only drawback associated with my country life.

By the first of November we were back to the accustomed places, and looking forward to hear the feet of the blessed rain pattering upon the roof, and its hearty laugh as it gurgled down the spouts. During the winter we had, Lide and I, our little home pastimes—playing *bezique*, reading, and entertaining our few visitors. But the piano—during the transition from daylight to darkness—when through the window we saw the crimson bars the sunset laid across the blue sky, and the twilight with its sad shadows—then, as Lide ran the keys over, sometimes in wild, mournful improvisation, or through the most delicate bits of Beethoven's *sonatas*, that was the hour I fancied most, and that she loved most; the hour of retrospection and timid lookings forward; the hour for that sort of musing that ends in tears.

There was a German musician here—Mr. Trenkle—whom we had often met at Maxwell's; a person of rare musical ability, and whose expression and grace of touch of the piano were something unusually exquisite. He frequently came and played for Lide, and she for him, and

there were no visits to the house more agreeable than his. He was in miserable health—indeed, supposed to be dying of consumption—and the sympathy his pallor and painful inspiration excited with us, gave to his music an added charm. I have perhaps heard greater musicians than he, but never one whose touch was more full of pathos and tenderness.

Again, when the skies were clear we went to hear “Fanchon” or “Pauvrette,” and several times we slipped away to the “Circus” to refresh ourselves with the bright faces and laugh of the little ones, and afterwards we halted at “Swain’s” and iced the children—sometimes ourselves. But these junketings were exceptional—the rule was to stay at home and chat and read.

So the winter passed, and in May we left town for the country again. Under the clear skies of Menlo Park, and the inspiration of its pure, sweet air, Lide seemed to have lost her cough, indeed increased in flesh, and recovered the bright look that always imparted such a glow to her beautiful features. She was spared all annoying cares of housekeeping. Her servants were well trained, and soon fell into her orderly ways. Her household was always the very perfection of system and comfort. The law of her mind was order and regularity, and her very presence seemed to confer upon her entire *entourage* a spirit of grace and harmony.

At that time *croquet* was the favorite rural pastime, and when women play it, *without lovers*, it has many fascinations both to the contestants and lookers on. I laid out my *croquet* ground to the *maximum* size, for I was partial to ample verge. I had also rods, and guns, and books—the last were sent from town to do summer duty, and were always restored to their wonted shelves when the winter came. The neighborhood was full of *villas*, and the place

soon became quite the fashion. Saturdays and Sundays were "field days," until really Menlo Park lost its character for seclusion, and, so far, I became dissatisfied with it. My own cottage had its share of visitors, and we frequently had *croquet* tournaments. I remained in the country from Friday to Monday, not at "Oak Cottage" always, but in wandering among the hills and scouring the vicinage within a radius of ten miles or more. Lide was very often my companion—she and the boys—and frequently our excursions extended to the sea coast. There was one drive of exquisite beauty, from my doorstep across the Coast Range to a small inn at a baiting spot called San Gregorio, within a mile of the sea, from where could be heard the sullen dash of the surf. It was our favorite jaunt, of all others. From my door the road wound through groups of live oaks, so beautiful a feature of that part of the country, and as we ascended the long slope leading to the top of the range, there were opened to us a series of pictures rarely to be met with even in California. They had all the constituents of just such landscapes as an artist would delight to paint; a combination of mountain, valley, and water scenery, harmoniously blended.

The slope alluded to runs down into a middle ground of timbered and meadow land; then came a shining breadth of water, and bounding the whole, a chain of blue mountains, out of which rises the ponderous head of Mount Diablo—their flanks and *apices* here and there bearing up the lace-like clouds. From the height of the slope, going seaward, there was no water to be seen—nothing but the wooded spurs of hills; deep ravines with profound purple depths, and over all the soft smile lying along the infinite spaces of the sky.

The drive to the sea shore is full of the wildest charms and changing scenes. After the top of the mountain is

left, the road skirts a ravine; sometimes crossing a stream whose course is almost concealed by lines of trees and nodding shrubs; and then we wind along the brook near enough to hear its happy song as it tumbles along the rocky ledges, or sweeps around the ragged juttings of the hills.

As I write, I remember one spot where Lide and I always paused to lunch—where the stream doubled; flowing broad and limpid over a sanded bed, leaving a little river-like breadth of beach, as full of painted pebbles as any bit of strand you can find. Just where the stream resumes its seaward flow, it is fringed with willow and aspen, and the spaces between them were pearled with snow drops, and red with clusters of wild roses, while on the very edge of the brook tiny ferns trailed their feathery stalks, and lichens clung to the facets of the rocks.

We used to lunch on the border of a grassy esplanade, and near a group of redwood trees, the least of which could not have been less than two hundred feet in altitude—all of them straight as a liberty pole—bearing aloft to their very crown a thousand leafy wings.

At that spot the rivulet flows through a cleft of the chain of hills, and so abrupt are their sides, that, in places, the road touches the very outline of the stream. A more sequestered spot can not be found, and one where pervades such a delicious sense of repose—and where one forgets, in the happy voices of the flowing tide, and the profound quiet of the dingle, the noise and tramp of city life—all the sad wail and plaint of restless humanity.

I can not speak for others, but for myself I can say, that I have always had a larger sense of life and its enjoyment in the unfrequented spots of the world; in places where Nature is supreme, and where the imperfect imitation we call "Art," approaches not. I read occasionally of

a recluse living in the forest depths, aside from his fellow man; beyond the reach of the voices, and vices, and inquisitiveness of his kind. I am not prepared to say that such an existence is criminally selfish, or even in bad taste, more especially when one can carry into his seclusion the comforts of life, and a library of old books. I would now, more than ever, really enjoy such an existence; and had I not children, like Thoreau I would try a secluded life, at least as long as he did.

One day Ella Maxwell accompanied us to the spot I have just imperfectly described, and she was charmed. We brought our tiffin with us, and proposed to spend half the day there. I drove the horses a short distance from the place we had selected for our encampment, for the purpose of hitching and feeding them. When I returned to Lide and Ella, I found them sitting beside the stream, with their bare feet immersed in it, against which the tide beat with refreshing pulse. During my absence they had taken off their stockings and shoes. Ella I had known from her childhood, and she was then as my own daughter.

Beyond this dell, some few miles away, was San Gregorio, where there was an excellent hotel. There I passed many Saturday afternoons, and Lide went with me several times during that summer. Between the inn and the ocean is a small loch, a mile or more in extent, and it stretches down so close to the sea, that frequently, especially at neap tides, the surf breaks over the isthmus separating the two. The row over the lake, and the stroll over the beach, were sources of intense pleasure. Over its surface trailed purple flags, and in their chalices were half buried curious blossoms, and these filled the lower end of the lake, lying in broad patches, scarcely leaving an aisle big enough for our boat. We would pause, oftentimes, in the deepest water, where these leafy

discs were not found, and try our lines in search of trout. The children tended them—while Lide and I searched the hill slopes with half curious, dreamy gaze, listening to the dash of the sea upon the hard beach, or watching the water-fowl to be seen in every direction. But that beach was the rarest delight to her and to me—a beach only at low tide, for when the water is high, the foamy feet of the waves tread to the very base of the cliff. As far as we could see this land-wall extended itself, its face corrugated by the eternal beat of the sea-wind and the flying spray. From the face of the cliff protruded infinite varieties of fossil *conchifera*—memorials of ages when the earth was fresh and dripping in the mists of the primal mornings. There was written the history of the earliest forms of life, and at a period so remote that it puzzles us to try to compute it. And when that shell-life was imprisoned in these argillaceous cliffs the ichthyosaurus broke the waves yonder with its fin-like feet, and the winged pterodactylus, which, like Milton's fiend,

“Sinks, or swims, or wades, or creeps, or flies.”

We made several what I must call, scientific visits to that spot. Lide looked on, while I, with a hammer, beat out the well preserved skeletons dropped there millions of years ago by the surging floods. Those researches were a rare delight to one who had laid up, during her early life, a most respectable store of geological knowledge, and who had improved it by the readings of her maturer years. Dr. Maxwell has to-day, in his cabinet, many fossil specimens gathered by my darling in those trips.

The return to Oak Cottage was made by a road that, for many miles, skirts the sea, and crosses the San Mateo range of mountains, from which one at every turn of the road catches exquisite bits of landscape, made up of fields

of golden grain, wild recesses lying among the hills, and long sweeps of sea view.

During the months of May and June, Lide and Bolton—who developed much of his mother's scientific tastes—were wont to roam over the fields contiguous to the house, to gather wild flowers and mosses, tiny *cryptogamia*, of which there were many interesting kinds there. The blossoms, which in the early spring yellow the meadows and paint the hill slopes with such vivid varieties of colors, were to her a source of exquisite delight. And how beautiful are the little baby buds, cradled among the clover tufts until the May sun broadens them into flower, and then they overshadow and tramp upon the blades of grass that sheltered them! They have their little life everywhere—under the shades of the oaks, decking the bosom of the meadows; creeping up to the beaten tracks on the roads; hanging from the rocks, and even swinging from the bosses of the trees—wherever a shoot of grass thrusts itself to the sun, there will you find the enameled petal of the flower.

It was these golden freshets of flowers flowing over all the country in the vernal time, the soft temperature, and the massive mountains, that made Lide so attached to California. She knew, too, that through all the seasons the sweet life of flowers could be nurtured at the graves of those we love. And, darling, at times I am consoled in thinking, that perhaps thou dost see the tender typical buds and blossoms that have their birth and death and resurrection upon the mound where I laid thee down. And when I shall lie at thy side, will there remain kind hands to nourish still these sweet memorials of the lives that have been—the pure types, too, of the Life to be?

I have near me now several books—her common *herbaria*—full of the skeletons of the flowers her sweet hands gathered in those happy days—days I can know no more in this world.

Menlo Park had rather a choice society, if not in an intellectual point of view, at least made up of pleasant, warm-hearted people, many of whom were persons of wealth, to whom hospitality is easy and agreeable. It has, during the summer, the piquancy given by well bred people from beyond the Sierra Nevada, who are received generously, and with a breadth of hospitality I dare say they never saw equaled, much less excelled.

Lide did the visiting for her little family. I had no time to do so. I went to Barron's as if it was my own house, and sometimes I threaded the by-paths through the wood, and so across the railroad to see "the dear old Commodore," as Lide called Commodore Watkins. Sometimes I was persuaded by my wife to go through the neighborhood on a round of visits, and that circuit counted for the whole season. I was there too small a portion of the day to see my neighbors as often as I perhaps would have liked to do, under other circumstances. Besides, when the sun sets, at Menlo Park, the air becomes chilly, and Lide's health was too fragile to encounter any risks. A few evenings before we came to town that autumn, she had made an afternoon visit to Mrs. Thomas H. Selby, and not intending to remain as late as she did, was not provided with a shawl or cloak. The weather became suddenly chilly, and she contracted a cold she never recovered from.

CHAPTER XVII.

"For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish billows swallow him."

The rains came early, and shut Lide within doors, completely closing up all avenues to the exercise so necessary to her. It stormed most of the winter, and sometimes it rained for days, almost without intermission. Whenever there was a subsidence of the rain, and the sun broke through the clouds, even for a half hour, I would take her out to a short drive, or we would walk as far as Second Street and back again. From day to day she grew more feeble, and all exercise became painful to her, more especially as she suffered from shortness of breath. Her cough increased, and she lost flesh to an alarming degree. Until April the rain fell almost continuously—at least with so much frequency that, for weeks at a time, she was unable to leave the house. The auscultation made by Dr. Maxwell showed an alarming increase of tubercular deposit, and he advised another departure from California, stating that she could not possibly survive a summer here—that is, in this city. "If there were," added he, "in the interior, comfortable hotels, I should not counsel departure from this State; but in the absence of comforts and society, I advise her to go East, if not to Europe."

Mrs. Maxwell and Ella had determined to go to Phila-

delphia the succeeding March, and it was arranged Lide should accompany them. I was to follow in July or August, and take her to some genial climate during the winter. They sailed that date, but Lide was too weak to go with them; and it was also thought that, by starting so early, she would reach the eastern side during its most changeable and unpleasant season.

Her cousin William G. Morris placed his country house, at Suscol, at her service, until she should start for the East, and so we removed there in April, with children and servants. That spring, as a rule, was damp and without warmth, and we had occasional showers of rain; and yet there were some days simply perfect, when the air was full of golden sunshine and exhilarating purity. The country around Morrisania was then a vast lawn, or an extended flower-bed. When the temperature was mild, Morris would take us out in his wagon, up the creek, where could be found the greenest verdure and the prettiest flowers. We three adults would find a pretty spot where we would halt to pick wild violets and fox glove, while the children crept through the elder bushes, and along the creek, fishing, or launching chip-armadas on the rapid stream.

To me came then, for the first time, the possible danger of losing my wife. I had had faith in her constitution, and my own loyalty to make every sacrifice that might conduce to her recovery; and yet I feared she might never be well again. I could not understand, and even now my bereavement has failed to enlighten me, why the pure and beautiful, who are even as missionaries and preachers—declaring the testimony of God's wisdom by their very virtues and beauty—why they should be so strangely taken away, abruptly terminating their mission, while the most wretched and demoralizing forms and examples of vice are left to evangelize evil and crime and misery. But, my children,

as at this moment I sit within this little cottage where the happiest years of your dear mamma were passed; while, too, I see all her life, even to the end when her religious faith and hope lifted her above the dread mystery of death—let me impress upon you the sincerity of my conviction that all things are ordered aright; that there is above a great compassionate God, who will in the Hereafter make clear all that is so dark and inexplicable now.

From Suscol I took Lide to the "White Sulphur Springs," in Napa County, whither I went every Friday evening and remained until Monday. They lie in a vast gorge, or in the lap of the hills, around which the mountainous walls rise, screening the little dell where the cottages nestle, from the harsh spiritings of the chill sea breezes. As a general rule you can find there, from May to October, soft, delicious, warm weather, and some of the most refined and most respectable persons of San Francisco are to be met there during the summer.

There Lide gained comparative strength and a greater share of cheerfulness, and she was enabled to stroll a few yards every day. Every one was kind and attentive to her, and they seemed to endeavor, in a most affectionate way, to help her to health.

At this period her English cousin Joseph F. Holliday Esq., came to San Francisco from China, *en route* to England. He was at Suscol when Lide and I were there, and as he is a jolly fellow, full of fun and spirits, manly and intelligent, he added much to Lide's enjoyment. He and I went to the "Geysers" together, and Lide was so far recovered that she and Nellie Elliot, her sister, accompanied us as far as Calistoga, and remained there until master Joseph and I had returned from our trip.

Early in June Lide came to San Francisco to make her preparations to leave for New York. It was now determ-

ined she should be taken to some European clime, where she might find a fitting temperature, new scenes, and so new thoughts, and be relieved from all cares, so far as the same could be done. While she was thus engaged in preparing herself, she was taken severely ill with congestion of the lungs, and Dr. Maxwell was exceedingly anxious to hurry her departure. Of course there was but one person in the world who could fill all the requirements she demanded in an escort, and that person was her husband. I was then engaged in one venture in a neighboring State which required my personal attention to save me from severe pecuniary loss. I held, too, the Commissionership of the Twelfth Judicial District, an office that corresponds to Master in Chancery, and I was in all respects entirely unprepared to leave. But I did not hesitate for one moment. I resigned my office, and I abandoned every plan, profit, and enterprise I had, to give myself up to her, who was, and who always had been true to me—oh, so heroically and unselfishly true to me!—and who was the most exquisite type of wife and woman I ever saw, and who would have died for me had it been necessary. How well do I understand the old patrician's boast over the dead body of his child: "I would rather be the father of this dead son, than any living one in christendom."

I took passage for Lide, myself, and her servant, on board the steamer "Golden Age," Captain Farnsworth, to sail June 22d. The week preceding our departure she became very ill, and on the 21st it was exceedingly doubtful whether she could be removed to the steamer, and it was not until the night of that day that Dr. Maxwell told me the start must be attempted. The next day she seemed to me most alarmingly ill—so much so that they could not dress her beyond a loose wrapper. She was not permitted to say good-by to any but her children. I carried her to

the carriage, her mother alone going with us, and so to the steamer, where she was at once put to bed. Few, if any, expected her to reach Panama alive, and I must confess that at one time I shared the general fear.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is a wholesome habit to record our daily thoughts and observations, which, trite as they may be, carry some useful lessons. It not only imparts healthy exercise to our minds, but also helps us to the rarest of all knowledge—a knowledge of ourselves.—ANON.

I have some pencil memoranda of that trip, most of which were written under her eye—she generally seated at my side. For the purposes already indicated, and as they, in a great measure, represent her tastes and feelings, I shall introduce them bodily:

“‘GOLDEN AGE,’ Monday, June 22, 1868.

“We got off punctually at 11 A.M. These farewells are keen and piercing, especially with the children. Lide has borne the trial with a courage and resolution that surprise me. As we pushed out from the wharf, she remained perfectly motionless—evidently endeavoring to control her grief; and yet in her agony what a sweet picture she is. Her cheeks are stained with tears, and in her white hands, clasped over her bosom, are two rosebuds, gathered from her own little garden. As we crossed the bar, she had a paroxysm of weeping. She felt, and I felt, that we had indeed left our home, and over the future rested only dark clouds. How sweetly, and yet how sadly does that home come up to me now—its places consecrated by so many years of happiness, and its paths worn by the tread of thirteen years. Perhaps there are some who call these little

sorrows, to be brushed away with the corner of one's kerchief, as it were; yet to those who appreciate them, they are calamities even.

"We are now running the shore along—the deeply indented slopes of the Coast Range swept by exquisite shadows; the green and tawny knolls; the mists hanging like veils about the mountains; the broad plateau embraced between the foot-hills and the banks overhanging the sea, where I see the showering spray, through which the sunlight breaks, leaving rainbows behind. While these constitute a beautiful picture, yet as I look at them, they fill me with inexpressible sadness, and I bow my head in grief. Lide is more subdued now, and I open the door to show her the long line of beach, and the grand old hills, grim and green, standing between the broad sea and the pleasant valleys of the land she loves so much. They fill her with sadness, and she sees them no more for her tears.

"Near dark the weather was calm, and the movement of the ship was merely onward, with a slightly tremulous motion, as if she shuddered as she swept into the twilight. The sun has gone down, the land has retired beyond the sea-mists, and silver gleams come through the grey face of the heavens, from the starry eyes beyond. The first night at sea is sad enough, and my heart is troubled as I look behind and before me. If our boys were here, we would be happier; and yet, under all the sad circumstances of our departure, it was better to leave them behind.

"I remained on deck until 10 P.M., but now I sit within the little cabin, and I have no other thought than of the pale face of my darling wife—paler under the splendor of the lamp-light. For the past few days she has been so ill that I take her to fairer and softer skies—to the golden realm of the tropics—with the hope she may find health and strength there, or at least be relieved from suffering.

Ah, well, I *have* hope. I look to all nature, and find that life and health are the law, and disease the exception—an abnormal thing in the wise and exquisitely ordered mechanism of the world—and that God is of infinite mercy, so searching and permeating, that the tiniest object is as replete with wonder and law and wisdom as the most stupendous works of His hands. Perhaps even now He sees this poor heart of mine, which so earnestly appeals to Him, and in His immeasurable compassion will hear its prayer, and lift up to health the sweet, pure life it clings so lovingly to.

“JUNE 23d.

“It is a tender and delicious morning. We are running through a sparkling blue sea, and the Santa Barbara Islands are seen off our port beam—great purple piles, with a sweet opaline sky lying beyond them. We are now passing Richardson’s Rock, which is covered with tawny sea-lions, and a little beyond are the gray and arid bluffs of San Miguel. These chalky cliffs slander the main land that we see far away yonder, for there are verdurous mountains, and near them, the orange blossoms and polished leaves of grape vines.

“I have helped the dear weakling out on deck, who is now feverless and stronger. The saline air, with its crisp touch, will raise her up again, and upon her cheek will return the old hue of health.

“At sunset the high island ridges had disappeared, and there was no land in sight on any side. The wind which pursues us is gentle and dry, and the skies are clear and hopeful. After the sun had gone down I walked a half hour on deck, under the smile of the stars, through which sailed a baby moon—and I disliked to go to my bed.

“JUNE 24th.

“My sight can reach no land to-day. We are running

before the same kind wind which came to us as we left the 'Golden Gate,' except that now it is a little more vigorous, sending us rapidly along, and frosting the waters everywhere; for as the waves sweep high and break, they give to the sea a rimy look. At 10 o'clock last night we passed from abreast California soil to Mexican. Like one who leaves his hearthstone and lingers a moment to see the loved places ere he passes away, so, last evening, did I, just as the twilight commenced to obscure it, cast loving regards on the Coast Range of my adopted State. But as I travel now with eyes looking forward rather than behind, I will not indulge my sadness at parting from my home. I must and will look forward hopefully, for *her* dear sake.

"We are not crowded. I suppose two hundred passengers are our complement, and it includes a very common set of persons. A large proportion is Jews, and who are by no means the best representatives of the intelligence and respectability of that extraordinary race. They are the pedlers found through the suburbs of San Francisco, who roam among the mining camps, with packs full of odds and ends—the type we have in our minds (long neglected beards and aquiline noses) when we speak of Jews. The higher model—the esthetic, refined, and clear-brained Israelite—I looked for among our passengers and found not.

"Lide and I belong to a coterie that, somehow or other, usually filters through the crowd of passengers, and then coheres. The Captain, as it were, confers knighthood, for at his table is the *creme de la creme*; while the Purser and doctor select from the commoners, and usually, of course, get the crisp, sparkling fellows, who hate ceremony at sea, and dine at their ease in linen jackets. Lide and I hold the posts of precedence at the Captain's right, but as she can not go to the table, I must do the honors alone.

"Life on shipboard is always dull enough to me. One

day is the history of all days—the same routine of eating, tipping, smoking, and chatting. I can not, for the life of me, read at sea; and, somehow or other, conversation runs ordinarily in the same groove of commonplaces. If I open a book, I am sure to give my eyes license to wander away over the breaking, restless sea, while my mind follows slipshod and indolent, fascinated rather by the pictured page of the ocean than the duller one of the book. I do not find life at sea exactly wearisome and inane, but when we pass into the splendor and sensuousness of the tropics, I must confess I am as a hasheesh-eater—lounging in half recognition of the world, but conscious of a dream life that idles under palms, on a hillside a clear stream breaking with a glad voice from under nodding oleanders and jasmine, and all the outer world silent and exhausted under the fervid flush of the fierce sun.

“Those, however, who follow nautical life as a means of subsistence, and who live abaft the mainmast, generally fill in the spare hours with reading—perhaps study. It suggests, and cultivates, too, a strong religious sentiment—not Pantheism, by any means, for there, more than any place else, is one brought face to face with God. Sift an intelligent person, whose life is passed on the sea, and you will find him replete with generous sentiments, and a hearty religious faith.

“The sea has its epics and idylls—grand, heroic storms, with a *mise en scene* never seen on land; skies dark and heavy, upon which God writes His power with the thunderbolt. And again, instead of terror He paints all the firmament with the wonderful splendors of sunrise and sunset, and brings from the infinite depths of space, to beautify the face of night, numberless starry worlds, throbbing with life, and lighting our little earth with their silver smiles. Away out here, with no land in sight, where the

water is *lapis lazuli*; where the graceful mew poises itself above us with extended wings, and the waves lift themselves in playful or angry mood, I can conceive of nothing more inspiring and beautiful than the sea, the sweet fresh air, and the almost cloudless sky. This evening I sat out on deck, looking on the water breaking into myriads of fantastic forms, under as full and soft a moon as ever shone before. In these latitudes, where the atmosphere is so limpid, the stars seem more numerous, nearer, and, as a consequence, more brilliant. To-night the heavens were literally ablaze with light, and the milky way one vast zone of silver splendor. How I wish the darling, who drove me on deck for exercise, could have sat with me, and gone over all these glories, with our blended eyes, as it were.

“JUNE 25, 1868.

“I broke out early this morning, and was glad to find the sun sailing in splendor through an unclouded sky. I had a salt water bath, and the sensation of being clean is high among the ordinary blessings of life.

“Lide is looking better to-day, and by degrees she is gaining strength. She sits out on deck most of the day, in the sweet, bracing air, going within only at the approach of night. The Captain and all are very kind to her, and if I owned the steamer, she could not have more care.

“We are within reach of land again. The bold Coast Range of Lower California can be seen through the morning haze, and we are still pushed along by the same breeze which waited for us as we left the ‘Golden Gate.’ The weather continues exquisitely soft, and notwithstanding we are entering upon the meridian of heat, there is nothing to show it except the tenderer aspect of the skies, and the diurnal bulletins of our speed and position.

"This forenoon we passed through a vast breadth of water as highly discolored as that of the Sacramento River. The Captain could not account for it, except on the theory of a muddy discharge from some stream—an explanation by no means satisfactory to me. The best of us, when appealed to as authority to settle some doubt, or to account for a phenomenon, will rarely confess ignorance; and so we venture on a theory rather to retain the respect of those who refer to us for information, than to place our intelligence in jeopardy by professing ignorance. The answer of the Captain belonged to the category named.

"We have on board General Warren, United States Minister at Guatemala, who was formerly Assistant Postmaster General; a person of good conversational power, and who has seen and observed much. His pictures of life among the coffee princes of Costa Rica have stirred my blood, more especially as he describes a climate that perhaps would suit the constitution of Lide. It is not for myself I plan now—it is for her, whose restoration to health must, for the future, be the single object of my life and energies.

"Lide and I chat a great deal with Mitchell, a brother of 'Ik Marvel,' a man who has seen much; who seems to despise the energetic life and quality of the age, preferring the lazy sensuousness of a tropical clime to any other. And yet, with these poetical preferences, he has a hard sort of materialism that runs painfully near to misanthropy. He is a man, putting his conversation against his brother's books, of finer capacity and larger intelligence than that same brother. He pains me at times, but again and always I have a sort of admiration of his hard, rasping phrases, that indicate a strong, decided nature—warped, as it may have been, by some or many disappointments.

"These, with a married lady who travels under my super-

vision—a *bellish*, frivolous person—and a San Francisco friend, H. L. Breed, make up the coterie which flanks the Captain at meal times, and constitutes the upper crust of the society of this trip.

“JUNE 26th.

“Another gorgeous morning. I was up betimes, and, looking landward, saw close to us the craggy and seamed heights of the Island of Santa Marguerita. It has a dreary aspect, and seems drearier as I remember the loss of the steamer ‘Independence,’ wrecked yonder where the surf dashes against the rocky abutment *vis a vis* to us. With the glass I see her boiler lying on the sand, a memento of a sad mishap, by which two hundred lives were lost by fire and wreck. Years ago, a friend who was on board of her at the time, gave me a harrowing account of the terrible disaster.

“Lide extended her reach to-day. She got as far as the stern, where she has been sitting, enjoying the pleasant breeze. She improves every day. As we expected to meet the steamer ‘Montana’ this evening, I prepared letters to the friends left behind, to relieve their suspense and anxiety as to Lide. At sunset we passed her some ten miles away, and I half execrated the craft as she passed out of sight among the mists that hung about the horizon. But I forgot my displeasure and disappointment as I gazed at the sunset, the illuminated clouds, the vivid transition of colors, and the fairy palaces built against the blue sky—their pinnacles and towers, their delicate frostwork and misty aisles. There are few natural sights so magnificent and impressive as sunsets, especially when seen in the tropics at sea. The clearness of the atmosphere, the transparency of the clouds, and the exceeding splendor of the sun-rays, unite in making that daily miracle peculiarly beautiful.

"We are running within two miles of the beach, where I see showers of spray cast up by the surging sea, and behind, bold and stately, lifting their clear outline into the upper air, are the eternal hills. High above tremble many a silver star, while to the south, just swinging above the horizon, is the Southern Cross—that most mystic and beautiful of all the stellar forms. Through my memory run now the half forgotten words of Bailey's apostrophe to the Cross, in 'Festus,' and I am impressed to a lively degree with the religious mystery a sight of it suggests.

"As we rounded Cape St. Lucas, this evening, the pleasant breeze which has pushed us along ever since we lost sight of the 'Heads,' left us, and we experience a stiff, flawy wind, which comes from the Gulf of California, and as we rise and fall upon the long swell of the Gulf, the steamer's timbers creak and groan as with a human cry of anguish. These narrow planks are all that separate us from the Eternity which seems so far away, yet which nevertheless lies so near, that a single inspiration alone divides us.

"JUNE 27th.

"Last night and to-day have been very disagreeable—a clouded sky with a dash of rain, a heavy sea, and a stiff breeze. I have done nothing all day but read a novel—sitting at Lide's side, who has been touched with sea-sickness. At this moment it is twilight, and the dying splendors of a brilliant sunset paint all the western sky.

"Notwithstanding the untoward wind and the heavy sea, our good ship strenuously pursues her way. Generally speaking, she is not a favorite. Her day is gone; larger tonnage, greater verge, and increased conveniences, have almost pushed her aside. But in the matter of strength, comfort, and good ventilation, she is the best vessel of the Line.

“SUNDAY, June 28th.

“This morning when I got up and looked out, I saw the long point of Cape Corrientes stretching out toward us, and, under the haze, were the blue hills of the Coast Range. This part of the coast of Mexico is more picturesque, perhaps, than any other portion of the sea shore lying along our route. It is broken by bays, and the middle ground, lying between the sea-strand and the mountains, is thick with trees and bits of green meadow. Enhancing the view are seen masses of boulders lying along the beach, over which the surf dashes, and just outside the breakers are bits of rocks that the ocean in the gone cycles has conquered from the land.

“We have had no sun to-day. Shoreward the clouds lie piled over the foot-hills, and gather upon the ridges above; and seaward, too, the sky is all gray and leaden, except in places where the sunlight is trying to beat through. Occasionally I can see glimpses of blue sky, through aisles of silver edged clouds.

“A ‘stowaway’—as those persons are called who hide when the ship sails, for the purpose of avoiding payment of the fare—died to-day. She was a drunken mother, who had abandoned her children, and who has had for several days past *delirium tremens*. As we are nearing Manzanillo, her body will be buried on shore. As I never saw her, knew nothing of her except hearing her mad shrieks, and having no sympathy with an intemperate person, especially an intemperate woman, I can feel no regret that she has left forever a husband and children she disgraced.

“The land lies nearer to us. The furthest mountains are half hid by the clouds, and the *lomas*, which stretch down to the sea, are crowned with diadems of groves. Green trees fringe the land-line of the beach, and immense rollers dash against the shore, throwing up clouds of spray.

Just abreast of us now, high up beyond the reach of the breakers, I see the wheel of the steamer 'Golden Gate,' lost here some eight years ago. Like the 'Independence,' she was wrecked, and consumed by fire, two hundred and seventy lives being lost. Such 'accidents' run into the history of our California civilization, and they are inherent to what we call our American enterprise. God knows how many lives have been sacrificed upon the altar of go-ahead-iveness. There is in our character a lack of strength and steady purpose, a lack of prudence and regard for human life, that naturally depreciate us with sensible people everywhere. The fact is, we need more strength in our governmental system—a something to repress the tyranny and license of our people, especially corporations. Universal suffrage, and Ireland, too, are the sources of many of our evils. To vote may be the natural right of all, as the new school proclaims; but, like many of our natural rights, it should be surrendered, under conditions, for the common good, and its enjoyment should be based upon an allodial possession, as already stated.

"We reached Manzanillo after sunset, where we remained a couple of hours. It was too dark to see that prince of mountains—snow-clad Colima. Indeed, there was nothing to be seen but the lights on the beach, and the market canoes which surrounded the steamer. At 10 P.M. we got off, and as I go to bed, we are again at sea.

"JUNE 29th.

"To-day opened favorably. A blue sky looks down upon us with its tender smiles, a few golden clouds lie in bars on the seaward sky, while upon the land they are piled up in every imaginable device of grotesque beauty. The Coast Range, as seen abreast of us to-day, was grandly beautiful. It was of the bluest tint, except away down on

the foot-hills, where the variegated colors of the *flora* impart to them a rare beauty, and here and there a vapory column, as of descending rain, is seen, looking like an immense curtain of lace. In some places the mist shuts out portions of the Coast Range, while everywhere else it stands clear—disclosing cone after cone, then smooth outlines, then wavy, and again heaved up in mountainous bulk, reaching up to the cloud-domain. Down near the sea shore are seen islands, over which flow freshets of green shrubs, while here and there a wooded spur outruns its fellows and leaps into the sea. I can not conceive of a landscape more delicate and yet bolder than this, uniting the two qualities of softness and grandeur—a rare union, except in these tropical climes.

“If I were wealthy, and the dear life at my side were strong and hardy, I would spend all my days in quest of the beauty which lies in Nature and Art—especially in the former. It would not be an existence that would generate utility, or that would have influences beyond myself; but at least it would make me happy, which I believe we all, in one way or another, are striving to be. I am not aware, either, that such a life would be useless, by any means. I must confess I hate the cant which constantly and vehemently calls for recruits for the public good, and which forgets that there are no such generous and pure humanitarians as happy men.

“I lift my eyes from this page to the perdurable hills yonder, towards the fleecy mists; to imagined streams wandering with winsome voice down the hill sides among the groves at their feet. I see quiet shades. I hear the flutter of golden-hued wings; hear birds whispering, and calling to their mates among the leafy aisles, and I wish myself there with her whose hand now touches mine, and away from the clamor and the throngs of the impatient busy world.

"I raise my eyes again and see a most delicious bit of purple curve where the shore runs off from the hills, as it were; as if it longed to bring its growth of wide-branched trees down to the surf, which flings clouds of spray through the sunny air. Abreast of us, lying some few furlongs from the shore, is a group of rocks white as with snow drifts, which at this distance looks like a fleet of ships under full sail. How or when they were left there, whether upheaved, or caught by the advance of the sea, Heaven only knows, I do not. Near them is another group of little rocky islands, etiolated by the winds and sun, and the incessant dash of the sea. As I see them now they bear a wonderful resemblance to the ruins of some stupendous fortress of a distant age and unknown race. In one of them is niched out a perfect similitude to the gateway of an old castle. It is arched above, complete in its proportions, and so deep that I can almost fancy I can see through to an open court beyond. Near by, lying more shoreward, is quite a large island, dusky at its apex, but scoured white near the base, where that ever restless and petulant washerwoman, the sea, has been at work. Surely such a series of bold landscapes should make this trip a delightful one to tourists. But one longs to leave the sea, and penetrate to yon wooded mountains, and find the never-to-be-forgotten beauties of a primal forest, and rich liftings up of the spirit, as one stands there in 'God's first temples.'

"After dinner, when we got on deck, we found the ship sailing within a horizon no bigger than a punch-bowl—narrowed down by a fierce rain-storm. At moments the lightning shot through the mists, and then the thunder came sharply—awfully from out the heavy masses of fog which enveloped us. And all the while the steamer drove through the sheets of rain unchecked by the elemental war.

"To-night we expect to reach Acapulco.

"When we left San Francisco, Mr. Latham sent Lide an exquisite *corbeille de fleurs*, and they have hung from the cabin roof ever since. Morning and evening I sprinkle them with water, trying in all sedulous ways to preserve them fresh, to keep the color that nature's rare hand has spread over petal and stem. They afford her a pleasure even beyond that imparted by their delicate beauty—the sad pleasure of association and thought—a link that connects us with the dear home, dearer as we get further from it. Over me now crowd a thousand thoughts, such thoughts as press out of one's heart its joyousness and hope. At this hour I sit in the little cabin at her side, holding her hand, talking, scribbling, but oftenest gazing at the sweet wife face, over which sickness has thrown a most pathetic expression of spiritual aspiration and sadness, refined by a purity almost unearthly. Her disease shows no ravages yet. All change that comes is that of Heaven, developing her soul, the part of us that sickness only heightens. And then how sweetly, how patiently and uncomplainingly she endures all, forgetting herself, commiserating only me—for how frequently does she say, 'Rob, darling, how much I pity and love you, thinking of your sad life should I go first.' We should envy those we call the dead, it is the survivors who deserve compassion. Alas! alas! she has begun to educate and prepare me for the survivorship that God seems to have ordained.

After she gets her breakfast, I place her chair in that part of the ship where the breeze is strongest, and there she sits until dark. I am at her side, or within call, all the time. We are separated only when I go to my meals—she takes hers on deck. These jottings are made while we sit together, or near each other.

“JUNE 30th.

“I got up at 3 A.M., and looking out the window, I saw we had arrived at Acapulco. I retired to my bed again, and rose at 6 o'clock, dressed, and went on deck. I found launches alongside, and a gang of half-nude natives engaged in filling us up with coal. At the gangways was a flotilla of canoes laden with fruits of the country, handiworks of shells, and mimic trees of coral, their tips sacrilegiously colored, as if nature had left her work incomplete. The skies were leaden, and soon about the hill-tops gathered murky clouds, and then they shot their spears of rain about us, soaking oarsmen, coal-heavers, and fruit-vendors to the skin. We did not anchor off the town, but in front of the coal-sheds; and yet some of the passengers, having no fear of the army of clouds gathering on the neighboring mountains, albeit half an eye could see they carried lakes in their broad paunches, went on shore. I had seen Acapulco many times before, and I had not curiosity enough to make it another visit at the expense of a wet jacket; and so I remained on board. From my standpoint there were visible no portions of the town. The whitened walls of the fortress were within my visual reach, but, in the embrasure and upon the barbette, no guns were seen, no fluttering standard, and no sentinel marched upon the ramparts. Near by, hemming in the coal-sheds, were seen groves of cocoa, waving their pinnated branches with a grace I stood long admiring; and grouped beneath, near the centre of the groves, I saw the gleam of monumental stones. I observed nothing more but the low thicket growth on the hill-sides, the sombre clouds, and slanting rain. I wandered about the decks, impatient of delay, for the close cabins, the noise and confusion, and the sloppy decks, made it very uncomfortable for Lide. About noon we went to sea right in the teeth of a half gale, and

despite the long rollers with their angry crests pouring in from the broad main. And ever since have we been plunging on, buffeted by opposing waves, and through heavy sheets of pelting rain. The deep night is upon us; the thin scud flies over us; the massive waves rise up and thunder along our oaken sides; the wind moans fitfully through the rigging, and the pale moon thrusts her face from between the driving clouds, her flitting light making the scene more spectral and weird.

“JULY 1, 1868.

“I see the purple mountains lying under the clouds on our left, and I know that Tehuantepec is reached. The day is fair, a pleasant breeze stirs, and I sit at Lide's side, watching the receding land. The steamer pitches and tumbles among the rapidly increasing billows, and over all the white clouds come and go, contracting and expanding their plumed edges, the very peacocks of the firmament. I turn from sea and clouds to the adventures of ‘Ralph Brakespere,’ and I continued on until the gallant Free Companion's life goes out under a felon blow. I like the book—not its mannerism of style, not its half pedantic medieval lore, but its dexterous painting of a life and period exceedingly fascinating to me. I have sat forward all the day, the precious wife within squeeze-hand distance; refreshed by the pleasant breeze, idling over a book, but oftener watching the strange characters nature and experience write upon the human face. Sometimes I *think*, even here where occupation is labor and annoyance—I more frequently muse. I dream, too, and aspire, as I have ever done, am ever doing, and I shall go on dreaming and hoping to the last. What boots it? In a few years more my very name will be forgotten, and others will succeed me, with hearts restless, and yearning, and unsatisfied, even as mine is now.

"It is sunset—the western sky is packed with clouds; golden rifts lie along and through the masses, and here and there crimson eyes look out from the openings, while all the topmost clouds turn gloomy, surly backs upon their more happy brethren lying below, within the fiery splendor of the sun. I can not enough admire these tropical sunsets. I never tire of them, from the moment the sun dips until the last luminous ray and golden arabesque are gone. Then, when all is gray, I half awake to my too often weary self—I came near to say, awake in tears. Surely my life has sombre lines lying along its future. Beyond that future, What? Ah, darling, darling! there perhaps you will lie upon my bosom, and no death can come between us—no searching for each other in tears.

"JULY 2d.

"To-day dawned vaporishly and reluctantly through the misty rain. I got up and peered out as early as 5 o'clock, and saw nothing but the beating rain, the feathery waves, and at intervals the vivid lightning, and then heard the heavy break and roll of the thunder. So it has been ever since, and we wallow among the long waves of Tehuantepec. During such weather ships are very uncomfortable. The passengers huddle in the cabin, the skylights are closed, and the air is heavy with disagreeable odors. Then, too, the children troop and scream along the tables, and Babel comes again. This trip Lide and I are not affected by such annoyances. My cabin has a door opening out on the side deck, and a half hood protects me from the rain. Seated at that opening, we are rid of all the clatter and confusion of the saloon, and can feel the fresh sea air, and can see the waves without exposure. This escape from the children and the seclusion we enjoy, are advantages I

sought for Lide, and she sits near me and is supported by me, and together we look out upon the sea.

"The heavens are full of heavy masses of clouds which let down rain in broad bars. In the crown of the sky the blue reigns supreme, made softer by the shafts of light shot by the outlying sun. The sea is very dark, except where the keel of the ship has been, and there turquoise tosses among the snowy crests and lace-like edgings of the broken waves.

"The journey is nearing its end, at least on the Pacific side. We hope to reach Panama on Sunday night, and then, after a whirl over the Isthmus by rail, we will come to the Atlantic, whose waves beat the shore near which I was born.

"JULY 4th.

"To-day passes quietly. At meridian the ensign was hoisted and cheered. One is happy to be far from the din and smoke of 'Independence Day' upon land. The skies are heavy with clouds, and every few moments we are driven under shelter by gusts of rain. Last night, after sunset and a short twilight the moon came up, and coaxed every one on deck. Even Lide, putting on a shawl, half hid from the night air behind me and peeped out at the exquisite scene. It was clear everywhere, and the sea was hushed, except that, Endymion-like, it panted under the soft touch of Selene, who, from the upper air looked down with a tremulous, golden smile. But an envious cloud lying on the southern horizon saw all this dalliance, and, astride of a breeze, rapidly came up and dashed all the sea and sky with darkness and rain.

"SUNDAY, July 5th.

"All the morning I have been packing luggage, and when

I had finished that the ship was midway, as it were, between the Ladrone Islands and Mentuosa. The day is magnificent—a pleasant breeze stirs, the sea heaves in graceful swell, and inspiration is a luxury. Although Lide suffers from the heat and finds the voyage tedious, yet she feels a better pulse under the soft sky, and in this tender air. We have had no such day as this since we embarked.

“This morning we passed a whaler, and within a hundred yards of us his boats captured a huge ‘blackfish.’ As we passed, the monster was ‘blowing,’ and at moments threw himself half out of the water, vainly endeavoring to escape, the waves near him being dyed with his blood.

“This part of the coast is very picturesque and beautiful. Its peculiar feature and charm are the islands which lie seaward, and within a maximum of forty miles from the shore. We are now passing three, separated only a mile or two from each other.

“Since I came on board, it has been a subject of frequent conversation between General Warren, Mitchell, and myself, as to the feasibility of forming a small colony and settling in Salvador on coffee and sugar cane plantations. That country has an exquisite climate, a soil peculiarly adapted to the growth of that berry, and the General says that the Government of that State would gladly endow us with every privilege in its power. I must confess, that if the dear one who controls my life would consent, I would cheerfully unite with such an association. Independent of the promised pecuniary profit, the country and climate have peculiar charms for me. Lide’s health will always govern me in the choice of a home, for I have put aside all employments and dedicated myself to its restoration, and, if necessary, I will go to “the uttermost parts of the earth” to find a single day of sunshine for her. It is, then, on her account I view this scheme with favor.

"The island of Mentuosa is within a mile of us, and from its crown down to the water edge, it is one mass of dense foliage. I see cocoa, mango, and cactus, and I see no others I know by name. The whole island looks like an immense tree, with its branches trailing in the white surf that breaks about the base. In these tropical climes nothing can equal the splendor and luxuriance of the vegetation. The trees are almost hid by parasites, and numberless plants struggle for every inch of ground in which to grow, and spread abroad and flaunt their bannered leaves and blossoms. I have always, since I spent a year or more in Rio de Janeiro, had a longing to live in the tropics. I can endure any degree of heat, and yet in the languor of that clime there is the loss of all physical and intellectual energy—it is a life of indolent sensuousness which may produce a Cleopatra, but never an Antony or a Cæsar.

"JULY 9th.

"When I rose on Monday morning last and went on deck, I saw dimly through the misty rain that we were in the Bay of Panama. At 1:30 P.M. we reached our anchorage, in sight of the saintly effigies on the *facade* of the Cathedral, and the mouldering belfry of the Jesuit Convent. All of our luggage was sent on shore, and we were all ready to follow it, expecting to reach the Aspinwall steamer by sunset, when a dispatch came that the Atlantic steamer would not be ready to receive us until the next day. There was a general growl on the receipt of this intelligence, and nobody was more expressive and objurgatory than myself. While I was in this condition of excitation—only on Lide's account though—the Captain of a war-ship of our navy, whom I had known some years before, came alongside, and offered to take me on shore

and bring me back again. I had intended to remain at Panama all night, taking Lide with me for the purpose of giving her a good night's rest, and also to avoid the early start necessary should we stay on board. But when I was reminded of the danger from fever I abandoned the project. I accepted the invitation, though, for a row on shore, and I went in company with Warren, Mitchell, and Breed.

"We landed at the same spot where Lide and I disembarked eight years before, on our return to San Francisco. There were the same crumbling ruins; the same cocoa trees with their feathery branches; the same clumps of moss and lichen covering up the rents in the sea-wall; the same hanging balconies from which stared at us half nude natives, and the same swarthy, impudent boatmen. We went through the narrow streets—so narrow that from the balconies on either side tips of outstretched fingers could touch, and reached the Grand Hotel on the Plaza. This building is a recent creation, all spick and span new, and from behind a marble bar a handsome *paisano*, dressed in an enviable suit of white, and owning a pair of dark languid eyes and long soft lashes, dispensed 'cocktails.' But, alas! there was no ice on the Isthmus, the usual monthly cargo not having arrived. As I like my claret blood warm, the loss of a cool drink did not put me to any inconvenience or cause me any disappointment—although I sympathized with my companions.

"We then sallied out for a *paseo*. The square was full of loungers and lazy harlequin-looking soldiers. There had been, the day before, a revolution—a simple enough affair in that country—gifts of cigars and *reales* to the rank and file; promises of perquisites to the officers; a *pronunciamiento*; a hurrah; the occupation of Bogota; the kicking out of the old incumbents and the induction of the new.

Voilà tout. Blood is rarely shed; almost invariably it is clatter, threats, shooting from one church tower at the enemy in another a half mile away. *Pesos* and blank cartridges accomplish the whole affair. The Panama Railroad Company pays a very large annuity to the Granadian Government for its franchise, and that is a prize worth contending for in the arena called *pronunciamientos*. In a country where an artisan or common laborer can house, feed, and equip himself for thirty dollars per annum, the subsidy paid by the company will subsist half the population—the trade and passenger traffic provide for the other half. There are blessings oftentimes flowing from wrong, and so, if England and the United States would occupy this country, found a strong government and protect it, not only would they increase the commercial business of the world, but they would evangelize, exalt, and improve a race that really has some good in it. And yet this usurpation would not square with right; but where was right consulted when it obstructed the path of commerce—national greed and gain?

“While it was daylight we wandered down to the *esplanade* built some two centuries ago by the Spaniards; now, as then, the promenade of maiden, *duenna*, and lover. The sea-wall is broken in places, but take it all in all, it is wonderfully well preserved. The coping of both inner and outer walls is as true in its alignment as when Spanish trowels placed it there. In those days they laid the foundations deep and broad. The cement is as tough and strong as the stone, and where brick has been used, the rain and wind and saline air have scraped it out, leaving the cement firm and as defying as ever. Near by the walls of the Convent are seen, the tower crumbling and splintered; while the trees growing in the inner court thrust their branches and sparkling leaves through the windows; and

to lintel and eaves, and in the hollow spaces in the walls, moss and shrubs cling, contrasting strangely and sadly with the stains and hues and decay which denote the rapid march of time, and the transitory nature of all human things.

“Beyond and seaward the islands were seen through the coming gloaming, and lights from the vessels lying in the harbor danced over the water with the sparkle of coming stars. Landward, just behind the city, looking down upon the narrow streets and perishing cathedral and fortifications, is the hill of Ancon, from which Bilboa first saw that quiet and boundless sea well called the Pacific. And as the clouds in the west were changing from gold to crimson, and then to gray and ashen, and the pure mystic cross rose from out the wave, as it were, and beamed across the ruddy hue the sunset had left, tender loving thoughts went northward along the wave to our little home, and the dear bairns left behind. My heart aches as I think of the broad seas we are putting between us; and as I behold, too, the dear weak life I bear to other scenes trusting it will find strength and health there, I am at times ready to abandon myself to despair.

“At 8 P.M. we went on board, and found the ship surrounded by launches and coal-boats, and heard the quick throbs of the little engine hoisting the cargo out. I saw there was no sleep for us. For myself I cared nothing, but for my poor dear wife, whose eyes were weary, and whose body could scarce endure these drawbacks, it made me sick and almost desperate to feel I was powerless to shelter her from such, indeed all, evils.

“While it was yet night we were called to a slim and hurried breakfast, and then were packed like sheep on board the little steamer ‘Taboga,’ which waited for us alongside. We left the ship while the sun was just lifting his upper rim above the wave, and for the few minutes

we were going on shore, I watched the splendor of his coming; the golden bars of clouds, the crimson and apple green sky, and the luminous masses of mist lying along the range of hills to the northward.

"By the kind forethought and influence of General Warren a separate car had been provided for our party, and I was glad to take possession of it, for Lide's little strength had been overtasked, and she was exhausted. But then, as always, she accepted these discomforts with fortitude, and her sweet patience and composure won the sympathy and admiration of all who approached her.

"It was by no means an idle hour we were kept waiting. I at least had opportunity for thought and observation in gazing at the natives, and the throngs of passengers at the station. Here comes an orange-vendor, her *saya* white as a snow-bank; heavy masses of laced ruffles hang from her shoulders, and her head is turbaned with a broad *bandanna*. On all sides press bare-legged boys bearing baskets of eggs and fruit; with eyes dark and flashing, and smooth olive skins and glistening teeth of pearl. Through the noisy, chattering throng, with the impetus of a battering-ram comes the burly Britisher, fresh from Australia; his hat bandaged in white to protect a face already parboiled and blistered by the burning sun; bearing cages of screaming macaws and tufted cockatoos; and, astride his shoulder, a chattering monkey. In strange contrast to all these you see the long, thin face, and lank, stooping figure of your traditional Yankee; his crude, independent antagonism to all foreign ways; his bold pushing forward to see all things, and open contempt of the people who hedge him in with words and wares he has no knowledge of; and his by no means idle threat to 'clean out the whole pack if they don't let him be.' He may be rough and bluster, but he is brave. He may 'd—n the

'greaser's eyes,' but he gives him a shilling. He may rudely elbow you, and yet he will offer you a 'smile' from the bottle peeping from his side pocket, and no knight errant of the troubadour's lay ever surpassed him in his chivalry and gallantry to woman. The world to-day is deep in a new crusade—a crusade against error, exclusiveness, privilege, tradition, and caste, by which man seeks to enjoy the rights he owns by investiture from the King of Kings, and he who bears the banner in the van, is that same inquisitive, drawling Yankee.

"We got off about 7 P.M.—the weather beautiful, a soft wind stirring, and no rain-signs to be seen among the swan-like clouds lying along the horizon. The general topographical and botanic characteristics of the ride across the Isthmus are well known; the difficulties, too, under which the railroad was constructed, and the energy of those who were engaged in it. The statistics—the absolute figures of cost—can not guide one in appreciating the labor involved. Besides, the mortality to the workmen from the miasma had all the fatality and terrors of an epidemic. The ride is a beautiful one, and perhaps unequaled on the continent. The *flora* of the tropics is so gorgeous, so splendid in growth and rich in color that one never tires of it. The soil, enriched by the decomposition of vegetable matter for ages, and the fervid heat rapidly develop the life of tree and plant into forms, outlines, splendor of color, and enormity of growth, inconceivable to those whose feet have never passed beyond the temperate zone. And yet if the tropics produce to such an extent these vegetable wonders, they seem to have been less generous and beneficent to animal life—especially human life. Within the equatorial influences men do not attain that physical and intellectual excellence of organization with which they are so liberally endowed in the temperate zone. Extremes of

heat and cold seem to have precisely the same stunting effects. On the Isthmus the men are slight of figure, feminine, and narrow in breadth, and they have not any of that force and vigor which distinguish your Britisher all over the world. Education, and a higher moral principle in government and society seem impossible to the races lying in the torrid belt; and yet they would have a very large influence in improving that people if they could be introduced.

"I sat at the car window, and at Lide's side of course, the whole journey across, never tired of seeing the white blossoms of the wild jasmine, the plumiliform coronals of the palms, the parasites swinging from the upper branches of the large trees, and the curious network of vines twisting from tree to shrub, and so compact as to completely shut out a view of all objects beyond.

"We reached Aspinwall at 10 A.M., where we were left to amuse ourselves until 4 P.M., when the passengers were admitted on board the steamer. I had a friend at court, and so I and my poor sick darling were permitted to pass the gate as early as 1 o'clock. And yet with that grace Lide had a most harassing day—for the heat was intolerable to her, and her cabin was simply stifling. I could get no ice; I could find no cool place for her; and so, during that whole day, she had to sit upon the upper deck, with no resource against the distressing heat and noise.

"Aspinwall is a busy and energetic place. Through it rolls the stream of traffic from all the western coast of the hemisphere, and indeed from China and Australia. It is situated on the edge of a wet jungle, as it were, and to those whose constitutions are sensitive to malarious influences the neighborhood is dangerous, without one fortifies himself with quinine, and even then, where timidity is a quality of the person, I will bet on fever against *cinchona*.

"We left at half past six, and when dark fell upon us we were undulating upon the long swell of the Caribbean Sea. The sky was dark and gloomy, heavy clouds 'brooded in sullen mind' on the east horizon, and here and there stars struggled through the gathering mists, with their silver smiles.

"FRIDAY, July 10th.

"For two days it has blown quite steadily and strongly, and a heavy swell has made the steamer disagreeably vibratory. Lide, whose day at Aspinwall was one of intense pain and weariness, is now up again, and yet weak and pining. I would the journey were over—for to her the best of ships and the most attentive of captains can afford but little amelioration from the hardships of sea travel.

"After breakfast, when I went on deck, I saw the outline of *Nevassa* through the sea mist, and beyond I descried several sail. We are getting near the great highway of commerce, and so every day we can expect to see white sails dotting the 'solemn main.' To-day has been very pleasant—a kind breeze stirs, the skies are clear, and the sea seems bluer than I remember ever to have seen it before.

"On the edge of the vapory horizon, to the westward and northward, I see the shadow either of Cuba or St. Domingo, and on every side I

'Behold the threaten sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind.'

"Lide is out on deck, drawn by the genial sun and soft temperature. I sit near her, watching bits of *algæ* and kelp hurrying past, and occasionally a nautilus, with its tiny purple sail, goes floating by—riding over the waves as serenely as if borne by wings.

"While I write these lines we are passing Point Masa,

I think it is called—being the easternmost portion of Cuba. Hayti lies hid—the horizon is not clear—and so that place of negro horrors is happily concealed from sight. Perhaps if, during the recent physical disturbances in this region, it had been submerged by earthquake and hurricane, civilization would have lost nothing.

“We approach the perils of the Windward Passage, and around us lie dangerous reefs and coral spurs. This part of the sea reminds me of the recent historical discovery (to me) that Columbus did not land upon San Salvador as we have been always taught, but on Watling’s Island—the easternmost of the group lying near the Bahamas.

“JULY 11th.

“Lide’s *repertoire* of books is provokingly meagre, and so I have no pastime in reading. I have already noted ‘Brakespere’—which I read with pleasure during the Pacific portion of the trip, and I went through ‘Mabel’s Progress,’ which is written in good English, and with enough passionate scenes and surprises to blind me at moments. Since I laid aside these books, I have employed the leisure Lide gives me, in watching whatever changes the face of ocean presents; a sail, when one is in sight; the waifs torn by storm and wave from shore and rock; but even dearer than all has been the sky with its grotesque cloud-forms, and at night the brilliant constellations which are ever to me ‘a beauty and a mystery.’ And then again I shut my eyes and look in upon myself, and go back along the dusty path of my life with a weary, sad heart. But unhappiest of all is the future, which I scan with eager, anxious eye, asking it to tell me what fate it bears for me within its silent, mysterious bosom. And from it the transition to the feeble life that leans upon my strength is easy, and yet how full of pain! I see her pale face in

everything, and my heart hears mournful whisperings. It seems so strange that we, who ask nothing from the world but a quiet corner, and are content to leave the chase of its follies to all others, can not rest undisturbed in the nook that sheltered us. In this world, such are its changes and vicissitudes, that one, to borrow Byron's figure, is a pendulum vibrating between hopes and tears.

"At 8 A.M. we passed one of the group of islands in 'Crooked Island Passage,' and we are happily hastening on to our journey's end. We expect to reach New York on Wednesday morning next, D. V., and there and then will be found immobile beds and bedrooms; firm land beneath my step; the not unpleasant din of a great city; ice cream and other refectations for my darling; green lawns at Central Park, sweet-scented shrubs, music, and flowers. On her account I wish the trip at an end. She has a fastidious and delicate taste always, and the viands here, kept on ice during the past ten days, are anything but succulent and agreeable. She has had nothing since she came on board she could relish, and, notwithstanding I have *douceurs* ready for the steward, I can succeed in getting nothing she can fancy. There shall be compensation when we reach New York.

"There is a remarkable difference between the people of the Eastern States and Californians—a dissimilitude that is apparent to all. It is a distinction founded upon temperature, civilization, and currency. With Eastern folk are the qualities that spring from sharp and acute competition at trade, and the rivalry that sometimes is not accustomed to weigh and be governed by high principles of honor, and fair, open dealing. What they call 'smart,' is really nothing but dishonesty in masquerade. There is not among commercial Americans as high a standard of punctilious honor as can be found in England for example—an open,

honorable comity and principle that are proof above all temptations, and that nothing can shake or destroy.

"Californians are accustomed to liberal expenditures; they produce gold; it is acquired (has been) with less toil than elsewhere, and without demeaning tricks or undue advantages. Thrown together in a new and unsettled country they have confronted common dangers, have shared each other's food, slept under the same blankets, and have panned gold from the same streams. In one word, the peculiar circumstances of their civilization have knit them together as people never were before, and all over the country they are recognized as brave, generous, and honorable. On leaving the Pacific and touching the Atlantic, there are as striking differences of manhood as there are dissimilarities between the physical character of each. Lide and I used to note these changes and distinctions with something of regret." [When she reached Europe she saw that the diversity was greater still.]

"I laid this writing aside to take a look at Watling's Island which is now broad on our port beam, and about two miles distant. For the reason already stated, this land has an interest to me it never had before.

"I go back and see the launches of Columbus steering through this sea; the mutinous disaffection of his crew; the discovery of the broken twig and its cluster of land-berries floating upon the sea; the reed, and the staff with its quaint device and incision. I see, then, that all murmuring was hushed; that when the mariners sung at the coming of twilight the *salve regina*, felt the favoring breeze falling full upon the sail, heard the appeal of the Admiral and the promised 'doublet of velvet' and pension to him who first saw land, they felt they were under the protection of the Virgin, and that she would bring them to 'the promised land.' I see Columbus on the watch during that weary

night, with throbbing heart and anxious eyes peering through the solemn darkness. I stand with him when he saw the tremulous beam from a torch shooting athwart the darkness, and I see the glory his grateful heart threw over his face when the gun from the 'Pinta' announced the sight of land.

"The morrow comes, and with it a view of this line of beach, over which tossed these same waves; the high bluffs crested with wood and plants and swinging blossoms; censurs, bearing perfumes as prayer to Him who had borne the great discoverer safely over the haunted deep. There, too, perhaps, he landed, and there knelt and kissed the soil which was bedewed with his tears of joy. I see, too, the wondering natives, urged by their superstitious curiosity to emerge from their leafy coverts they had sought on the landing of the strange people they supposed had come down from heaven in a cloud. I see them kneel to the Spaniards and offer them homage as to gods.

"Lo, the scene shifts and I am pushed forward, and I open eyes of wonder to the changes near four centuries have made. On the wooded slope before me, which, beginning at the ridge of the inland hills runs down to the sea, I can discern houses here and there, and cattle browsing over the hillside lawns. In the offing, toward Palos, I view the ponderous hulk of a steamer, moved by a power, in calm and storm, that, as it were, bridges the seas. I see beyond, in the high civilization of the region to which I am bound, a country greater and richer, and more replete with 'gorgeous palaces,' than the land of Cipango, the old discoverer sought. I hear the hum of the telegraph along which winged words come and go, over mountains and through the coral caves of the sea, with the celerity of light. I see on the old wild wastes of the ocean the footsteps of commerce, and all the land bearing

up homes, and noisy with the rapid shoot of the shuttle and the sharp ring of the anvil. Over all, subduing all, and lifting our hearts above the hum and the clatter and the dust of life, I see the steeples bearing the Christian Cross.

"Watling is an English island, under the government of the Bahamas, and it is described as unusually fertile, producing the finest cattle and crops of all this archipelago.

"No more land this side of Barnegat. We plunge now towards the Floridian coast, and the rapid flow of the Gulf Stream.

"SUNDAY, July 12, 1868.

"This morning I came out of fairy dreamland to a misty sky, and the patter of rain was the *reveille* which summoned me to another day of idle, languid sea-life. I rose and entertained myself by watching the sheets of rain pelt-ing the sea, and the narrow circle in which we moved. While I looked the wheels stopped, and all was quiet save the dash of the waves against the side. An incident of this sort on board a steamship in mid-sea, is a fruitful source of alarm. One passenger said the ship was on fire, and it was questionable whether it could be put out. Another that the machinery was hopelessly crippled, and so on through the catalogue of possibilities—each story or suggestion measured by the fears of the utterer. The simple truth is the journals were heated, and we stopped to allow them to cool, and as I write these lines we move on again at the usual speed.

"I am seated near a group of passengers who listen to a strange-looking fellow who is preaching on the subject of the late war. He wears one of those turbaned hats first introduced here from India, and under its broad brim I see stubbles of gray hair, which his sleek brown wig makes more conspicuous. His moustache and pointed

goatee are dyed to a polished jet, and yet his face—the deep lines, the filmed eyes, and the ridges of skin about his chin—betokens a man who has passed beyond the grand climacteric. He is evidently a character, shrewd, observant, who has seen much, and pretty well sifted down his observations. At certain intervals during the day, do I see him with a small portfolio and inkstand, jotting down, as I suppose, the incidents of the voyage. I must confess I am inquisitive to know who he is, where from, and all about him.

“Lide and I attended service this morning. There were two clergymen officiating—one an educated Englishman, and the other was the roughest and most unclerical-looking person I ever saw. How he was ever admitted to Orders. I can not imagine. He preached the two previous Sabbaths, but I could not, although acutely susceptible to the beauty of the Episcopal ritual, especially when heard at sea, persuade myself to go to hear him. I have my own ideas as to the standard of morality and intelligence for those who seek the sacerdotal office, and I do not believe that one in a hundred is ‘inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon himself the office and ministration to serve God.’ As there is no man I honor more than a true Christian Priest, so is there none I despise so much as a false one.

“The singing had no particular claim to excellence, but, touching as it did memories of my early years, recalling the voices in the old church of the town where I was born, I must confess it subdued and saddened me.

“There was service again in the afternoon on the upper deck, and this time the Briton had it all to himself. I stood on the outer rim of the audience—caring alone for the singing. They sang ‘Old Hundred,’ and in the choir were several women I had, the whole passage, put down

as Jewesses. The clearest ring, and finest what the French call *timbre*, came through their red lips.

“JULY 13th.

“This is an exquisite day—soft and full of sunshine. There are but few clouds in the sky—playful, boyish-looking fellows, wandering here and there, and again hanging motionless as if they were watching their own beauty in the clear crystal depths of the sea. I especially admire that cloud yonder with its face exquisitely dappled with apple green bars, and its plumed edges tipped with crimson. It is the *belle* of the heavens, and she moves gracefully away towards the southern lands; to paraphrase Tennyson, folding all her sweetness up and slipping into the bosom of the blue sky.

“To-morrow will be our last day on board, provided all goes well; and then, ere we go hence and are seen no more, what an army of mulatto boys will press us for gratuities in reward for the disinterested and ready attentions we have had from them. Like a sinner converted in the face of some peril, they are constant in devotion, always at hand, for within a few hours we will separate.

“My old friend with the polished wig is a genuine philanthropist. He is raised high in my estimation; he stands upon a pedestal among the worthies whose statues fill the gallery of my memory. There are among the passengers two invalids, poor as a matter of course—for poverty and bodily infirmities somehow or other too frequently join hands. One is—well, I have said poor, that is enough; and the other, in addition to his poverty, has a hip disease from lying in the trenches before Richmond, and whose patriotism is rewarded as people too often reward it, by passing it with a shrug, as if to say, ‘Poor devil, why wasn’t he killed?’ We will be generous with

flowers to decorate the graves of the dead heroes, but we have no sixpences for the maimed living ones. God wots this *is* a strange world, and notwithstanding the Sermon on the Mount has been preached to us for a century or more, charity seems to grow from day to day testier and rarer.

"My old friend—he with the brown wig, and who josts us all down, Heaven knows for what uses—he, moved to pity by the sad sort of these two men, has been running about with his hat in his hand, and has raised fifty dollars for them. It was a pleasure to see the old almoner; to hear his honest persuasion, and to note his unwearied circuit of all the steamer, begging a pittance for the two cripples whom God had afflicted. I doubt not but that Heaven's chancery glows with the splendor of that act as the angel bears it there.

"TUESDAY, July 14th.

"The wind which comes to us this morning is burdened with the odor of land. We are nearing the end of our journey, and the signs around us, especially the open-deck coasters and the jaunty, yacht-like pilot-boats, indicate our approach to an important commercial centre. We hope to reach New York early to-morrow, and as I have many little offices to perform for Lide, I shall close my diary.

"Thank God we have reached this far without any happening, and that His hand has safely borne the dear life that is more precious to me than anything else in this world."

CHAPTER XIX.

"I can not say that I have studied with the eye of a philosopher, but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another; caught, sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape."

I discontinued my pencilings until I sailed for Liverpool, and then I was wont, each day, to jot down any matter that impressed me. Those memoranda ceased on my arrival in England. For the purposes already stated, I shall introduce here those sketches, without changing them in any respect :

"AT SEA, August 20, 1868.

"I will go on with my scribblings, which will first review the period that has elapsed since my arrival from San Francisco.

"We reached New York at 7 A.M., July 15th, and our good friend Ben Smith, who had just returned from Europe, met us on our arrival. He came in the nick of time, for I was annoyingly embarrassed with the many things I had to perform, and which could not be done by delegation. At that hour even the sun was unpleasantly hot, and I was anxious to get my wife to the hotel as soon as possible. Ben's advent left me free to battle with Customs' officers, porters, and express men. I sent Lide to the Brevoort House with him while I extricated my luggage from the heaps piled upon the wharf, and then I simply asked the

Inspector to call and see me at my hotel. He came the next day, and came not in vain. Every package of my lot escaped patefaction, and yet the Government was not wronged.

"We reached New York at a period long to be remembered by those who were there at that time, Its meteorological record declared it the hottest 'spell' known since the commencement of this century. The heat was even insufferable to me, and I am one of the *salamandridæ*. There was no relief either in thin clothes, the bath, or niveous drinks. I cared nothing for myself, but I exhausted my ingenuity in devices to keep the darling comfortable. I had her room changed to one looking out on Fifth Avenue—the first floor—two large, airy chambers, with bath, *en suite*. She suffered as she always did from the heat, but somehow or other I managed to put a cool *stratum* of air between her and the irradiate atmosphere from the streets.

"We remained there until the twenty-third of July, when we departed for Booth-hurst. *En route* to Philadelphia we passed through bits of country that abounded in hedgerows and cultivated fields; saw long sweeps of lawn, and trim cottages overlooking them; saw, in a word, evidences of taste and wealth. I thought then I would like to come back to the place where I was born, growing old with the natural changes of the seasons, and at last be hid away with those of my race who have preceded me in the quiet churchyard. And yet when I remember the rime, the icicles, the harsh, cutting winds and snow-drifts, I feel more reconciled to my adopted State.

"I found the old home as I left it—the 'same' old wood, but its paths were overgrown with tangled briar and eglantine, and scarce traceable. My parents were hanging out signs of old age, and there were new graves

in the churchyard; new faces came to look at me, and the friends of my youth were scattered far and wide with but few exceptions, and these last were not as they had been.

"I passed near a month at Booth-hurst—not all happy—for I lived in sight of the churchyard, and daily saw that soon my dear parents would lie down there, and that then the 'accustom'd hall' would lose its chief charm to me. Besides, the weather was damp and hot, and Lide retrograded—losing flesh again, and much of her old and habitual cheerfulness.

"Lala had now joined us, and as she had had double pneumonia—for some days whirled in the eddies, now borne near the land, and then down the stream, drifting rapidly toward that sea from which no voice comes back to tell whither the loved ones go—there was necessity for travel to her to build up her health and strength. I determined to resume my journey at once, and it gave flattering prospects of pleasure, for Mrs. Maxwell, Ella, and Ben Smith had consented to go to Europe with us.

"Lide, Lala, and I left Booth-hurst on the seventeenth instant—the anniversary of the death of my sister—and on the nineteenth we sailed from New York for Liverpool, on the steamer 'Manhattan,' on board of which I pen this imperfect review of the past month.

"May Heaven guard us and carry us safely, and raise up to health the dear wife. 'And so,' as Tiny Tim observed, 'God bless us all. Every one.'

"FRIDAY, August 21, 1868.

"The hempen lines, connecting us with our native land, were loosed at half past 4 P.M., and we pushed out into the stream. It was a very quiet farewell. Some few persons gathered on the wharf who had friends on board;

there were some tears, waving of kerchiefs, 'God bless you,' (this phrase is always pathetic and brimful of religious humanity to me) and so we passed away. Lide and I had several leave-takers, the one nearest to us being Estelle Carnochan; and yet I could not feel sad, for I was buoyed up with the hope of finding, in European lands, that entertainment, temperature, and novelty, that would perhaps win back to Buntin's cheek the old healthy plumpness and glow. These departures are so common in this era of rapid and facile locomotion, as to cause no excitement except to owners and passengers. To cross the Atlantic now is a very ordinary affair, and the transit is so comfortable and fashionable, that all Europe has an opportunity of seeing few good, but hordes of the most vulgar, people we have among us. The time was when they who ventured out on sea invoked the formal prayers and blessings of the Church. Is the omission now—that is, its infrequency—because ships are stronger, the application of science to machinery and navigation more general, and, as old Waller says, because now, more than ever,

'We tread on billows with a steady foot'?

"This is my first passage in a propeller, and looking to the fact of less vibration than in a side-wheeler, less jarring and din of machinery, I prefer this class of vessels. Besides greater speed, there is an enormous saving in fuel. Pity it is that the San Francisco and China steamers, in all other respects the finest vessels in the world, should not have adopted the screw principle, which the experience of all the world has pronounced the most superior.

"Since we got well out to sea, the weather has been cloudy and damp. At midday yesterday the temperature was 60 degrees Fah., and at same hour to-day, 76 degrees—a changeableness that keeps me feverish and fearful, as I

regard the pale face of Lide, whose very life hangs upon the constancy and measure of sunbeams.

"To-night—that is, at the time of sunset—I noticed the tenderest blue sky lying between bars of white cloud, at the edges apple green, especially where touched by the crimson fingers of the sun. Towards the zenith there were fretted clouds, and vague, dreamy openings leading into the mysterious Infinite. Under one ribbed piece of vaporous sky, which formed the snowy margin of a serene lake of blue, sailed a bark, her swollen sails looking like bits of cloud-land, and in the vagueness of the horizon she seemed as a phantom ship floating in mid-air—a mimic craft set afloat along the sparkling azure by the *Fairy Morgana*.

"I recollect just now that the genial author of 'The Sketch Book' professes a partiality to these abstractions coincident with my own. I will allow one of his phrases to drift in just here. He says: 'I delighted to muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; to watch the gentle, undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on these shores.'

"The 'watery plain' is, to many persons, annoyingly monotonous, whether it be tempestuous or placid; but to those who find pleasure and entertainment in a contemplation of the book of nature, there are no pages that suggest so many pleasing and humanizing reflections as those of the sea, and the sky above it. The ocean is such a type of power, grandeur, and majesty, and it is so representative of God, that I am surprised it does not impress all with a sense of awe, and a humiliating conviction of our own weakness and poverty. It is the stirring of this

indescribable sentiment of beauty and sublimity that makes reading impossible to me at sea, and which enchains and engrosses my attention as no other natural object can do, to the same degree.

“Independent of the varied changes wrought upon the face of the ocean by the wind, as a mirror to the sky, in which the heavens repeat themselves in strange multiplicity and refinement of image, it is an object of strange and vivid enchantment to me.

“AUGUST 22d.

“Last evening the wind ‘chopped round,’ as the bleary-eyed salt at the wheel says, and now it is dead ahead, and our sails are furled. This morning the weather has been quite warm, and all of us idle about the decks. Lide, with all the timidity of a child at its *première pas*, essayed a short turn on the upper deck; and then she called me to her side, and with her slender arm through mine that pressed me with such loving dependence, we had a sweet little promenade. Ella is in the hands of two clergymen—sociable enough fellows, but one insists on wearing greased boots, as if he had prepared himself for a fishing excursion. Ben regales Mrs. Maxwell with sketches of India, especially the mausoleum at Agra; and, like a Chinese play, the last description runs over several days and nights. It is his strong trump card, and he goes over all the architectural wonders of that monument with the impassioned tongue of an Oriental story-teller.

“Before midday heavy masses of clouds moved along the heavens, pregnant with rain, and although we had no showers falling within our sensible horizon, yet beyond it they fell in apparent profusion, diffusing humidity through our immediate temperature. Lide was driven below by the *contretemps*, but after tiffin the sun broke through the

environment of clouds and drove them beyond our little world.

"We have but few cabin passengers—a happy happening for us, but a sorry disfavor to the owners. The ship is very comfortable, having the rare luxury of cabins on deck, where the free fresh air is to be had without application to the quartermaster, and which Lide must have.

"The Captain had to-day on the cabin table a *Planchette*—the first I had ever seen. He has several curious women about him, and they zealously and noisily invoke some communications from the 'orb supernal.' I have read some strange accounts of the doings and sayings of Mademoiselle P., and from no less a paper than 'Once-a-Week,' and an English friend at San Francisco related to me his own singular experiences with her. Of course I have nothing to say of a matter I know nothing about—whether it is a delusion, or whether it really is phenomenal.

"Ever since luncheon the weather has been lovely. The wind is still ahead, and yet it is only a 'cap full.' This Atlantic voyage is a wearier one than that from San Francisco to Panama, where land, and high picturesque land too, is almost daily in sight. There is something very agreeable and suggestive in sailing, as it were, under the tremulous shadows of mountains, and within easy sight of a tropical vegetation. There is also a sense of security at the proximity of land, which offers an escape in the event of an accident. But on board an English steamer one generally feels in safe hands—he feels some confidence in the attainment of his objective point. For in 'Old England' popular clamor, passion, and *persuasion* are hushed, or break innocuously at the foot of the temple where Justice is enthroned. There, in the old time, the law has reached out and dragged anointed heads from the throne and sent them to the block, or relegated them beyond the

Channel. And to-day it holds corporations to a strict account, and has a summary way to reach all persons who neglect any and all precautions to protect property, and especially human life.

“AUGUST 23d.

“We touched to-day the banks, creeping through, since daylight, dense showers, which prescribed our view to the ship’s length. The skylights are shut, and the cabin is intolerably close and disagreeable. We are ‘cribbed and confined’ in orbits so narrow that we interfere with each other, few as we are. We see each other as under the lens of a microscope, and its magnifying force is too great.

“At 10 A.M. we had service according to the formulary of the Established Church—prayers for the Queen, who, by the measure of our judgment, does not require them; and prayers for the heir apparent, who, if we accept common report, demands the intercession of every chapel in the Christian world. It was a pleasant sight to see ‘Jack’ mustering in the cabin—

‘Square

In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,
Good teeth, with curling, rather dark brown hair’—

and tidy in his navy blue. The English make attention to church service, in both national and commercial marine, a matter of discipline, as it is, I believe, a requirement of law, and this duty is the cause of much of the solidity in English character.

“The Captain read the service, and yet he sees every day, pacing the deck or conning a prayer book, a genuine *clericus*, who adheres to black vestments, narrow tape-like collar, side whiskers; and who carries the set, solemn expression he should lay aside when he leaves the lectern. Let me dispose of him by adding that he has the face of

a bird, and, as the author of Guy Livingstone says, 'he seems to peck while speaking.'

"The Captain is large, deep-chested, and grows a dew-lap worthy of an adult Durham. He has a good *basso*, distinct in articulation, and he reads well, with perhaps too much of the range of declamation.

"I say I admire that English trait which introduces religion as a household matter, and which attaches it to home as well as to naves and to chancels. It is this association of God with their commonest life that imparts to Englishmen such honesty, integrity and loyalty to duty. They are never ashamed of these religious usages, and they rarely premit them for any allurements of pleasure.

"Ella, who has a fair *contralto* voice, and the bird-looking clergyman, improvise a choral service, and it added much to the touching effectiveness of the occasion. This noon, too, she, the two clergymen, and the Captain, seated themselves astern, and sung old church melodies, that took me back to the days when I was purer and better than I am now. These familiar tunes have, under certain conditions of place and feeling, a singularly humanizing effect—purifying us of much of the filth that, somehow or other, the world flings at us. Most of us have some happy memories associated with our youth and home; and by their guidance to go back to the sunny time of our boyhood, when we were, perhaps, without care—to the old hearthstone, to the playground, to the church and to the dear old faces—is of itself a depuration that gives us new vigor and hope.

"Lide has been on deck; it was at midday, when the sun flushed the air with some warmth, but she came down early and sat in the cabin. Under her recommendation I make Lala tramp the planks an hour every evening, and the child has a good stride, plenty of muscle, and keeps

pace with me. The exercise is wholesome for both of us.

"All day we have been in sight of fishing smacks; some at anchor—portions of the great fleet which fills the Banks of Newfoundland in quest of the cod. During the dense fogs which prevail here, it is no infrequent occurrence for the steamers to run fishermen down, with the loss of all on board. One of this squadron, a French brig, made signals to us, and the Captain kept away under the impression that the call was an important one; but when her boat came alongside, bearing a letter and the request we should mail it, one can easily imagine that the skipper for the nonce forgot he read prayers this morning.

"At 4 P.M. it blew up quite cold, and I donned my great coat, and sat on deck reading the 'Christmas Carol,' half the time blinded by tears. It is quite true Dickens is not a great artist; that his works are deficient in plot, and too crowded with *dramatis personæ*; but in pathos, in the expression of the tenderest sentiments, in broad humanity and high moral aims, he has no superior in any language. In the aggregate qualities of a writer, in intellectual force and manhood, Thackeray is the greater.

"I will say in this connection, that it is a grim sort of a joke that this evening the Captain, who is a Britisher, should have read to his American passengers scraps from Chuzzlewit, bearing hard upon their countrymen.

"AUGUST 24th.

"I have nothing new to-day except a severe headache, which I tried to walk off; but at sunset the rain came and drove me below decks. The cabin is boisterous. The Captain is here, and half his passengers are with him, playing 'forfeits,' 'muggins,' and 'consequences.' The first brought songs, and at this moment the whole party sings

the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and under Her Majesty's flag, too. All signs of international amity and good fellowship are delicious to me, and so I admire the Captain's *basso*, which swells above tenor, *soprano* and *contralto*, as if it were a real individual bearing the starred flag through the din and confusion of battle.

"Lide continues as usual. The dampness of the weather and the inhibition the cold temperature has placed on exercise, have somewhat affected her. These Atlantic airs are crisp and raw, especially in this latitude, and they place heavy hands upon an invalid so sensitive as she is. The question is not can she be restored to health, but how long can she be kept alive? There are cases reported where people have recovered, even when cavities have already been formed in the lungs; but if there are really any such, they are very rare. As life has been prolonged for many years even with tubercular deposits going on from day to day, why can I not hope a similar success and happiness in the case of my own darling?

"AUGUST 25th.

"At midday we had accomplished the half of our voyage. Our distance was computed by 'dead reckoning,' for no sun has appeared to-day; on the contrary, it rained during most of the forenoon; but after dinner it subsided into mist. At the sunset hour there was an overcasting of the heavens; but before the twilight had well made its appearance a crimson arrow shot through the clouds, and along its pathway I saw the blue sky. The rent increases, and 'gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.'

"I saw the Captain reading and laughing heartily over the satires contained in Boz's 'American Notes,' and even while he was so humorously entertained, he picked his teeth with his pocket-knife—a dozen persons being seated

near him, most of whom were ladies. On the occasion of Dickens' last visit to the United States, at the Press dinner given to him, he then and there recanted the errors of the book in question, and promised it should be suppressed in all future editions of his works, and yet there are Englishmen who still believe that the 'Notes' are true and unexaggerated photographs of life and manners in America. Criticism that is just will do us no harm; but when it is not so, then we can afford to laugh at it. We are sadly wanting in dignity and *aplomb*. We are a people who can stand upon our feet, and who need no aid from any extraneous source. The time has come when the world should forget our few peculiarities in its admiration of our strong and generous manhood.

"It is evening now and all the passengers are swarming at the cabin tables. The Captain has gathered his party together, and they laugh and rollick with rare good humor. Lide and I are seated together, and we love to see these enjoyments—to see this gladness on the human face rather than sadness. If each one of us loved his neighbor a little more, and regarded it his duty to endeavor to make all happy who come within his influence, then, as Lacon says, 'this world would be a paradise and hell a fiction.'

"My candle is nearly out, and I shall go and join the crowd that laughs with the Captain. May God cultivate within me a spirit of humanity and charity, and aid me in my poor efforts to help make the world happy and gladsome!

"AUGUST 26th.

"The sun says we made a good run since yesterday. There is a crisp and frosty breeze stirring, and I saw furs, great coats, gloves and mufflers on the promenade. I saw cheeks pinched and goose-fleshed, and when the 'log was

hove,' and Jack hauled in the dripping line, his hands shivered. There was no caressing it, as he sometimes does when the air is warm and the saline drops touch his hands with a pleasant freshness. It is the coldest day we have had, and the breeziest—clear and frosty as an Indian summer day; such a day as stains the leaf with red and russet, and fills the landscape with the exquisite but sombre changes of autumn. Ah me, ah me, I see about me the dead leaves! How full of tender, aye, sad reflections are they as they lie along the aisles of wood, or are whirled on high by the winter winds and cover over the graves of those we love! How emblematic, too, are they of my own sad heart, over which a coming grief casts its wintry gloom, and changes all the joyousness of blossoms to withered dead leaves!

"The sea is very blue to-day, except where the breeze breaks the wave-tops into clusters of snow drops or cotton pods. Looking abroad over the ocean and seeing the deep color of the water, and then looking aloft, I find the skies opaline, except where lie heaps of clouds. And there the wind frays the edges, and sends fluttering and wreathing over the adjoining blue a net-work of white or lengthened ribbons of gauze. Such a day as this stirs the blood, and sends it dancing through the arteries—it lifts one up and distributes health through all the system.

"We saw this morning to the southward several sail, and this afternoon, broad abeam, two large square-rigged vessels. But the most beautiful sight of all was the Cunard steamer 'Java,' bound to New York, which passed within a half mile of us. As she neared us, evidently pushed to her utmost, lifted on the long rollers, the spray dashing in broad masses from her sharp bow, her decks crowded with passengers, she presented as beautiful a sight as one generally beholds at sea. She is a handsome vessel, and

obviously of great speed. As I gazed at her, I could not but think what a proud intellectual triumph she presented; a creation that so simulates life; moving with such tremendous energy despite the forces of the elements; making of the sea as safe and accessible a highway as any upon the land. Every day I watch the ease and power of the machinery of this vessel, but viewing the 'Java' as I did, her entire length, and seeing her moved as it were by invisible means, I could not but regard the development of my race as directed by a Divine Mind, and as the appointed means of some vast and perfect scheme of the Infinite Power, which directs and overwatches man, as it does the wandering constellations.

AUGUST 27th.

I can not say any good of to-day—for the air is raw, the wind untoward as a virago's temper, obstinately perverse, and our chances of making a good run considerably lessened. I braved it through and walked a half hour before dinner—a recipe I frequently use when I am under the dominion of dyspepsia.

"Lide is, of course, below decks, and thus losing all exercise she suffers proportionally. She seems to carry with her unpropitious weather always. Every day, on rising, I go on deck for the purpose of observing the weather, and when I find it disagreeable so as to exclude her from the open air, it makes me sad, and sometimes morose. Too frequently I get into an irreligious temper, failing to understand the purpose of all these unhappy afflictions—disease, death, and the consequent mystery that lend strength to infidelity and positive sin. The Book which we were taught as inspired, and the sublime and yet inexplicable atonement—all these are attacked as mythical and of human origin, having no higher source than ourselves.

"Oh, I sincerely wish that she and I could go out together into the nothingness or somethingness, whichever lies outside this flimsy incertitude we call life! I sit at her side and watch the play and tender light of her bright eyes. I hear the sweet modulation and pensive tones which underlie all her speech. I see in her grace of face and form the most exquisite conceivable perfection, and I feel the inner sense and spirit of beauty which pervades all her whole being. There, there, I doubt no more—for these very traits and faculties—this very physical excellence must be, *are*, the 'outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual life.' I believe always—I only sometimes *fear* we cheat ourselves with a delusion we call immortality.

"AUGUST 28th.

"To-day has been as nasty as can be—foggy and damp, and our good ship is shut in as it were with walls of mist. All this afternoon the steam whistle has been giving warning to any vessels which might be in the vicinity. I stood on deck while the fog was most dense, and as I looked out on the narrow circle in which we moved, and saw heavy masses of vapor moving down upon us, I thought how weird and strange the sound of the whistle seemed. Besides, one could not separate from these strange feelings the indefinable dread lest, in this *white darkness*, we should encounter a ship. However, all these things are properly the business of the officers of the 'Manhattan,' and I will leave the conduct of the vessel to them; more especially as I have a fearless reliance on Him who holds the sea in the hollow of His hands.

"AUGUST 30th.

"The past two days have been intensely disagreeable, because of the fog, and clammy feel and appearance of

things. For myself, as I have said before, I care nothing; but when I see the sweet wife drooping and suffering and sad, it fills me with an angry despair.

“Last night, at half past eleven, I was on deck, and broad on our beam I saw a light flashing from what is called, ‘Fast Rock.’ Between us and it, looking all the world like a dusky cloud, passed a full-rigged ship, and ere it emerged from the shadow, I came below. I had a strange feeling of sad pleasure as I gazed at that evidence of the land I seek, and while I could see nothing of *terra firma*, not even the loom of the land, yet I felt that, hid by the darkness, was the extreme southwest point of Ireland.

“I went to bed, for the night was thick and hazy; but at 2 A.M. I got up and went on deck. We had just passed ‘Fastnet Light,’ which outlies Cape Clear, but I could see no land—the crabbed and curtained fog hid it all up just to spite me. I wandered about the deck until I could see the first dim glow of dawn, and then I fixed myself in the rigging, and with my glass I sought the mainland. It was a grey cold morning, and as I gazed seaward, I saw an army of mist moving down upon us. Still I clung to the shrouds, hoping to catch one, just one glimpse of land ere the mists should reach us. My vigils and hopes were rewarded, but at best it was an aggravation. Just as day fairly broke I saw the shadowy outline of land, then a piece of green hill—a Torso as it were, and below a narrow rim of white shore, against which the sea dashed and broke. I was the only passenger on deck, and I had the monopoly of the first view of Kinsale Head, named from a baron who, for some service done the King some centuries ago, killing a continental Curiatius, was rewarded with the dignity of wearing his hat in the presence of his sovereign.

“In five minutes the fog came, stretched its arms about us; thrust its curious fingers through the rigging; trailed its

white garments before us, and then clasped us so tight as to completely blindfold us. Shivering and disappointed I walked the deck until 6 A.M., when seeing in the face of the mist no signs of relenting, I went disappointed to my berth.

"At 8.20 A.M. the servant called me just as we rounded the lower lip of land below Queenstown. I paid no attention to my toilette, I merely ducked my head into the ewer, brandished a comb near my hair, and within three minutes was on deck. I encountered 'an eager and a nipping air,' and from the Atlantic came a cold and inhospitable wind.

"Before me, as we stood at the entrance of Cork Cove, was Queenstown—situated on the slope of a hill; the houses irregular in position, and looking all the world as if they had originally started on a race up the slope, and had stopped to rest themselves. On both sides of the narrow entrance, some distance above the plane of the sea, were fortifications, and on the verge of the bluffs were Martel towers, reminding me of the day of French invasions and domestic and foreign smugglers. The *plateau* was cultivated to the very edge of the crests overlooking the sea and bay, cut and divided into little squares, separated by lines of hedges, looking like a huge chess-board, and the towers and whitewashed houses seemed the pawns and knights, and yonder churches the bishops. Except to the left of the harbor, and within a gorge to the right, running up from the channel shore, the whole country was cheerless and treeless. The scene was somewhat softened by the wheat ricks scattered here and there where the harvest had just been gathered. But then the side of the hills just above the beat of the waves was brown and dingy—hacked and cut by the assaults of the sea for these thousands of years, and all beyond were gloomy clouds hiding the outlying country and the Wicklow range of mountains.

The general expression of the scene was a disappointment. It had the newness of a land just being won from the fallow of a millard of years, and yet it commenced to build and till, long before the spur of the knight or the smile of the Queen of Beauty were heard and seen.

"In the wooded gorge referred to was a mass of buildings, not unlike a sea coast hotel at home, which, they told me, was the seat of Lord Fermoy. There was no lawn running down to the sea; no troops of deer browsing in the fields; no marine lakes and long-necked swan; no life and no 'ancestral trees.' However, he is only an Irish Lord.

"A tug came alongside and took a few of the passengers, and then we stood away—leaving coast and hill behind, and the purple Wicklow Mountains, of which I caught just a glimpse as we passed the Island Lights of Ballycotton. At dinner-time we passed Tuskar Island, while shoreward could be seen the low coast and land of Waterford, dotted here and there with houses; but beyond, the twilight was coming, and its dusky garment covered up all the land and hid it from me.

"I hurried through dinner and went on deck. Tuskar was some five miles astern; midway in the channel hung a curtain of heavy mists, and on the left a dark line marked the receding Irish coast. To the north, lying salient from a light ground of sky and cloud was a distinct outline, purple in hue and dense as if it were the sharp ridge of mountains. I thought at first it was the clear edge of the Wicklow range, but measuring it with a clearer ken and pondering the topography in my mind, I concluded that it was all cloud-land. Overhead I was glad to see openings through which shone the blue sky, and luminous clouds ranged themselves around as if fair weather was behind. The wind holds on from the southward, and I fear that

to-morrow I will not see the Welsh coast. Thus I am, as it were, without first impressions, which constitute so delightful a charm after a sea voyage, and which are the key note in the after years bringing up the half forgotten music of travel, and imparting harmony to the whole.

"At sunset, with a sweet charity I appreciate, the clouds lifted landward and great bars of ruddy light laid bare the undulating outline of the Wicklow Mountains. Seen under the vaulted arch of the clouds, they were lovely—lovelier from the crimson ground against which they rested. The piece of golden-hued sky, too, overhead, interspersed as it was with purple and white clouds—some of which lay with all the airy lightness of a dream in the notches and laps of the hills, refining the whole picture—all these made up as pretty a *morceau* of landscape as I have seen for many a day—the more soft and welcome because the sky in every other quarter was sullen and dreary.

"I went to bed dreaming of Welsh landscapes and the Mersey's verdant banks.

"AUGUST 31st.

"I could not sleep, and so I got up at half-past three this morning and went on deck. It was clear and cold. When day came we were abreast of Orme's Head, and beyond were the mountains of Wales. When we reached the gap through which the Dee flows to the sea, Lide and others of the party came on deck. I had posted myself as to the different points, and so I had an enhanced pleasure in sitting at her side and watching her bright eyes as they ran along my outstretched arm and finger to the towns clustering on the hill slopes, the storied mountains which give to Wales such a charm when seen from the sea, and the country lying about Liverpool. We gaze on England at last—

“‘Thou glorious island of the sea!
Though wide the wasting flood
That parts our distant land from thee,
We claim thy generous blood.’

“We came to the bar at low water, and, to our disgust, we were compelled to drop anchor, and fret all through the indolent increase of the flood. At nine o’clock we got on board the tug, and as we shoved off from the ship which had borne us in safety across the sea, we gave her three grateful cheers. In a few minutes we reached the famous docks, and waited the usual custom examination of our luggage. I had received a description of the officer in charge, and knew his name, and as soon as I landed I espied my friend, and at once went eagerly forward and offered my hand. ‘Why, Captain Harris,’ I said, ‘I’m delighted to see you again. You are looking as hale and hearty as ever. You have not forgotten me I hope. Eh? My name is Mr. Rogers, just from America, in the steamer yonder—the “Manhattan.”’

“‘Why how d’ye do, Mr. Rogers. I’m really glad to see you back again. Really, you Americans come and go so often that I can’t keep the run of you. I’m glad to see you,’ and he gave my hand a hearty squeeze, and pumped it as if he was thirsty and impatient to get something from me.

“‘Are these your ladies?’ the Captain asked, pointing to my party, who had seated themselves upon one of the benches under the shed where the luggage was being placed to be examined.

“‘They are, Captain. Shall I present you?’

“‘Thankee. Halloa, there! Mr. Parker! Mr. Parker!’

“A good looking person of thirty or thereabouts came up, wearing the custom livery of Her Majesty.

“‘Mr. Parker, Mr. Rogers, just in from America—an

old friend of mine. Wait on him at once, and you need'nt open his boxes. You can take his declaration, that will be enough. He's an old friend of mine, and we know our man. Please show your boxes to Mr. Parker,' he added, addressing me. Mr. Parker and I shake hands. I thanked him, pointed my luggage out, and it received the technical chalking, and I was at liberty to pass into her Majesty's dominions.

"I mention this incident to show the influence of tact and polite words in an ordeal where travelers too frequently lose their temper, and so increase the rigor of the examination."

Here end my pencilings. After my arrival I really had no time to jot down my impressions. Lide's demands on me were constant, for she had left her maid at New York, and did not get another until we reached London, and when not with her, I was sight-seeing. Lala was always near, of course; but she was not equal to the services I performed. Always during our whole married life, she preferred my ministration to those of all others in all things I was able to do. What remains to be written will come from memory, and I feel now how difficult it will be to write either with freshness or accuracy.

CHAPTER XX.

“To England, over vale and mountain,
My fancy flew from climes more fair,
My blood, that knew its purest fountain,
Ran warm and fast in England’s air.”

The docks of Liverpool are a wonder—massive, extensive, and absolutely perfect. The country outlying the city, as seen from the steamer, had nothing strange or striking. Indeed, the approaches are in some respects rather disagreeable to the eye. But the city has the solid and busy look which such a mart should have; and while there are fairer and more beautiful scenes all over England, there are none more expressive of enterprise and wealth. It is a city of great commercial importance, into which the commerce of the world pours its varied treasures, and it abounds in all those conveniences and maritime accommodations, the natural fruit of its necessities and position. I was especially impressed with the completeness and substantial character of its buildings, which were for use, not ornament. The streets are clean, and the whole aspect of the place declares the sturdy nature and taste of the people. Every department is a system in itself, and in its operations complete. The municipal regulations seemed to be thorough, and to furnish an example that it is a pity we Americans can not imitate.

The men are splendid specimens of robust health, generally dressing well, and if not with elegance, at least with

great comfort. In these respects—that is vigor, handsomeness, and equipment—the women are not to be compared with the males. I have really seen but very few well dressed women; and the remark made then, when I had been but a day in the country, was confirmed by my entire European experience.

Joseph F. Holliday met us soon after our arrival, having come with his brother Cecil to welcome us. That same afternoon, Lide feeling comparatively strong under the excitement of the novelty and pleasure of reaching the old world, all of us took carriages, drove about the city, to the Botanical Gardens at Edgehill, St. George's Hall, and the Exchange Buildings—these last being really admirable in construction and good patterns of the Greek architectural art, which comprehends all that is graceful in form and expression.

After Lide had gone to bed, Ben, Joe Holliday and I started out to see the slums and gin shops—the places where are seen the worst and most wretched forms of vice and human degradation. What need to build chapels in heathen lands, and plant the cross where idols are, while here at home is a darker superstition and harsher gentilism than any to be found beyond the seas! In all my life I had never seen poor human nature so depraved and sottish.

The next day Lide and Lala, under the escort of their two English cousins, left Liverpool for Alderley Edge, the seat of Mr. Holliday; while Ben, Mrs. Maxwell, Ella and I crossed to Birkenhead, to take the rail for “rare old Chester.”

Once in the country the soft charm of an English landscape is seen. It seems one great garden, so neat and trim are the hedges of hawthorn, so evenly cultivated all the fields, and so romantic and cosy the neat farm houses

of stone covered with ivy. I was enchanted with all I saw, and my admiration of the English character considerably enhanced. I was surprised to see the lands so well timbered—much beyond my expectation—and as I looked out on the green hedged fields, sweeping away on my right until they were lost in the haze of the distance, sprinkled with church spires, and hamlets half hid among the trees, and the dreamy Welsh hills lying against the clear sky, they made up a tender idyll, or as refined and delicate a prospect as one can find anywhere. It is a scene which, in addition to the sympathy and fitness of its constituents, was warmed and spiritualized by the genius of a high Christian civilization. The lines of the railroads are marked by trim hawthorn hedges, and the margins generally sodded where it can be done. In fact, if I had any fault to find, it was in this evenness, and the uniform beauty of the whole country. It was at times painfully ordered and arranged, and I really occasionally longed to see a bare spot, a waste, an exception to this system of highly wrought cultivation; to see places where man had not plowed, smoothed, and packed down to a level. It seemed as if every foot of ground has felt the spade, grubbing hoe and roller.

At midday we arrived at Chester and went to the Queen's Hotel. We were too impatient to stop even long enough to attend to our luggage, but ordered a carriage at once and drove to Eaton Hall, the renowned seat of the Grosvenor family. The Park, containing I can not say how many acres, is channeled and grooved with broad roads, laid out so that one can catch the finest landscapic effects; bordered by low thickets where art has helped nature with contributions of garden plants, making little coverts for grouse and pheasant. And lying under the shade of the trees, or feeding in the open spaces, were troops of deer,

so tame that they scarcely noticed us as we passed by. From the magnificent Grosvenor gateway, built of white freestone and deep cut with heraldic device, to the Hall, is a ride of two miles. The road is superb, graveled and winding, opening up at every few yards little surprise pictures; here bringing into view the long descent toward Wales and its picturesque mountains; there the natural terraces of the Dee hills, and all the diversified country away over to Rowton Moor. And to give perfectness to the scene, you catch at times a glimpse of the River Dee. The Belgrave Lodge Avenue, for example, extends

“Twixt avenues of proud ancestral trees,”

for more than two miles.

I do not pretend to describe anything in detail. I can only give my impressions, and those in a vague, imperfect way from memory, after an interval of more than two years. Eaton Hall is said to be the finest seat in England. The “Noble Marquis of Westminster” has an income of near a million sterling, and so he and his no less opulent predecessors were not stinted in means with which to build, and to adorn with the highest glories of all the arts. And yet with all this enormous wealth “my Lord” warms his person with the cheap garments to be found in the “Jews’ Quarter” in London.

The Hall is pointed Gothic of the time of Edward III, and yet the architect has not failed to add effects not strictly lying within the order to which the pile belongs. Indeed I was struck with the church-like character of the whole building; and although the walls, battlements, parapets, and niches are charged with heraldic achievements in relief, yet the ecclesiological expression is not lost, and, I will add, it rather derogated from the effect such a building should produce. We approached it from

the west side, I believe, and yet it is from the banks of the Dee below the building is seen to the highest advantage. I was not pleased with my first view, perhaps because the time having passed in which visitors were admitted, no honeyed coaxing and display of coin could tempt the steward to admit us to the interior and so disobey the orders of the "noble Earl." The last lay day expired but a few hours previous to our arrival, and the law of exclusion was peremptory and inflexible. I had hard work to get admission to the grounds even. The steward resisted my application with an obstinacy that spoke well for his fidelity, and I must have been engaged well nigh a half hour in lubricating "this old warder of the gate."

It was a great disappointment to us that the doors of the Hall were closed against us, for, from all accounts, the interior is without an equal in the kingdom. We had, however, admission to the private gardens, but with all their trim parterres and statuary and fountains they held no such beauties as the wild flowers and ferns growing in the fields bordering the Dee. This river is of course a charming feature—its placid flow, the shrubs and trees that line its banks, and the tortuous course of the stream; but to the eye of an American it seems small, and in one sense insignificant.

But one seeks, amid all this grandeur and lavish ostentation of wealth, for some of the sacred signs of that quiet and seclusion, that place of rest and shelter from the world, which give to the word *home* such a beauty and half religious sanctity. There can be nothing of that kind in such a "show-house," in an establishment that at best is, as it were, a treasure-box, to which its owner admits the world to worship and envy. In the little village of Eccleston, near by, and which is the property of the Marquis of Westminster, are many charming little cottages

buried among masses of woodbine, and rimmed with hawthorn blossoms and the scarlet berries of the holly, where can be found, as Coleridge so prettily phrases it,

"Three treasures—love and light,
And calm thoughts regular as infants' breath."

I will venture to say that there is more real happiness in the Porter's Lodge of Eaton Hall, than in the Hall itself.

Chester is, I believe, the oldest town in England—it is certainly the oddest. Near a score of years before Pompeii was destroyed, the Romans built a wall around it, and many remains of the first conquerors have been exhumed—coins, a well preserved hypocaust or sweating bath, fragments of columns, and some Latin inscriptions. But one forgets the testimony of the antique, which is fragmentary, in the curious and quaint old houses of the time of James I, and earlier, which are entire. The sharp gables, the heavy hanging balconies, the unique carvings, and the strange contrast that these memorials of the days long, long ago, bear to the structures and ways of modern times, unite in declaring "rare old Chester" one of the most attractive places in England. It is curious in its churches, ingenious and entertaining in its legends, and its annals embrace some of the most remarkable persons and events mentioned in English chronicles. Although most of the sovereigns of that country have contributed to the spirit and interest of the narrational life of Chester, yet none have given to it a sadder and more poetic charm than Charles I, who from Phoenix Tower saw the defeat of his forces on Rowton Moor.

We wandered through the churches, and heard with credulous ears the stories the old sacristans told us; and in the Cathedral I saw hanging to the wall the tablets of

my progenitors in the maternal line, the Christian names of whom are borne by some of my relatives to-day. We visited the most quaint of the houses, indeed almost every spot to which is attached any traditional or historical interest, and of course were interested in everything. The "Róws" are one of the most curious features of that city. They are literally passages through the first stories of the houses, as if the side walls had been torn away entirely, and enough of the front walls to give light and air. The back parlors, if I may so speak, remain, and have been converted into shops. These passages are higher than the street—in many cases ten feet—to which, at intervals, stairways lead. It is a capital contrivance, as Albert Smith says, for "old ladies of weak minds who quail at meeting cattle, and young ladies of extravagant ones, who doat on shopping, in spite of the weather."

I can not even enumerate, much less describe, the half I saw. The visit was one of the most pleasant of my life, and I always recur to it with delight. After the day visits were over, Ben and I strolled through the old city by moonlight. Standing upon the spots where so many successive generations had been all through the ages since our Saviour came to the world, and looking at the dusty and crumbling memorials of lives that had passed away, a flood of sad and half humiliating sensations came over me, and a sense of my own weakness and transitoriness fell upon my heart with a feeling of pain. "Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

The following day we started for Leamington, where we arrived that same evening. The whole journey was through the same sweet landscapes. We passed through towns, and within sight of quiet, half secluded villages, where I longed to pause and spend days, and where I could be alone

with the dear darling life with whom I was ever in full sympathy of tastes and harmony of intellectual enjoyment and aspiration.

Leamington is that rare thing in England almost all brand new, and I think I would like it better if I could, Aladdin-like, some fine night when all the good people were asleep, transport in the midst thereof an old castle, or church overgrown with moss and ivy, and mottled all over with the greenish patches that are as the footsteps of old Time.

It is a spa, the mineral waters of which are said to be efficacious in epidermal diseases. Its houses are models of neatness and tranquil domestic beauty; usually situated in the centre of a garden, and half hid, in the season of leaf and blossom, by trees and running vines. It is one of the most charming places I ever visited, and in its vicinage are the most classic spots in England. The streets are broad, and the park-like gardens, which here and there run down to its very sidewalks, impart to the whole city an elegance, and an expression of beauty and taste that are as pleasant and agreeable as they are, to such an extent and with such frequency at least, rare and exquisite.

The next day quite early we took carriage and visited Kenilworth and Coventry. We drove through an exquisite country—perhaps more charming than any I had seen. It seemed to me the ground was more undulating, the fields greener and broader, and the trees larger and more umbrageous. Where the Avon flowed, the course of the stream was marked by deeper masses of foliage, and a greater variety of such vines and plants as are usually found by the courses of running brooks. Upon the uplands, gathered in groups or standing singly, were the traditional oaks, as well as elms and pines; while everywhere “that rare old plant, the ivy green,” climbed, and gable

ends bearing up huge masses of creeping plants, were seen through aisles of wood, or crowning the rolling hills.

While I was thus gazing and admiring, I happened to look to the left, and Kenilworth broke upon me in all its amazing grandeur. I had not been led to expect it just then, and for a moment I was startled. At that time I had never been so impressed by any memorial of my race as I was by that castle.

We entered by the great gate—itsself as large as many a baronial hall—and stood where mailed warriors and lady-loves had passed. The grandeur, and the melancholy expression which naturally attaches to the finger marks of time, especially in a ruin to which history and song have imparted the enchantment of romance, are to me indescribably impressive. As I wandered from place to place, reviving in my mind the pageant of Queen Bess' visit to Robert Dudley, and the tender and pensive charms which cling to the love and fate of poor Amy Robsart, a feeling of meditative sorrow stole over me, which cast its not unwelcome influence over all the scene. And as, from the pictures my thought and imagination wove, I looked on the mouldering, broken parapets, the tracery of arch and mullioned window, and the kind, caressing hand the pitying ivy laid upon all the ruin, I felt that vivid interest and sympathy as if I had once seen this flower in all the freshness and beauty of its blossom, and had returned to find it faded and evanescing.

After visiting Cæsar's Tower, and its enormous breadth of masonry—being, it is said, the only vestige of the fortress built in the reign of Henry I; then the Lancaster building erected by John of Gaunt in 1571, with its exquisite fretwork, its groined arches, and windowed recesses overlooking the old lake; after seeing, indeed, in detail, all the interior wonders of the castle—go out through the old tilt

yard where, in the knightly times, lances were shivered while bright eyes looked on; pursue the ridge over the margin of the lake, and passing down into the meadow, Kenilworth impresses you by its entirety as few vestiges of human skill and power can do. The extent of the ruin is enormous, and as you look at the broken walls and through the windows to the placid blue sky, see the crumbling spans of the arches and the masses of shining leaves that partially mantle the desolation time and storm have made; if, seeing all these things, and hearing in fancy the plaintive echoes of the life and its tragic experiences that have made this spot so peculiarly attractive, you are not profoundly touched and refined, then indeed humanity has no lessons for you, and its tenderest sighs are as the idle voices of the inconstant wind.

From there we went to Coventry, and when we reached the "King's Head" Inn, passing a few steps to the corner, I saw the grotesque effigy of "Peeping Tom." For dear human nature's sake I am glad to believe that incident of the ride pure fiction, notwithstanding the Latin epistle to the contrary, addressed to Seward, a canon of Lichfeld. It says that a groom of the Countess gazed on her while she passed, and that the horse, seeing his trainer at the window, neighed, and so discovered the scoundrel. Whether that be true or false, matters not, except as a question of human depravity; but the story of Lady Godiva I think authentic on the authority of the Benedictine monk, Matthew of Westminster, and of Dugdale. There is something of *vraisemblance* in the whole story, for it is in strict keeping with the manners and romance of the times. And if it is not genuine, or at least historically attested, (I think it is) I would retain it for the sweet influences and instruction it carries with it. I know no single incident so full of womanly chivalry and beauty as that of

"Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled in Coventry."

No one has told the legend as Tennyson has done, and so delicately put in words the strugglings of a woman whose philanthropy and pity put to such a test all the modest shame and shrinking of a chaste wife and lady. What a pretty picture of purity is it where he says:

"And, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar to pillar, until she reached
The gateway."

As I am inclined to believe, as I look at women's costumes and conduct of to-day, that the age is leaving behind the delicate refinement and innocence which shed such a tender halo and charm over the story of Godiva, I hope that such an example of true womanhood and purity will long keep its triumph in song, and be commemorated in the place the story has made immortal.

The three churches, whose "tall spires" are so marked a feature, as you approach Coventry, were visited, of course. The Tower of St. Michael's, from base to rod, over three hundred feet, I admired, and yet I gave the preference to Trinity, said to be the first parish church in England. I visited St. Mary's and the "Great Hall" by myself. Indeed I strolled into them without exactly knowing where I was going. The latter is some four and a half centuries old, and boasts of a splendid window of stained glass. The roof is bracketed in oak, and the medallions are quaint figures of angels and beasts. At the end of the Hall is a minstrel gallery, from which hung some fine specimens of civic armor, with antique bills and pikes.

There are, also, portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of George III and George IV, as well as several others of the sovereigns of England. But the most attractive feature of the Hall is an unusually fine piece of tapestry, divided

into six squares. That which contains a life size figure of Margaret of Anjou, seated at a table, upon which is a missal, interested me more than the others.

I sat alone in this room, and its silence and those memorials of a gone day made me very quiet and contemplative. And while so impressed, the bells of St. Martin's Church rang their sweet chimes, which added to my temper a touch of not unpleasant sadness.

That same evening I passed all alone in my room, filled with the regrets that I could not have the dear wife with me, whose intelligent mind would so keenly appreciate all the notable objects I had seen during the past few days. I determined to visit Warwick Castle and Stratford on Avon, the next day, and then return to her.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Indeed, the whole country about here is poetic ground; everything is associated with the idea of Shakespeare."

The next morning, in company with my companions, I went to Stratford, *via* Warwick. We secured an open carriage to enable us to see the picturesque country through which we were to pass. I was told that that part of England is full of lovely landscapes, as it is, I believe, one of the richest in agricultural wealth.

One who has leisure, and who travels without the embarrassments of a *party*, especially if he is impelled by a desire to see the exquisite rural life and pictures which abound in England as they abound nowhere else, should abandon the railway lines of travel, and trust, in a great measure, to pedestrianism, or to an open wagon, for in no other way can that country be properly seen. Hid away in quiet places, and yet amid the most charming pastoral scenes, are shrines and representative bits of English life, lost altogether to those who depend upon railroads as a means of locomotion. Go where you may, history and poetry have touched every spot and consecrated it. Besides, one sees the habits and ways of all classes, from peer to peasant, how they live, and the exact relation the one bears to the other. He sees the workings of a system of Government founded to a great degree on caste; he sees almost all the soil held in tenancy by the agriculturist, and a hereditary nobility which possesses by entail the

fairest portion of the dominion. He sees, in a word, that the Government and Church are the prerogatives of a few, and that two branches of the system are the exclusive property of those who claim under a principle called "primogeniture." To the actual and potential sharers of such privileges, the scheme is just and conservative; but to those who help to support what they can not enjoy, there is naturally suggested some doubt as to the propriety and justice of such a method of rule.

But under kingcraft and feudalism places and things and men in England have attained their interest—their legendary and historic charms. Monarchs, or, better than all, autocrats, improve, beautify, and strengthen with a celerity and completeness not to be found in a Government based upon popular rights. The latter is the happiest and the most natural, but it is the crudest, slowest, and most practical. Paris, under the Empire, was the most beautiful city in Europe, but for the few days the Communes or Republicans held it, they tried hard, with powder and petroleum, to destroy the monuments a century of peace and imperialism will not restore.

There are on the continent what are called classical objects of interest that transcend anything to be found in England. Rome, for example, with her solemn ruins, which were old and crumbling when English history commenced, and Greece, from whose monuments the Roman borrowed all that is graceful in his copy, and so on to the wonders of the oldest civilization of all which lies along the Nile. But to an American there is a family claim in English life and history we can find nowhere else, and so on this account we feel an enchantment there no other land can give us—the affectionate interest that belongs to a common ancestry and language.

Warwick crowns a hill at the base of which flows the Avon. In the days when it was the

“ Good old-fashioned plan,
That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can,”

this place was encircled by a wall. It was founded in the Saxon days, but except in a historical aspect, there is nothing interesting in it. In St. Mary's Church is the celebrated Beauchamp Chapel, which, with the exception of that to Henry VII in Westminster, is said to be the finest in England. The altar is richly adorned, but I forgot all else in contemplating the tomb and effigy of the Earl of Warwick, whose daughter Anne, I think it was, became the wife of Richard Neville, called “the King-maker.” There is a monument here also to Dudley—Elizabeth's favorite.

As you enter the town from Leamington, the castle lies on the left. At its base flows the Avon, and upon a rock, around which the stream leaps and foams, the castle is constructed. This feudal fortress is more intelligible of the old days—the mode of life, the measures of defense, discipline and punishment—than Haddon Hall, or even Kenilworth. As you enter by the old passage-way, you look with amazement on the double crenellated towers, but your surprise and admiration are considerably augmented as you pass by the drawbridge, guarded yet by the portcullis, into the inner court, where the whole arrangement of the castle can be seen. Before you is the keep, and on the left the inhabited portions of the castle. The baronial or great hall is noticeable for its splendid collection of ancient armor, and the suite of apartments leading from it contain many family and other paintings. The most attractive to me was an original portrait—at least so they told me—of Charles I. My visit was limited to a

few hours, and so I saw all these things too hurriedly even to remember names. I left the party lingering with a servant who described articles of vertu with a painful in-a-hurry-to-get-rid-of-you voice, and I ran over to the greenhouse, to see the celebrated Warwick vase, found at Tivoli; and from thence down the slope among the Lebanon cedars to where the Avon sobbed against the grim old castle walls, or laughed when it reached the sunshine and flowed past the golden meadows.

I ascended Guy's Tower, too, and saw all the sweet lawns running off to Edgehill, where the first battle of the civil war of Charles I was fought; the swelling acclivities and the low, grassy laps lying between; and the spot where Arden was, in whose haunts Orlando "abused the young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hung odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles."

We pushed on to Stratford, loitering for a few minutes over the spot to which Guy, Earl of Warwick came, to spend his days in prayer and penance, his Countess all the while "mourning his absence in the castle" near.

Arrived at Stratford, we went at once to the "Red Horse Hotel," and really, before I could collect my ideas, I passed through the low archway into an entry, and seeing a door open, walked into "a little parlor, some twelve feet square." As I was about to sit in an arm chair I was attracted by an engraved plate which declared it to be "the throne of Geoffrey Crayon," and the poker, "his sceptre," was there—all preserved with as much care and respect as if they had been consecrated by the touch of the "great enchanter" whose life has made the whole place a "pilgrim shrine."

I must confess, that although I was a palmer from a far land visiting a spot made immortal as being the birth-place and grave of the most extraordinary genius of any

age—as I sat in that little room, while my dinner was being prepared, and thought of the kind and genial author of the “Sketch Book,” I almost forgot the shrine and my vow, and pondered more of my*later countryman than of my earlier one. I mused over his quiet, gentle life; his delicate and tender sympathies, and his genius, which was exercised for the improvement of all hearts, through teachings as noble in aim as pleasant in utterance. And I remembered that one sweet Indian summer day I went to the village church at Tarrytown, which overlooked the Tappan Sea, and saw the placid face of him who had sat in the little parlor of the “Red Horse” and hallowed it forevermore. And then I followed the quiet procession and saw them place all that was mortal of “Geoffrey Crayon” in the little cemetery that overlooks the stream he loved so well.

I think mine hostess of the “Red Horse” was a little child when Irving was the guest of (and now I conjecture) her mother. She spoke in tender remembrance of his good face, and when she brought me some sheets of note paper on which I found stamped the name of the hotel, I put aside several as souvenirs of my distinguished countryman.

It was market day at Stratford-on-Avon, and the street on which the hotel is situated was crowded with wagons, huckster carts, and town people. I threaded my way through them and passed up Hurley Street, and without inquiring found the house said to be that in which the great poet was born. It is now public property, and so, seizing the bell-rope, I gave it a sound pull, and heard its noisy alarm jingling through the chambers, in one of which Shakespeare’s first cries broke upon a world which, ever since, has regarded him as its transcendant genius. The interior is plain enough, and yet no hall in England,

hung as it may be—with “trophy, sword, and hatchment,” or graced with the rarest creations of the sculptor’s and painter’s art—can attract as the humble home of the poet has done.

There have been collected there all the memorials of him that could be found, which I accepted, as a matter of course; although, if perhaps I had been incredulous enough to question their genuineness, it would at least have quarreled with the faith that constitutes the best enjoyment of the pilgrim. I had not passed over the seas with the unbelieving faculty; I came with all the trust of the devotee who hangs chaplets to the wayside altar, and lifts loyal eyes to the meek face of the saint, and so I received all the old dame told me with the ingenuous faith of a child.

As I have already said, I was good-natured enough to assent to the authenticity of these commemorative treasures. If one third the town had claimed to be his descendants, I should have half bent my knee to each and all in full credence, and would have expected to have heard them talk as their great progenitor wrote. When I donned the “sandal shoon and scallop shell,” I put aside all incredulity; and so, when on my way to Shakespeare’s grave, I halted at a green grocer’s shop, led by a shoeblack who had met me in the street, and recognized me as an American “from my boots,” and was introduced to the proprietor’s wife, who claimed to be the only posterity of “sweet Will,” and I examined all the memorials she held as heirlooms, I even swallowed all her pretensions, and paid her according to the measure of my belief.

To me there is nothing so unpleasant, when my mind is occupied with the influences which naturally belong to spots made secret by human genius, or some great historical event, as to have a garrulous guide at my elbow, going

over in stereotyped phrase the tale he tells to all, and of which he has no appreciable comprehension or sensibility. I never begrudge the sixpence—I sometimes double it to rid myself of such an antagonism to my complete enjoyment. But guides are not always the most obnoxious drawbacks to the sightseer's pleasures; a companion is frequently worse, for you can not get rid of him with a sixpence. He constantly stands between you and the sun, overwhelming you with exclamations, or chilling you with apathy.

I need not add that I turned my shoeblack away after he had found the sacristan of the church, who lived near by, for the gate was locked. An old woman soon came hobbling across the street, and she introduced me into the churchyard, and under the branches of the lime trees which grow on each side of the avenue leading up to the church. The building is one of a class of Christian houses of worship seen only in England—stained and weather-beaten—on which are traced some good specimens of the ecclesiastical art, and the whole is hallowed by the sober touch of time, which imparts a charm that is irresistibly pensive and elevating. I passed up the avenue, and through a Gothic porch into the nave, and heeding nothing except the sad reverberation of my own footsteps over the paved aisle. I halted not until I had reached the chancel and stood at the marble slab where Shakespeare is buried. Deep cut thereon are the lines which all the world knows by heart, and which, doubtless, have saved the poet's dust from removal. Overlooking his tomb, in a small niche, is a marble bust of the poet, said to have been placed there not long after his death. I needed no such reminder of his noble face, for the same features and genial expression of companionableness are seen in every household of the English-speaking races.

Antiquarians may dispute when and where he was born, but of the spot of his interment there is no question. The feelings excited by such a visit, and all the accessories of the locality, are not easily forgotten. The "place becomes Religion," and we are impressed as only one other impresses us, and that the mount overlooking Gethsemane, and the sad city of the sacrifice of Him we call the "Son of God." You forget all else except that the great magician lies beneath your feet—him whose fame fills the world, and to whom there never will be an equal. You see funeral effigies and threadbare hatchments hanging to the walls; you see the aisles tessellated by marble slabs, bearing quaint old epitaphs; you see the arches and the spacious ceiling cut in Gothic device; you see the light coming through

"Storied windows richly dight,"

struggling among the clustering branches of the elm; you see all these, but you muse only of Shakespeare, whose honored dust is separated from you by the thin piece of marble which echoes your tread.

I sat some time on the chancel step, alone in the church, alone with all its eloquent memorials that reminded me of the vanity of human life, its hopes, its toils, and its empty ambition. The monumental tablets and the cold stone effigies brought back to me the images of lives that have been—that, perhaps, once moved through these aisles and lingered over the poet's tomb as I have done—felt, hoped, and dreamed as I do. Whither have they gone? Whither has fled the vast genius that, like an imperial conquerer, drags all the world after his triumphal car? I know not—no man knows; but I feel that that thoughtful, wonderful mind, to which God imparted so much of Himself, is not dead, but survives in a higher sphere of exist-

ence that is endless in duration, and eternal in progression.

And so, purer I hope, chastened and yet exalted, I passed from the church into the yard, where the ivy lays its green hand in pity over the crumbling tomb-stones, to hide the gaps Time has made, and on, under the shades of the elms, down to the "soft flowing Avon," that, as it swept by the grassy bank, tenderly sighed and murmured, as if in sympathy with the quiet repose which fills all the place where sleeps

"Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,"

I now turned my steps to Alderley Edge, yearning to see the sweet face from which I had been separated too long, and which, without exaggeration, I hungered to see. Her uncle, John Holliday, Esq., has a seat about sixteen miles from Manchester, and I had promised to be there on the occasion of the marriage of his son Joseph, who has been already referred to. On the evening of September 5th I reached the station at Alderley, having telegraphed my departure from Leamington. I was met by Joe and his *fiancee*, and Lala and her cousin May—the latter a healthy looking English girl of sixteen, and who became a great favorite of both Lide and mine. The groom took my luggage check, and I jumped into the *wagonette* with the girls, and we started up the slope of a long ridge overgrown with fir, beech, and oak—here and there a cottage nestling among the trees, with gable point and finial reached by ivy, and then next I dashed an admiring eye over the "Vale Royal," and the mountains of Wales that lay half hid among the clouds, which the setting sun burnished with gold and crimson. While I gazed, we passed the low porter's lodge, almost hid among trees, and clasped in the hug of the ivy; then along a smooth road by a terrace, that overlooked a tender

bit of lawn, as seen through the interstices of interlacing trees and vines, and then we halted at the stone porch of the mansion—one mass of green that climbs to the chimney-tops, that hardiest and most typical of all creeping plants—the ivy. I entered the hall, and at the threshold of the drawing-room was received by Mr. and Mrs. Holliday with a genuine English welcome. From them I turned into a small reception room, and in a moment had the dear head lying upon my bosom, and the old hand patting my cheek.

It was near dinner time, and I hurried to our chamber to prepare for that meal which, in England, is something of a ceremony grafted on the familiarity of home life. *En grande tenue* is the rule, but there the conventionalism ends. The usage is a happy one, and it by no means infringes upon the freedom and easy intercourse which constitute the highest charm of social life. It keeps one up to a proper degree of discipline, and represses an undue tendency to democracy of dress and manner.

The approaching nuptials brought to the “Ferns” (so the home of Mr. Holliday had been baptized—for that exquisite cryptogam, in the autumn months, fills all the glades and shady nooks in Alderley Edge) some of the nearest friends of the family. Among these I admired Mr. John Wise, a former partner of Mr. Holliday in China, who had retired, married, and had a brace of pretty dream-faced children. He was a representative Britisher, of the Palmerston school—bold, frank, and patriotic—in a word, he is a thorough Englishman, and I liked him for his strong characterism.

I found the darling embarrassed, and suffering in the chill, humid atmosphere which gives to England her rich perennial lawns. That same atmosphere makes a sturdy race too; but when it chances on a weakling, it shakes

the very life out of it, as something abnormal and foreign amid its noble oaks and vigorous stock. And so those who grow feeble, go out from its saline and moist temperature to the gentle nursing and philanthropic air of Nice or Mentone—in too many cases to die there, and then are brought home to rest in the sweet churchyards of the mother-land.

Her cough had increased, and her cheeks were pallid—had lost much of their wonted warmth. She had gentle nursing, comforts, luxuries; she had all the attention and tenderness possible. Her Aunt Sarah was somewhat of a valetudinarian—a sufferer with that scourge that comes from a damp climate—neuralgia; but, nevertheless, she pretermitted nothing that could contribute to Lide's encouragement and enjoyment. The whole house seemed to have united to promote her invalescence, and there was absolutely nothing left undone.

Ah, good friends, kind friends, this side the sea there is a grateful heart that, even amid its tears and desolation, remembers you and prays Heaven to bless you all.

Lide's chamber was at an angle; and within near visual reach were emerald lawns, over and around which grew the sacred holly, with its clusters of coral berries; a broad graveled road which wound between well-combed hedges; and, starting out from among trees "in circular array," were villas and cottages hung with swinging plants, and all the perspective was embroidered with orchards, villages, and sunny meadows.

The habits of the house suited her weakness, and there were no guest duties that imposed any law that clashed with her comfort and convenience. The hospitality was so graceful that *her* accommodation became the rule of the household. During the midnight hours she slept in impatient superficial naps, from which the flutter of an ivy

branch would alarm her, or the clear notes of the sedge warbler. Towards the dawn—during the interval between that and the stirring of the servants, or the coming of the bustle which belongs to the birth of a new day—then she slept, in a measure refreshingly. Breakfast in that dear English home made no requisition on punctuality or formality. It is a meal of *abandon*, and of pleasant, piquant review of the persons and things of the day before; when all ceremony is laid aside; doors closed, servants excluded, edibles within reach, and when conversation is, as it were, dressed in shooting jacket. Even the butler, with his waves of shirt bosom and white vest, does not invade the exclusiveness of that delicious meal.

After that chatty refection the men separate—the business ones to town, and the idlers sauntered to the croquet ground; or, puffing their segars, loitered over the columns of the last “Times,” and discussed Gladstone and the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

Until Lide rose, I usually sought the croquet ground, or took short promenades down the turnpike towards the village—peeping through gateways into the sweet gardens, where I usually saw flowers that reminded me of home, and there were none so commemorative of it as the clematis and the coral honeysuckle.

She got up when the sun was high enough above the trees to emblazon all her windows and fill her chamber with warmth. She took a cup of tea before rising, and usually it kept her up until tiffin. When she descended she walked a short distance down the carriage road, or circled the *petit rond* in front of the porch; and then when luncheon was served she had picked up a little appetite. That repast was altogether without ceremony—to which men rarely came, when “*Le Follet*” and all its mazes of terminology were wandered through by the women, but along which I could not follow.

* The companionable part of the children of the family—that is, omitting the nursery—were Lide, who subsequently married E. Halton, Esq., a most estimable, quiet, and well bred gentleman; and Charlie, who was then just over his majority—a clever, frank, and sociable fellow, who had a score and a half of cricket, single stick, running, and wrestling medals. He has withal a good voice, and some histrionic cleverness, which win him much praise at the private theatricals that generally follow him. Joe and May I have already mentioned. The two who belonged to the midday dinner, were Cecil and Minnie. Take the family altogether—father, mother, and children—and one will not find its superior anywhere. The devotion and respect of the children to their parents, and their affectionate and free intercourse with each other, make it one of the happiest and most exemplary households I ever saw. There is still another son—John—who, when I was at the “Ferns,” was in London educating his palate as a tea-taster.

All the mornings were passed at the croquet grounds, or in rambles about the country. Sometimes I strolled over the ridge to the “Wizard,” where there is an inn and a legend. The latter simply relates that a farmer who was riding a “milk-white steed” over the Edge, to sell at a small town near, was stopped by a wizard, who ordered him, on pain of death, to return at evening and bring the horse with him. The farmer could not sell the animal, and on his return he was taken into a large hall where were many milk-white horses, just like his own, with warriors near them, all fast asleep. The wizard bought the horse and then dismissed the farmer, “and now my story ends.”

On the summit of the ridge is a noted crag, called “Holywell Rock,” from which can be had a fine view of

Cheshire plain, and the purple hills of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. Near it is the beacon, erected when the French threatened invasion under the "*petit Corporal*," for the purpose of a signal. Our ancestors were slow. To-day, should a hostile fleet leave Boulogne, every soul in England would know it ere the vanguard could find an anchorage in her waters.

Independent of the "white stemmed birches," the Edge is rich with mosses and lichens, that cling to the branches of the hawthorn, and the fences and walls. I remember well, that one day I pushed through the woodlands and came to a rivulet that broke over a ledge of rocks, and where it dripped from the overhanging shelves, and threaded the little *plateau* below, arose the feathery forms of ferns, and all the face of the rocks was embossed with clumps and moss.

I returned to the house, making a long *detour*, which brought me through heaps of copper dust, and I trespassed upon private domain ere I reached home again.

Near to the "Ferns" is the seat of Baron Stanley. Through the beeches in his Park I could see the gleam of "Radnor Mere," which is the pretty name of a pretty little lake, that, perhaps, attracted Adam de Aldethley, of the Baron's stirps, whom the Conqueror rewarded with a grant of land in England. It was one of this family that, at Bosworth Field, refused to "bring his power" to Richard III; and still another, at Flodden Field, was the subject of the well known lines of Scott,

"Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"

During our stay at the "Ferns," Joe Holliday was married to a Miss Long. In England marriages, except when exempted by special license, are solemnized before mid-day. On that occasion it was a *gala*-time, at least so it

seemed to me, for through all the distance to Wilmslow Church, a mile or more away, people thronged the road. There the costume *en regle* is morning dress, except the bride and maids, who seem to have the sole monopoly of full dress. The groom, his family and friends, proceeded to the church in carriages, with servants in livery, and from the outer gate to the entrance into the nave a carpet was spread, up to the very selvages of which pressed the villagers of both sexes—a well behaved and respectable crowd. As our party entered and passed up the main aisle, the organ broke forth into a symphony, and the chimes from the steeple above pealed out in gleeful sound. We entered the chancel and seated ourselves, waiting the bride and her companions. I employed my leisure in examining the rood screens or *parclose* and their enrichments, and the bracketed ceilings—indeed, all the obviously antique structure of the church. Some one seeing my eyes wandering over all the interior, and noting everything with an interested observation, whispered that the building was one of the oldest in England, erected near eight centuries ago, and that the right of presentation, during the greater part of that period, existed in one family. But the organ, which has all this time been running a half *capriccio*, stops, and then bursts out in a loud, rapturous swell—half march, half anthem—and the bridal party sweeps up the aisle. The father of the groom and the mother of the bride head the procession, then the bride and her brother, and closing up came the “best men” and bridesmaids. When they reach the chancel step the groom meets the bride and they ascend and kneel at the altar rail. All is hushed to silence—symphony and chimes, and the pause is employed in prayer. They rise, and standing up, the ceremony proceeds.

Well, well, I did not see or hear much of it, for the

past opened to me, and I went through the happy gone years, and saw my sweet girl-bride in the little parlor far away, and the wondering auditory of mistress and servant, while we declared the dear promises that she, at least, has so faithfully kept. I come back again, and feel her clinging love and truth that have blessed me as human love and constancy have blessed few. Well, well, I see my life growing sadder, sadder, from day to day. I see I am to be left alone—the blessing gone, empty arms and the fire on the home-hearth extinguished forever. Well, God has made me very happy, and I see—yes, yes, I see that I must soon walk by myself with tears. She is happier than I, far happier, and I envy her. Yes, I can not help it.

“Through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.”

Friends gather round, and “God bless you” falls from many a lip. The bridal party returns behind the *parclose*, to sign the parish register, and while so engaged, liveried servants distribute the “favors”—little white nosegays with silver leaf—and mine and Lide’s are near me now. We returned to the seat of the bride’s mother, near by the “Ferns,” for the wedding breakfast, and there I found my darling, with her aunt, for neither had gone to the church, it being too far.

Covers were set for some sixty persons, and they were all filled. People eat in England pretty much as they do in America, and I noticed no difference in the vigor of the appetites and the material to satisfy them. The usual toasts were made to bride and groom, and to the respective parents, and the usual speeches accompanied them. That of Mr. Holliday, *pere*, referred to his own quiet nuptials in the far country, and to his wife’s pretty little bridesmaid, now a woman, and then he pointed all the company

to the pure angel face of my own darling. We soon broke up; the bride and groom retired to put on traveling costume, and then they entered the carriage to spend the honeymoon on the continent, and as they drove away they were showered with old shoes and slippers. The same night there was a grand *soiree* at Mrs. Long's, which, however, Lide and I did not attend.

The weather had been, up to this time, quite pleasant; but there were premonitions of a changè, and we were anxious, like the swallow, to take our flight southward. We fixed our departure for the fourteenth of September, but as the clouds menaced rain on that day, we resolved to wait for sunshine. I filled in a part of the interval by a run to the "Peak."

Mr. Holliday made up a little party—there were seven of us in all; but to my sorrow the dear wife could not accompany us—the weather was unpropitious, and travel demanded of her a strength she could scarcely spare.

We took rail at Alderley for Stockport, a busy place on the Mersey, and on through Buxton, a town of some note for the medicinal virtues of its mineral waters. It is situated in a valley; its horizon everywhere touches bleak hills, and you see also wide wastes of moorland. The whole aspect of the country is so unlike anything I had seen in England, that I rather enjoyed its contrast. Between Chester and Derby, from Stockport to Buxton, there seems to be a chain of hills, through which the railroad runs—I may say through a series of tunnels. There is a ruggedness, a bit of nature in that chain and the streams tumbling through the vales that are refreshing after the sight of trim lawns, and the precise rows and furrows of cultivated fields. I saw many spots full of winning attractiveness—little dells traversed by shining rivulets; clumps of trees, and wooded dimples lying in the face of the

hills—that almost persuaded me to leave the rail-carriage and go afoot.

We halted at Bakewell and ordered carriage for Chatsworth. We filled in the delay by examining the intaglios, or Derbyshire gems, which visitors are expected to purchase as souvenirs. The spar and marble are worked up into articles of wear—paper weights, etc.—many of them containing views of the noted spots in that region. And Mr. Holliday bought some sort of cake, or pie, which that old Saxon town is reputable for, and which I munched all the way to Chatsworth, between whiles. It was a bitter cold day for the season, and as I rode with the driver and against the disagreeable wind, I was half benumbed when we reached the “Palace of the Peak.” But I have a pretty distinct idea, nevertheless, of the hills beyond the “Seat”—the undulating country lying along its slopes; the Wye silvering the bed of the valley; the trees and browsing deer, and the vast pile of buildings which has been slowly accumulating since the sixteenth century. The place has played—as every portion of England has—its part in history. Here Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned when the Earl of Shrewsbury was her keeper. The war, too, that preceded the Protectorate swept there, and Chatsworth was alternately occupied by Roundhead and Cavalier. But your traveler, as you generally find him, does not go to the seat of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire because history has been there. That is something abstract and invisible. It is purely ideal; and one must know something of the poor Queen, something of the grim old Puritan who was taken from his cradle by a mischievous monkey and carried to the housetop, and a part of whose youth, strange to say, was spent in robbing orchards—must know the chronicles before he can thoroughly appreciate these places. But there is the grand compound which

wealth has heaped up--the outward and visible signs of enormous rents; royal gifts, and the thousand dazzling treasures that Midas has gathered. It is all full of enchantment; it is blinding and wonder-bringing as the treasures Aladdin saw in the cave, and I have no desire to depreciate it; but in turning a half desert into an oasis; in taming the wilds; in bringing where the heath grew the rarest triumphs of plant-life of all countries; in leaving some of the best points and beauties of nature, and placing at their side the richest results of civilization--in these things are higher claims than in all the singularly ornate enrichments that make of the interior of the mansion one of the rarest treasure-houses of the world. It is rapture all. It is a carnival of wealth--stairways of scented woods; walls rich with the golden light and shadows that sometimes float through the ocean of dreams; grand halls hung with paintings which tell of the glory of the antique heroism; and from out the half shadow of niches emerges the sensuous grace that the sculptor's hand hews from marble. The very floors hold pictures of rare beauty, and the walls, ceilings, and all the spaces within are adorned with every device of art, until your brain is confused with the brilliant and varied forms of beauty you see in that vast kaleidoscope. I was glad to get into the open air, and to give my mind repose by running my eye along the hills, over the nodding tops of the woods, and the lawny slopes which run down to the river banks.

I turned from the orangery, notwithstanding I saw among the gleaming leaves and blossoms the marble forms of Venus and Cupid, and a copy of the Medicean vase at Florence. But I had beheld, scores of times, whole hill-sides bearing the blossoms of the orange, and as often had gathered the golden fruit where it had been warmed to luscious life under the sun of the tropic lands. So of the

camelias which I had seen in full bloom in the open air, and with a luxuriance that no hot-house can ever give. But in roaming over the grounds, especially by the walk to what is called the "Strid," where His Grace's—rather perhaps Paxton's—taste has heaped up rocky mounds, and embossed their faces with creeping plants that bear upon their slender backs hosts of flowers, and with miniature cascades and singing streamlets surrounding you—these I enjoyed, and these brought me calm and wholesome pleasure. I of course wandered through the Grand Conservatory, and was pleased, at least with the wonderful nicety and skill of its construction; but I looked on the tropical plants as I look at a caged lion—seeing the dwarfishness which comes from the substitute art places for nature. In looking at the palms there, I thought of Tennyson's lines :

"The solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwooded of summer wind."

There were two pictures that struck me in the collection of His Grace, although perhaps I am not naming the best by any means: "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," by Landseer, and the "Monks at Prayer," by whom I know not. The former has been so often engraved that most persons are familiar with its composition; but the other I never heard of until I made this visit. The latter is full of power, and its naturalness is wonderful. The grouping of the figures, the distribution of the light which comes through a Gothic window, and the manner in which the whole is brought out, unite in making it a notable picture.

We halted at Edensor, lying within the Park, and had a fair tiffin of roast beef and beer. I craved a warm potation, but there was nothing of the sort to be had. The wind was cutting, and pinched my cheeks as if it had a personal resentment to gratify.

After we had finished we jogged on to Haddon Hall, most of the way in sight of the Wye, and we pursued it until the Derwent mingled with it. I had a muffler with me, and I covered all my face except one eye, as I have seen the women of Istamboul do with their *yashmacs*. They desire to conceal their beauty from the *giaour*; I protected mine from the chopping wind.

We passed through Rowsley, a small village near the confluence of the two streams named. It is within a short distance of Haddon. You have a fine view of the Hall as you approach it. It stands on a shelf, or natural terrace, overlooking all the vale through which the Wye flows, and behind are heavy masses of wood, while around the Hall itself are noble trees. It is from a point near Rowsley, from where the entire front of Haddon is seen, that the finest view can be obtained. The building is castellated, and yet it is devoid of adequate defenses. It has the aspect of a grim old warrior, and yet I doubt if war ever reached its gates. It has crenellated turrets and massive-looking walls, but they are rather parts of an architectural design than means of defense. It has the peculiar construction of an age earlier than Stephen, and yet the controlling character is the Elizabethan. A portion is Norman, and yet its certain history commences even later than the date of 1427 which appears on one of the east windows.

There is no building in England, that gives us so faithful an account of how our feudal ancestors lived, as Haddon Hall. It is the Pompeii of the medieval age. It is sombre throughout, and it has all the melancholy of a ruin, which it is in one sense, and yet is not. Here it was, amid the drearier silence and superstitious mysteries that come with the twilight, that Mrs. Radcliffe drew her weird and startling pictures, that made my flesh creep

when I was younger than I am now. You enter by a small door under an archway, and pause a moment to peep into the porter's lodge, where is seen an old bedstead. From this entrance you pass by a flight of steps into the quadrangle, and there gain a good idea of the construction of the building. On the four sides are offices and apartments—one of which, called the "Chaplain's Room," contains various articles belonging to the war equipment of that period—and trenchers—these latter of enormous capacity. I must confess that from all I have seen I am of the opinion that our earliest ancestors were by no means nice and clean either in person or habit. Their meals were a rude kind of barbecue, where a half deer, or a quarter ox were served on platters, and where what we call refinement was wholly wanting. A rough sort of chivalry rescued them from much of the depravity of savagery, and the offices of priest and troubadour, prayer and song, gradually led them to the cultivation of those heroic virtues which through eight hundred years have distinguished the English above all other people. You have all the story there in Haddon Hall—doublets and hunting-horns, chapel and minstrels' gallery, and sweet Dorothy Vernon, when "the silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide," gliding along the terrace and under the helping shadows of the lime-trees, to meet "Young Porphyro."

"And they are gone; ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm."

I wandered through the chapel, many portions of which it is supposed were constructed in 1300; through the Great Hall; the dining-room—in which latter there is some good wood carving—wainscoted throughout; the drawing-room, hung with arras, and the State Bed-room, the walls of which are also hung with Gobelin tapestry. Pushing aside the tapestry, you enter a room which must have suggested

the worst horrors of the "Mysteries of Udolpho"—for it is gloomy enough. It has genuine Gobelin, on which is represented the discovery of Moses among the reeds, by Pharaoh's dusky daughter. After I had seen all these I ascended Peveril's Tower, and found delight in looking over the valley, and the River Wye winding through the broad meadow land.

Quite an entertaining monograph could be made up on Haddon Hall; for, independent of the architectural eras it marks if I may so speak, it reveals the form and ways and mode of life that belonged to a most interesting period of English history. It contributes something illustrative of all the peculiar habits, and both social and out-of-door-life conditions of our early ancestors. One can easily imagine how powerfully impressed I was, coming from a country whose civilized chronicles have no memorials in any manner corresponding to these. It is, I believe, the only spot in England where the ancient life and manners have left their interesting pictures, and where one can see how the most fortunate of our ancestors lived.

During my stay at the "Ferns" I went to Manchester a half dozen times, and was always impressed with its manufacturing greatness. It is the *entrepot* of the cotton trade, where that great staple of my own country is converted from the raw product of the boll into the finely painted tissues that clothe half the world. Manufactures bear a distinguished part in evangelizing the gospel of progress. They represent the new ideas, and all the fabrics of the looms are as missionaries, "preaching down" the absoluteness that for so many years has harnessed the many to bear burdens for the few. The clatter of the shuttle is a protest against *privilege*, and trade dubs a truer knight-hood than kings, "under their cloth of state." So it is that the Manchester school is the progressive school of

England, and from out her marts and manufactural establishments have been evolved principles and measures that are among the creative spirits of the age. This advancement and influence are the marked external features of that city, and are seen everywhere—in its buildings, in its population, and in its municipal government. There is the “New England”—not the sentimental youngster of Disraeli, inheritor of garter and strawberry leaves, but the practical, clear-headed men of the people, whose type is Richard Cobden.

On the sixteenth of September, I think it was, we left dear Alderley, in whose sweet, quiet life we learnt the beauty and sanctity that are the genius of an English home. It was a sad exodus to the darling—for before her were the chilling prospects of strange peoples, unfamiliar tongues, and the bitter presentiments and delusive hopes that came from her sad infirmity.

God tried her almost beyond her strength. He gave her the weariest burden that could be imposed—the strongest inducements to live, with the inexorable doom of death. When I look back to all that weary year of pain and promise, vainly endeavoring to bear her up above the implacable floods—to-day hopeful and grateful, to-morrow despairing and prayerful, always ready, cheerfully so, to surrender myself to save her—I wonder that I remain here. I sit with the sounds of midnight in my ear, hear the low moan of the wind about the house as if it were her imploring sigh to lie again upon “the little home;” hear the crepitation of the plants, and the beat of the pendulous branches as they swing with the breeze, and to my ears are borne the muffled throbbing of a distant convent bell; all these sounds bring up the glad, weary past, and they allure me—yes, I must speak the truth—they, with the wretchedness coming from my broken life, try to win

me to follow her through the darkness which has closed around her. But above all these temptations, I hear her earnest voice, and she repeats the loving admonition with which she tried to strengthen me during the last few weeks of her life. *She* bore all without a single murmur, and her patience and resignation are the highest example I can have. Must I be less heroic than she was, and shame the teaching and pattern she gave me?

CHAPTER XXII.

"Dozens

Of fresh imported, starving country cousins
To London come, the wax-work to devour,
And see their brother beasts within the tow'r."

Aunt Sarah and Lide Holliday accompanied us to London. Mr. Holliday was to follow two days later. We traveled by the "fast line," stopping at one or two royal stations only, yet Buntin found the journey tedious only as we reached its end.

Of course there was pleasure in the landscapes, and the day was fair and auspicious. We had a compartment to ourselves, and Aunt Sarah had provided several delicacies, and she had traveling cushions, and all the luxuries to gratify even the capricious wants of an invalid.

We passed Harrow-on-the-Hill late in the afternoon, and I had much interest in looking at it as being the spot where Byron had been a pupil. I remembered his lines addressed to it, written while yet a boy, and they are replete with that marked sentiment which later became rank misanthropy, embittering his life. But that spot did not awake in me the same melancholy and affectionate regard as did Kensal Green, where Thackeray lies. I pointed it out to Lide, who had so hearty an admiration of him, and who believed with Edmund Yates, that he was "the purest English prose writer of the century, and the novelist with a greater knowledge of the human heart

as it really is than any one, with the exception, perhaps, of Shakespeare and Balzac." We reached Euston Station in the deep gloaming, and so when I passed into the streets, I could see nothing except by the glare of the gaslights. It was though a sensation in itself to be in London.

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke—
 — A wilderness of steeples peeping
 On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy!
 A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
 On a fool's head—and there is London town!"

Rooms had been engaged for us by Mr. Holliday at the Albemarle Hotel, Albemarle Street, and we found them very comfortable; and as we dined in our own parlor, we felt we had something of the privacy and satisfaction of home. The other members of our party were in London when we reached there, but the second day thereafter they went to Paris, where we were to meet them.

After dinner I started through the Mall, and past the club houses, and around by Trafalgar Square, so boyishly impatient was I to see the place that had been in my dreams and thoughts since I read of Whittington and his Cat. I must confess that I found London "dusky and dirty," as Byron describes it. The fair weather we left behind us ere we had reached Harrow-on-the-Hill.

The next day after our arrival the "sea-coal canopy" reached the house-tops, and where it was occasionally rifted, there was no blue sky to be seen, only sullen and heavy clouds. Over London I never saw a burst of sunlight. Once at Sydenham, for a space of five minutes, the heavens opened, and a broad ray of sunshine poured along the Kentish lawns, and then vanished as suddenly as it came. The absence of warmth in the temperature, the chill, humid feel of every ripple of air, and the general

expression imparted by the sky to the streets, had their depressing effect on Lide, and I felt that my visit to London must be short. She determined to see the city from the carriage window, and not to exhaust her energies by sight-seeing where a descent from her coach would be necessary. I had only a day or two, and so I resolved to hurry through the prominent objects without delay.

The next day was Sunday, and none of the lions were to be seen except the churches, parks, and Zoological Gardens. In the morning, soon after breakfast, without guide or map, I started out alone to see one particular object, and that was where, in all the fashionable English novels, after the vicissitudes the hero and heroine are compelled to undergo, they are at last made one and happy—St. George's Church, Hanover Square. I must confess I had a curiosity to see it, and I gratified it by marching there my first Sabbath in London. I had no great desire to inspect the interior, and yet I passed within the door and took a rapid glance at it. As I am given to musing, I, of course, thought how many sad and happy hearts had plighted troth in that chancel, and what a strange record it would be if all the glad and unhappy experiences of those hearts could be written down. I came back, and then wandered through St. James' Park, gazing at the odd looking groups near where I entered, who held a little market fair where cheap sorts of things were vended, for the most part consisting of milk and cheeses. I was struck with the sober, moral enjoyment of the Sabbath that pervaded the streets. I mislaid my gloves on setting out on my walk, supposing, of course, I could buy another pair at a hundred places. I sought through a dozen streets, and found none but beer taps open. The glovers were all closed.

That same afternoon, Mr. Halton, Lide Holliday's *fiancee*, and who is one of the Fellows I believe they are called,

of the Zoological Society, invited us all to go to the gardens. My wife had to remain at the hotel, for the clouds had a dark, angry look, and rain was but a question of a few hours. Lide Holliday, Lala, and I went, and ere we reached Regent's Park, the rain fell in such sheets as if to shut us out from the entrance. We made a run for it, and, half soaked, reached the building devoted to our great protoplasts, from whom, according to the Darwinian theory, we were evolved during the primal days. It was a sloppy day, suitable for the grallatores we saw, but scarcely so for people who were enveloped in the thin Sunday textiles that the autumnal weather permits. Only the matriculated, and those they recommend, are admitted on dominical days, and so we had the run of the gardens, and could see without inconvenience, and at our leisure. London is full of such charities, where people can find pastime, instruction, and amusement, and I know no place there where a few hours can be passed more pleasantly, and, to a certain degree, more instructively, than in the Zoological Gardens.

Before the sunset time the rain had ceased, and there was an apparent essay on the part of the blue sky to throw the veil of clouds off, so that its pretty face could be seen.

We went back to the hotel on foot—Lala and I together, and the betrothed, with lagging steps, behind. They talked, I suppose, the glad, happy talk that comes softly and blithely as the songs of birds. Lala and I were on new ground and among the Sunday suits of the holiday classes, and we had inquisitive eyes for all the odd people drifting on the stream that flowed through the parks and streets. These great thoroughfares, filled with the current of human life, present to an observant person never-ending hints for thought. The human face is, of all earthly ob-

jects, the most suggestive to me, and I never tire of watching it. I see some that are as foundations, upon which I build up superstructures under the teaching and guidance of that great architect we call Imagination. The bright, glad eyes of a maiden raise up the kiosk of an oriental clime. The massive, full-cheeked face of the middle aged gentleman yonder reflects the stone front overlooking a park, or aligned with others on some fashionable street, and a *porte-cochere*, through which rolls his carriage. Here, on this bench, is one whose face constructs the ideal neat, clean and modest home, where honest labor endows with content, and love and Christian prayer consecrate as nothing else on earth can. And coming towards us, pushing through the crowd, and holding to me a begrimed, alms-beseeching hand, is a pauper, and in her unkempt hair, and weather and misery-stained cheeks, I see a dark lane abounding in wretchedness and poverty and guilt—human souls festering and blackening with the corroding touch of crime. Civilization builds churches, and the shadows of their steeples fall upon gentiles who need more than the distant heathen the prayers and 'purses of priest and parish.

The next day brought no sunshine; but Lide Holliday, Lala, and I started off early and walked the round of St. James' Park. We touched places where that grey-bearded old fellow, History, had been. For example, the spot where Charles I was decapitated, who, perhaps, would have died the humble death commoners die if he had not written to his queen that he proposed "for those rogues, Ireton and Cromwell, no reward, but that for a silken garter, they should be fitted with a hempen rope." We stared at Buckingham Palace, but no royal face answered our gaping gaze; looked boldly at the Horse Guards, and at last stood under the stained walls of Westminster Abbey.

History, and Art, and Letters, have their masters here; crowned heads and commoners lie in this great Republic of Death, where pomp and rank do not come, and where all resolve themselves alike to a common undistinguishable dust. Approach, oh, Vanity, and learn from these monumental marbles the fate of all human kind! We enter, and before us pass the shadows of twelve centuries. From Sebert, King of the East Saxons, down to this day, have been laid dead human forms in this consecrated earth; and great as any was he, who, but the other day, lay in that nave, deep in votive blossoms. In the years to come no tablet there will touch the pilgrim's heart more sorrowfully than that which bears the name of Charles Dickens.

It is the great dead which gives to Westminster Abbey its highest interest, and yet St. Paul's shares with it the honor of being a national mausoleum. Around the former is added the charm which antiquity gives, and although the latter is regarded one of the finest cathedrals in the world, yet it made no such impression upon me as does Westminster Abbey.

Entering by a low archway, I stood within the nave, and was impressed with its gloomy grandeur. The expression is that most agreeable to the reverential feelings which pervade the heart and mind of the true pilgrim. The whole place is filled with a solemn twilight, and independent of the tombs and effigies, there is in nave, chantry, and cloister the solemn touch of the past—the faint and dying footfalls of the years long gone. I moved along the pavement, and my tread fell upon the bruised records of lives that had been; and except for these stones, their very names would have long since perished, and been forgotten.

I have always been impressed, and especially here in Westminster, with the recumbent effigies upon the Gothic

tombs. They perpetuate the most solemn and painful testimony of death—its dread repose, its lifeless sleep; and the clasped, imploring hands bring to us an awe and gravity that touch us more deeply than any other form of monumental gesture or utterance can do.

As you pass into the Chapel of Henry VII, on the right is the tomb and effigy of Mary Stuart, and almost opposite is that of her great rival and enemy, Queen Elizabeth. It is really a suggestive lesson to stand near these tombs and hear the tender sympathy expressed for the one, and the abhorrence of the other. The grace, beauty, and accomplishments of the ill-fated Queen of Scots reach down to us through the dusky ages, and we surrender our sympathy, although there is so much in her history we must condemn. There are few historic personages around whom gather so much of romance and sentiment; and the chronicles that speak of her winning face and form, the charm and influence of her soft manners, of her long captivity, and the cruel death met with such composure, win from us the tear of sympathy, and our hearts refuse to hear the accusations our judgment prefers. So it is that the beauty and benignity of her graceful womanhood have made of her tomb one of the most attractive shrines in the Abbey.

The emblems and enrichments that seek to perpetuate the royal dead; the grace and grandeur of arch, column, and window, and all the tales that history whispers to you as you pace chapel and cloister, are as nothing to the worship and emotions which stir your heart when you stand upon the ashes of those who have "made you heir of the spiritual life of the past ages." In that temple are those who still speak to you through the tenderness, the witchery, and the consolation of song. Though their "bodies are dust," yet they live still, and hold communion

with you; fill in your hours with joy, exalt you, teach, strengthen, and purify you.

Besides the men who touch you with the soft measure of verse, are those who have graced every department of English learning—philosophy, mechanics, science, and theology—as well as statesmen who have been foremost in the polity which has made England “heart of the world.”

I doubt if there be any spot on earth so replete with teachings, so suggestive of wholesome moral lessons, and that excites such tender feelings and recollections, as Westminster Abbey. In its architecture and monuments is an epitome of English history, and in the names of its dead are the heroes of the highest Christian civilization.

We passed through the Hall so famous in the judicial annals of England, to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and spent several hours in examining them, and then took a little steamer for the Tower. The Palace of Westminster I gazed at with much interest; for whether we regard its sacred, or—to use an antithetical term I never admired—profane associations, it is full of an enchanting interest. But I can not even pause to mention what I saw. In this little cabinet which I am setting up for my chiels, I am fortunate if I can get a toe of the foot of Hercules. I have not room enough even for the samples I have gathered. I merely set up cairns where I place a thought or two, and something of the hopes and feelings of two lives, where, in the years to come, perhaps their children may find a golden sentence, at least their

“Footprints on the sands of time.”

I wandered all through the Palace, and saw the trophies art has brought to adorn the places from which Law flames as a “sword which turns every way,” and holds in check swarthy thousands even in that land where the primal

parents sinned, and where was uttered the sad curse that blights now the lives of to-day—"dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

I saw all—device, arabesque, the enriched walls, the painted windows through which the light sifts and receives a thousand changing hues, and the canvas where history is embodied by the "limner's art," and brave deeds live in pigments that keep alive the chivalry that makes us free. And then I went midway on the bridge spanning the Thames, and gazed at the east front, where bays and buttresses, parapets and pinnacles, oriel windows and sharp belfry towers unite in making an imposing structure. But when I consider that there was wanting nothing of wealth and material to make one of the finest buildings in the world, I was disappointed at the results. One single good mind and taste moving among the chaos of elements there, would have shaped them into matchless forms of grace and grandeur.

As we went down the Thames a stiff breeze came from the Surrey shore, and took the edge from the anticipated enjoyment of the river ride. I saw "the huge dun cupola" through the smoky sky, and the outworks and embattlements of the Tower. We landed, and walking a short distance, reached a small refreshment room near the Middle Tower, I think it was. Here we had to wait until the number of visitors reached—I have forgotten how many—say a baker's dozen, when we proceeded, under the lead of a warder costumed in the livery of the yeomen of the guard of the reign of Henry VII. Of course one would like to protest against this sort of machine way of seeing one of the great objects of interest in London. It can easily be imagined how thoroughly and intelligently one can see the treasures of the Tower, especially when the great majority of the party were women—women who

wore the amplest hoops and folds of the fashion of then, without taking into the account the enormous *chignons*, for which English women, above all others, were notorious three years ago. However, I submitted with a good grace, pushed myself as far in the van as hoops and good breeding permitted, watched the index of the warder, and listened to all "the words roted in his tongue," with a grateful dip of the head when he reached a period. But I wandered off from arms and knight errantry, armored horse and riders, spears and slingers, lances, spurs, and coats of mail, to the sombre arches, the crenelles, and imprisoned eyes peering through, to where Essex was beheaded on the green within the Tower that bears his family name; and Anne Boleyn, with her "oval face and black hair," who laid her life down with as serene a smile as when a Queen she first landed at that same Tower, "amidst the great melody of trumpets, and divers instruments, and a mighty peal of guns." I saw poor Katherine Howard too, the sweet blonde whose portrait to-day hangs at Windsor, who at twenty years of age expiated on the scaffold the one error of her childhood. But with the pathos of subdued music came to me the saddest thoughts in thinking of the sweetest, purest life of all who have made that spot famous—the pretty pupil who found in Plato a pleasure play could not seduce her from—poor Lady Jane Grey.

It is a pensive history—it is as fascinating and instructive as sad. We know the tale of her life better than our warder did; we feel her goodness and beauty that come through the darkness of the ages, with all the freshness and splendor of inspiration. She fascinates us to-day as she did the little children of her own time, who brought her flowers when a captive; and all ages will pay to her pure goodness a homage that is as a garland hung over her tomb. And I, how well *I* understood her refusal to

say farewell to her husband, whom that day she felt she would meet in that land where

"All is calm as night, yet all immortal day."

Her whole character is thus summed up by Fuller: "She had the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age; the learning of a clerk, and the life of a saint, all at eighteen."

The Tower was in a certain sense of higher interest to me than the Abbey—for during many centuries it has been a fortress, a prison, and a palace. To-day it attracts more than any other spot in England—its armories, its regalia, and its history investing it with a charm to be found nowhere else. Its mournful record as a prison is more replete with pleasure to me than is the history of its pageants as a palace. It is the same with us all. The sighs and plaints which are borne to us from the cell and block more strangely move us than do the joyous cries from revelry and dance. The Beauchamp Tower contains a great many memorials of prisoners who have been confined there—mottoes, names, dates, and inscriptions. I remember one date as early as 1462. Near the celebrated device of Robert Dudley, an oak tree bearing acorns, I was rather surprised to see the name of "James Rogers."

My visit to the Tower was necessarily hurried and unsatisfactory, and yet it afforded me much pleasure. Perhaps the least interesting thing I saw was that which attracts most persons—I refer to the Crown Jewels. If they had been seen by me in use, I might perhaps have admired them more than I did. None I believe belong to a reign earlier than that of Charles I, at whose death all the royal ornaments, kept in Westminster Abbey, were scattered. The ruby in the shape of a heart, in the crown of the present Queen, is said to have been worn by the Black Prince.

I took the route to St. Paul's when we left the Tower. Seen from Blackfriar's Bridge, the dome and porticoes stand out in all their beauty; but as you move on through the narrow street from which you enter, the place is dwarfed, as it were. I was disappointed with the interior, perhaps because it so sadly needed restoration—being out of repair, and dingy and dirty. And then there is a decided want of artistic taste in its adornments, rather in the absence of that adornment which gives to the medieval church so finished an aspect. It has not, I believe, a single stained glass window. One can not call the monuments a desirable addition—for the majority of them are in wretched taste, and too often the execution is equally bad; and yet every design has to receive the sanction of a Committee of the Royal Academy. The whole interior is painfully naked and cold, and it has the damp temperature of a charnel-house. There are a great many illustrious men in St. Paul's—Wellington, Nelson, Collingwood, Hallam, Samuel Johnson, Sir William Jones, and many others. The first named lies in a huge sarcophagus in the crypt—in a measure thrust out of sight.

It was now getting quite dark, and through the columns and piers the gray shadows fell in silence and gloom. For a little while we wandered among the shops outside, and along the narrow streets and lanes that distinguish that part of London. The darkness was now covering up all the river and descending upon the housetops, and so, calling a Hansom, we speeded hotelwards.

The weather continued heavy and damp, and as Lide had finished her shopping, I determined to start for the continent the following Monday, September 21st. A maid was engaged who had but recently returned from Paris, and who came with high recommendations. I was the more anxious to get off as the density and humidity of

the atmosphere made Lide's respiration painfully difficult.

Lide Holliday, Lala and I made a visit to Madame Tussaud's ceroplastic exhibition, and I must confess I was pleased. In the matter of costumes there is pleasant pastime, if not instruction. She has, for example, in the "Hall of Kings," the models, dress, and ornaments of all the Kings and Queens of England since the conquest. The relics of Emperor Napoleon are also of great interest, and in some respects unique. Many of the paintings, too, are of merit and of historical value, and indeed the whole exhibition amuses, gratifies, and instructs. It would require a very long sojourn, a systematic head, and quick, untiring feet, to see London even fairly. Months could be passed there to great advantage, for the place wins on you, more especially if you happen to be comfortably quartered—an essential when one is occupied in sight-seeing. One does not often encounter harder labor than that of the traveler who has an intelligent curiosity to satisfy. London makes a heavy demand on brain, patience, and muscle. There is something hidden away in the English sights, that must be studied and pondered. Paris is superficial; displays its wares and wonders to attract; and Parisian character and life are best seen from the streets. Not so with the great British metropolis, for its better part does not lie along its thoroughfares, and English sights and pleasures are encrusted, like English manners, with a cold and unsympathizing exterior. They are all like the heavy iron gates to their homes and haunts—massive, made strong enough to shut out a mob, and bossed with sharp studs and knobs. But let them be swung open once, and you enter upon a welcome that is sincere and manly. There is in the very *physique*, dress, and expression of an English crowd, the indices of its earnest, strong nature; and if it lacks the

polish and suavity of its Latin neighbor, it has a more genuine and hearty sincerity.

One of the places in London where a person can spend a week pleasantly and instructively, is the British Museum. I passed one day there, and I scarcely went beyond the knowledge of its departmental arrangement. It is full of treasures that represent, I came near to say, all nature and civilization. Its specimens of geology, botany, zoology, and mineralogy are without an equal; and the collection of Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, and Celtic remains, as a whole, are unsurpassed. Its illustrations of the rise and progress of the art of Printing, not merely in England, but also in Germany, France, and Italy, were full of strange and all-absorbing interest to me. From the Block-books down, I evolved the intellectual man *a la* Darwin, and I had some difficulty in separating myself from autographs, manuscripts, charters, and seals. Not the least attractive portion of the Museum were the Biblical MSS., especially the *Codex Alexandrinus*, which contains the Greek text of the Scriptures written on vellum, in Uncials, about the fifth century. There is also a Syriac version of the books of Genesis and Exodus, written by a deacon, A.D. 464. I refer to these few objects as especially impressive—at least to me; and because the preservation of the Old and New Testaments during a long period by memory alone, and through so many political and social changes—if I can employ a term that supposes something of our own civilization—has always been a source of much trouble and doubt to me; for the theocracy of the Israelites, before the rule of the Kings, embraces a period of 3,500 years.

All the while I was in the Museum the weather was delicious for the examination I made—tempering one's mind to soberness, and excluding an annoying, giggling set of visitors—it rained during all my stay there.

I stood upon the threshold of the Library and looked along its circling shelves, and thought how fecund is the human mind, seeing there a million of its progeny. I thought it, as good and graceful Geoffrey Crayon says, "one of these sequestered pools of obsolete literature, to which modern authors repair, and draw buckets full of classic lore; or 'pure English, undefiled,' wherewith to swell their own scanty rills of thought."

There is still another museum—that at Brompton, which held me half a day—not unlike that of Cluny at Paris. It is a museum of manufactures, connected with art—jewels, porcelain, armor, tapestries, watches, etc.—that is fascinating to a great degree. Besides, here are the cartoons of Raphael; the paintings Vernon bequeathed to the nation, and several pictures by Turner. Ruskin had made me avid to see the tracings of his favorite's brush—of whom he had said: "This Turner, whom you have known so little while he was living, will one day take his place beside Shakespeare and Verulam. By Shakespeare humanity was unveiled, by Verulam the principles of nature, and by Turner its aspects." This is great praise, and you can read it all, and more, on his monument in St. Paul's; and you feel it, at least you feel no ordinary emotions of pleasure as you stand before some few of his paintings. A Venitian scene I saw at South Kensington is gorgeous with coloring—it is sunset photographed; it comes up to me now vividly and profoundly; it describes with pigments the dream-grandeur—the opium-distilled visions that De Quincy has set to "noble words." Even I could see the defects which came from his profuse employment of color without a proper regard of place and individuality; and yet there pervades all his pictures a sensuous warmth that is in paints what Tennyson is in words and illustrations. If Turner had been a poet such as the Laureate, he would

have produced the "Princess"—a poem that few can understand without study. He did attempt poetry—wrote in blank verse "The Fallacies of Hope," and the Royal Academy catalogues will show extracts from it—epigraphs, as it were, printed under the titles to his pictures.

I saw also some of West's, Reynolds', and Gainsborough's, that of course afforded me pleasure. My recollection of the cartoons is distinct, but any remarks I may make of Raphael will come in when speaking of Rome and Florence.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please."

Monday, September 21st, Lide, Lala, I and the maid left Charing Cross station for Paris, *via* Folkstone and Boulogne. I marched light, as they say, having sent all except hand luggage direct to Paris. It was a bright day, and my wife felt strengthened under its exhilarating touch. Mr. Holliday accompanied us to the station. We said good-by to aunt Sarah and Lide Halton at the hotel, and we promised to embark from England for America, on our return. My darling's parting with the family then was for this earthly life—and yet none of us thought the shadow would pass between us so soon.

It was a beautiful day, as I have said, and all the country was full of glad sunshine. The traveler who has passed through Kent remembers well the pretty pastoral pictures he sees on every side—rich green lawns, wooded eminences bearing up church steeples and gable fronts of homes half hid among the trees and framed in vines; sweet hamlets gemming the dales and lying within the coils of silver streams, and the beautiful hop-vines, full of yellow swinging strobiles growing in exquisite columniation on the sunny slopes of the hills.

We reached Folkstone about midday, and at once embarked on the channel steamer. The sea and air were in perfect harmony—the one smooth, and the other full of

the warmth of sunshine. We sat on deck the whole passage, and Lide enjoyed it—for the fresh saline air was easily respired, and seemed to suit her weak lungs. She had a fright that gave her much nervousness, and she did not readily recover from such attacks. One of the passengers fell overboard, and the wheel struck him, breaking one of his legs. Notwithstanding so great a disadvantage, he maintained himself; and yet it must have been at least a quarter of an hour before he was rescued. The passengers were in a state of terrible excitement; many of the women had hysteria, and several fainted. When the poor fellow was brought on board there was an involuntary cheer. The task of lifting him on deck was torture to him, but he uttered neither groan nor word of complaint.

Boulogne was reached while the sun was still high. I took the nearest hotel, which they said was the best—the *Hotel des Bains*. For the purpose of giving Lide rest I determined to remain there all night, and as I had apartments *au premier*, delightfully airy and sunny, I was entirely satisfied. While she laid down for a *siesta*, Lala and I took a tramp to the quay, looking at the fish-women with their “home-spun coifs,” and getting near enough to take in the marble column erected to commemorate the assemblage there of the army with which Napoleon proposed to invade England.

Before sunset I went to the upper town and mounted the bluff which had been strongly fortified in the rude old days of long ago, and from which there is a fine view that includes, in clear weather, as Dickens says, “the grass growing in the crevices of the chalk cliffs of Dover.” I was much struck with the tidy look of the *bonnes* in charge of scores of children. In an article by Dickens called “Our French Watering-place,” he speaks of Boulogne as being “wonderfully populous in children; English

children, with governesses reading novels as they walk down the shady lanes of trees, or nurse-maids interchanging gossip on the seats." The English form a large proportion of the residents of *Boulogne-sur-Mer*, and they are unmistakable in appearance and in their pronunciation of French. It is sought for its bathing facilities and the general salubrity of its climate, and has always been a favorite spot where the British debtor can escape the prehensile quality of a *capias*.

The moment you touch the soil of France, coming from England, you see the strangest contrasts—and they are especially noticeable in the peasantry. The corresponding class across the channel is usually more ignorant, more stolid in the moral and intellectual constitutions, and, as a consequence, more brutal. There is a hardness in the English peasantry you will see in no other in Europe, the Russian excepted. He loves beer, rum, and poteen; makes pugilism national and respectable; encourages the belligerent in dogs and pits them against one another; and, in a word, cultivates his animal passions and tastes, and neglects his moral and intellectual ones. One sees with pleasure that physical discipline that develops hardiness, and makes a strong, healthy race; but the fault I find is the training that makes him a hero who can sustain the greatest amount of pounding. In the English artisan and laborer there is no sense of beauty—nothing of that sentiment that loves to clothe his home with shrubs and flowers.

How different in France, where you see, even among the poorest, the expression of a taste for the sunny, glad things that God has scattered over the earth in such bounty and beauty. Their very costumes, their festivals, their tidiness, and their easy breeding, all indicate a sense of refinement you seek in vain for in the same rank in England. One of the most attractive sights is to see the lower classes,

on Sunday in Paris, in their holiday suits, swarming through the *Champs Elysees*, and especially the *Louvre*. At the latter place I have watched them with admiration, for nowhere can you see a more well-behaved and orderly assemblage.

The next day we started for Paris. We were kept in the *salle* until the train should arrive from Calais. In the press and confusion of the crowd of passengers my poor dear weakling had her first lesson in the rude selfishness of European travelers, and their utter disregard of the consideration due women—in my Lide's case, a feeble, distressed invalid. Having the little traps, the darling, Lala and the maid to attend to; hustled and harassed by the eager *sauve qui peut* multitude—seeking places, too, in a train already crowded—imposed on me duties almost beyond my power to perform. I had scarcely succeeded in getting places for my dear ones ere the *convoi* was in motion. *Place aux dames* has not been heard in France these many days.

Passing a short distance from Boulogne, you almost touch a little curve of sandy beach where the sea comes in; and then you reach the Liane, fringed here and there with the ungraceful umbellated poplar. The country there has no very strong points, so far as I could see from the carriage window; and as the sun no longer glossed the meadows, and the rain came and stippled the panes, I felt a tinge of disappointment. But history came in and threw a little brightness over the places near and through which we passed. We broke into the forest of Hardelet and across a breadth of sand into Montreuil, where Sterne picked up La Fleur, whose "festivity of temper" made the "Sentimental Journey" so pleasant. Then we came up to the Somme and dashed athwart the path of Edward's archers on their way to the heights of Cressy near by, where the

Black Prince won his spurs, and the ostrich crest from the blind King of Bohemia.

At Abbeville I saw bastioned ramparts and fosse, and I felt I had entered upon the feudal domain. My interest was vividly awakened, and Lide and I flattened noses against the windows, and we helped each other to see all that was to be seen. All this while we were winding along the curved margin of the Somme, until we reached Amiens, where we halted twenty minutes. We had a well stocked luncheon basket, and while the people were stretching their limbs, we satisfied our appetites.

There was but one stoppage more, and that was when we touched the Oise. We were delayed some thirty minutes, and in the effort to reach Paris "on time," we attained a prodigious speed such as I had never before experienced. After leaving Chantilly, we entered upon a forest of exceeding beauty, and ere the twilight came we saw the abbey church of St. Denis, in which were buried many of the sovereigns of France. But alas, the rude iconoclasts of 1793, by solemn charter, despoiled altar and tomb, melted the leaden roof into bullets, and where royal bones mouldered, cattle were bought and sold. The French people have their periodic frenzies, and, pending the passion, one seeks in vain for a parallel to their depravity and imbrutement.

Five minutes after passing St. Denis we were entering the station at Paris. I did not wait for luggage, for Lide was painfully fatigued, and I longed to place her in the comforts of a pleasant chamber. The ride from the depot to the "Grand Hôtel de l'Athénée" was a pleasure in itself. The gay streets, the brilliant appearance of the cafés, the festive air and vivacious mien of houses and habitants, were sufficiently striking to attract us all, and even bring to Lide a brief forgetfulness of her pains and

weariness. I soon had her in comfortable quarters, and then I went for my luggage. I found no difficulty with the revenue officials, and even the *octroi* duty was remitted.

Lide retired early; but while she, Ella and Mrs. Maxwell were indulging welcome talk and relating their little experiences since they separated at Liverpool, I descended to the street, made the circuit of the new Grand Opera House and the Grand Hotel, and so back to my quarters. That first evening, too, when the flush of my introduction to Paris had subsided, I leaned against the *porte cochère* of the hotel, and as I heard the music from the theatre adjoining, thought of the sweet ebbing life I was vainly striving to preserve, and the hopeless future that stretched before me, I almost reproached Heaven as cruel and unjust. Soon, however, the bitter passed away, and then came a feeling of inexpressible sadness.

The next day Ben and I tramped through the principal Boulevards—I under his conduct, for he had been in Paris before. I was of course impressed with the beauty of these grand avenues, the broad, well paved carriage-ways, and the ample *trottoirs*, lined with trees. In the *Boulevard des Italiens*, for example, are spacious cafes and restaurants, ornamented most profusely with gilding, distemper work, and mirrors; and they usually have wide projecting awnings, under which, at all times during the day and late through the night, can be seen throngs of men and women sipping creams and *eau sucre*, coffee and cognac. The crowds of well dressed people, the glittering shops with their brilliant stuffs and wares, *en étalage*; the long rows of white limestone buildings, usually of six or seven stories, and the light and strangely attractive frivolity everywhere, unite in making of Paris the most enchanting city in the world, at least to the sensuous well-to-do *flâneur*. There are only two classes in that capital—the amused and the

amusers; and let the caprice and sensuality of the former have any desire and appetite they will, the latter will gratify them if it is earthly and possible. There are amassed every object that can cater to any craving and passion, whether refined or coarse, whether it be for science or art. It is at once the most accomplished and polished, the most beastly and depraved place on earth. Mendicancy is thrust out of sight, the coarser and most repulsive phases of humanity that of all other places are found most abject in crowded cities, rarely or ever obtrude themselves upon the fashionable promenades, and so Paris presents the quotidian spectacle of a vast population engaged in a constant brilliant feriation.

But one soon tires of that never-ending *bon-bon* life—the unremitting whirl of pleasure. Even the Bois, with its holiday procession, where the mistress bears off the honors, and vice flaunts its gayest attires—one gets tired of that, and longs for a life that beats evenly—to sit near a rural stream that flows placidly, and under the shade of trees in whose branches the birds can come and go, woo and sing, at will. We had bright weather at that period, and Lide and I where constantly in the open air during the sunny hours. She had some shopping to do, and the beautiful *magasins*, replete with the richest fabrics of female wear and ornament, were of course attractive to her. She always dressed with grace and neatness, and yet she never had the usual fondness of her sex for jewelry. Her ears had never been pierced, in her hair she wore only fillet or flowers, and her costume and carriage and taste declared the pure lady. One would have singled her out for just what she was—a thorough high-bred woman, who, while she had the tastes of her sex, had also all the splendid qualities that make up the noblest womanhood.

She found Paris very charming and beautiful, and she

was on the move as much as her strength would permit her to be. A day or two after her arrival she complained of suffering in her left breast—probably the result of some exposure on the passage from London, aggravated somewhat by the disagreeable weather that distinguished the first week of our sojourn there. I called in Dr. Beylard, who blistered her, and after a day or two, and when the temperature became soft, she felt much better, and resumed her drives.

Our hotel had a fair restaurant attached to it, but several times a week Ben, the Maxwells and ourselves, took a carriage and went to the *Café Riche* or *Café Anglais* and had little dinner frolics; or we wandered off to the Palais Royal, and along its arcades, looking into the brilliant shop windows. Lide wore a respirator over her mouth, to prevent the unhealthiness coming from the inspiration of the night air, and people were attracted by the odd appearance it gave to the face. She, though, was amused at the notice it invited; but several times, with her sweet heroism of look, reproved impertinent stares. She had no fondness, as I have already stated, for jewelry; but one night she saw a set of turquoise, exquisite in color, which she admired very much. I was always on the *qui vive* to see and hear what she fancied, and I laid away in my memory the expression of her preference until the gift days came, and then the pleasure of presenting the particular thing she had admired and forgotten, and in seeing her delight, both for the offering and the recognition of the watchful providence of my love, was reward enough for me. When in Paris a few months later, *en route* for Rome, I remembered the turquoise set, and was happy to find it just where she had seen it. I bought it, and presented it to her on her birthday. Within a few hours of her deposi-

tion of this human body, she asked me to give that set to our daughter.

By way of explanation of the last phrase, I should say that the common expression, "she is dead," is not only false in fact, but extremely repulsive to one who believes, as I most devoutly do, in Immortality. She used to love these lines, so appropriate and comforting now:

"There is no death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose *portal* we call death."⁶

A very clever English writer says: "As we cast off our clothes at night, and wake to the world of visions, so it is at death—we cast off our temporary material bodies, which are only so much apparel, and become conscious of the world of spirits. A man never really *dies*."

Our bankers, L'Herbette, Kane & Co., invited us and the Maxwells to go to the French opera to hear "Hamlet"—Nilsson playing the part of Ophelia. To quote an extract from a letter Lide addressed Mrs. Wheeler from Paris, she says: "I was delighted. The music is by Thomas, and is quite pretty—of the lighter German school; but the *mise en scène* exceeded anything that one ever sees in the United States. It was truly superb; and you can imagine how much I enjoyed it when you remember that it is more than a year since I have been out in the evening." The *mise en scène* she refers to is where Ophelia drowns herself, and the illusion was startling from its naturalness. The mad heroine of the play is seen floating away, in her hand "weedy trophies," and

"She chanted snatches of old tunes" '.

as she passed out of sight. I can not imagine how the cheat was made so conformable in appearance to a real tragedy.

She admired Nilsson—especially her purity of tone and expressive vocalization; but she could not well see in what the Norwegian *cantatrice* was equal to Patti, who was then in Paris, playing an engagement. The latter is, in the rank of song, *Marquise* indeed, the other but a simple commoner. I heard Patti in “Lucia” a day or two later—it was the opening night, and the Parisian *noblesse* were there; the noble, too, in that nobler and higher domain they call *Belles Lettres* and Art, and I doubt if there ever was heard in Paris any such impassioned, and, what Bacon calls, “representative poesy,” as that of Patti’s rendition of the mad scene especially.

I made a visit with Lide to Notre Dame. She was much struck with it—perhaps to a greater extent because of the character impressed upon it by the events which have taken place there. Besides, the edifice is a rare specimen of the Gothic, and contains some of the finest of the elements that distinguish that order. We looked at the relics, of course—pieces of the true cross, and crown of thorns; but nearer to us in time, and heard in boisterous resonance through the naves and chapels, were the ribald scoffers of ’93, who, with blasphemous lip and irreverent hand, pulled down the Holy Rood, and set up in its stead the image of the “Religion of Reason.” There, too, the boy of Ajaccio placed upon his own head the imperial crown—in that grand old church which, to use his own language, “*donnera a la solennité un caractère plus auguste.*” Fancy, though, this little bit of antithesis on that occasion—Pope Pius VII preceding the Emperor’s magnificent coach, riding upon a mule. Well did the annalist add: “*qui fit beaucoup rire les Parisiens.*” And there, too, amid a pomp that has no equal in these days, Napoleon III espoused the graceful Countess de Teba. In all the extraordinary vicissitudes which make the Bonaparte family so historically

remarkable, there are none so strange and striking as those of the past few months. It was but the other day, as it were, I saw the Emperor, wife and son, sitting in state, and at their feet all France offered the allegiance of life, sword, and purse. Yesterday he was a prisoner in the hands of one he thought to demean, and to-day is an exile in that land across the channel, from where he can see the column his uncle raised at Boulogne.

And from the apostolic effigies on the face of Notre Dame, that have looked down upon all the changes of five centuries with their mysterious marble eyes, we crossed the Seine, leaving behind us the Morgue, with its thousand elegies, and entered the Hôtel de Ville. Leaning on me, Lide traversed the vast halls, lingered over the rich decorations, and, coloring all, came the sad wail history bore to us from those the revolutionary tribunes that sat here had sent to the block. She and I could not shake off these, and everywhere in Paris the memories of the victims who crowded the guillotine came to us, white with terror, and cheeks stained by tears, that the cruel headsmen scoffed and jeered. And when, too, I bore her through the Luxembourg, that had been prison and palace—through its *salles*, replete with memorials of all that is grand, and sad, and abject in French chronicles for two centuries—through all these, to the gallery of paintings, where she saw in Muller's "Call of the Condemned" the inflorescence of all her sad thoughts and remembrances of the Revolution of '93, she was fairly moved to tears. In that same letter to Mrs. Wheeler she refers to that painting: "Here, almost within sight of the spot where the guillotine was erected during the revolution, the scene depicted by the artist assumed nearly a life-like reality. Two groups especially impressed me—both represented the last sad separation of a condemned from his wife and daughter,

while the brutal soldiers hurried him away to a violent death. To me it was inexpressibly touching, and affected me even to tears." She speaks of it also in a letter to Dr. Maxwell, which I shall insert later.

Near me now is an engraved copy of that picture. I sent for it from its intrinsic worth, the pathetic scenes it depicts, and because of that tribute of compassionate tears the dear heart paid to the touching eloquence of its truth. Those who have seen it will not readily forget it. It portrays a large room, in which are some fifty figures—the central portion of the foreground is occupied by that of André Chenièr, the poet; and in the background, after ascending a flight of steps, is an open gateway, through which the picture receives its light. At the foot of the steps is an officer calling the list of the condemned; at his feet is the figure of a kneeling girl in prayerful intercession; and, indeed, each individual and each group is a story in itself—all representative of the peculiar emotion that such a "call" would naturally evoke—the whole uniting to make the most pathetic composition I ever saw. The figures which moved Lide so deeply are well in the foreground. They are those of the father whose name has just been called—the wife has sunk insensible on a chair—he still retains her hand; his daughter clings to him in front, and a soldier has seized him by the collar of his coat to lead him to the tumbrel you see through the open door, into which the unwilling victims are being thrust. There is in the whole composition such realistic description, it is pervaded with such terrible fidelity, and it so truly portrays an incident that contemporaneous narrative describes with such thrilling horror, that one in looking at it can scarce restrain his tears. Lide was so deeply impressed with it that no other painting came between it and her memory.

The brilliant life and air of Paris, and the noted places

she visited, seemed to have endowed her with more strength than she had had since leaving San Francisco. She says in the letter already quoted: "Since my arrival in Paris I have improved very much in appetite and general strength. I feel much *stronger* than at any time since I was so ill in January." She continues: "I grow so depressed and homesick that I feel as though I *must* go back at all costs. I recall my precious (to me at least) little home, and all its delights and pleasures. And then when I look into the future with its uncertainties, I am almost distracted, and a well nigh irrepressible longing to go back possesses me. Since I have been able to go out and divert my mind from sad thoughts, I have felt better."

Of course I was with her, and completely under her orders all the time; but she compelled me to go out when from any cause she remained at home. I usually rose early and took a promenade until she had had what she called her "morning nap." Her maid then brought her a cup of tea, about which time I returned and arranged with her the plans for the day. While she was dressing, I was generally employed in doing some trifles for her until breakfast was served. We then went out together; or, if she was otherwise occupied, I went with Ben, or with him and the Maxwells.

The Hôtel de Cluny is a rare museum—the rarest perhaps in Europe. Its collection of *faïence* alone is full of interest, and the relics of the time of the *renaissance* are really a study, and to properly see would occupy one for weeks. Lide, the Maxwells, Ben and I spent some hours there, and she was delighted. The building itself has many striking features, the chief of which are the curiously ornamented windows. Until very recently the Place of the Hôtel Cluny enjoyed the distinction of having the only remains of the Romans known in Paris, for the partial

restoration of the ruins discovered there disclose a *frigidarium*; but there have been discovered, in excavating for the office of the Omnibus Company, the arena and *meta sudans* of an amphitheatre, coins, medals, some ceramic remains, and two skeletons.

Strange to say, Lide had strength enough to ascend to all the chambers, and examine every object she regarded worthy of observation. I always carried a small campstool which she used to rest herself upon, and so she was then enabled to do a pretty fair day's work of sight-seeing. Usually I carried her up all ascents and stairways, except at the Hôtel de Russie at Rome.

With the same vigor did she make a good inspection of Hôtel des Invalides, the refectories, the *Salles des Maréchaux et du Conseil*, and the old church. But she seemed to have displayed a reserved strength for the Tomb of Napoleon, in the Place Vauban. She, of course, did not descend to the crypt; but there was scarcely any necessity for that, as the sarcophagus containing the ashes of the Emperor is seen best from above.

She always had a large admiration of the character of Napoleon—at least of the strong qualities he possessed, and of his extraordinary genius as a soldier; and so her visit to his sepulchre was a source of pleasure. The tomb is of porphyry, and it is a monolith, while the sarcophagus is of red granite. She was impressed with the massive simplicity of the whole affair, and regarded it as in keeping with his wonderful life and history.

And another day, when the weather was soft and spring-like, we all went to "*Le Jardin des Plantes*," the extent of which can be seen when I add that it covers seventy-seven acres of ground. She walked through its entire area, passing out by the house of Buffon, where I secured a carriage. Of course she saw only superficially, and yet all the

prominent features—menagerie, orangery, and gardens of naturalization and seeds, and the nursery ground, were inspected.

We were not pleasantly situated at the hotel to which we had gone, our room being small, and that of Lala being separated from us by several numbers. The bed was so narrow, that, to give Lide increased comfort, I slept upon the floor; and as I persisted in doing so, it gave her much annoyance, and so we determined to change quarters. We found apartments at the "Hôtel du Prince de Galles," Rue d' Anjou St. Honoré, where no English was spoken, and where we had the larger convenience of a parlor. In some respects we were more comfortable there—Lide and I certainly were, for we had rooms *en suite*. Ben remained, but he came to see us daily.

Lide was strong enough one bright Sunday to go to Versailles, to see the *Grandes Eaux*, or the playing of all the fountains, and it was a regular "field day," when people were gathered by the thousands. Lide saw one floor of the palace, and, leaning on my arm walked through the trim gardens of the small park, inspecting the elaborate work of the fountains—seeing some of them in full play—and along the alleys, and through the exquisite parterres. Crossing to the *Parterre de Latone*, and looking along the *Tapis vert*, crowded with well dressed people, hearing the martial airs played by the military band, and seeing the broad avenue stretching away before us, with the beautiful landscapic effects planned and executed by Le Nôtre, made up a view she admired vastly.

I did not like the gardens of Versailles, magnificent and elaborate as they are, as much as I did those of *Little Trianon*, which are English in style. The French system of gardening is highly artificial—trimming trees and plants as they coil the female hair, twisting them into strange and

grotesque shapes, where one seeks in vain for the graceful sweep and curves that belong to a natural growth.

I had seen Versailles and St. Cloud some days before, and so I surrendered myself to Lide entirely on the occasion of that visit. Several times I drove her through the *Champs Elysées*, and all the chief points of the *Bois de Boulogne*, where Paris is best seen—its wealth, its castes, its glory, and its shame. And one night, too—one gala night—I took her through the *Mabille*, rather to show her the beauty of its walks and shrubbery under the splendor of its illumination, than the sensuous dancing which makes it so attractive and disreputable. I led her up to the pavilion to give her an idea of the renowned *cancan*. I, her husband, did this; but to her pure eye it was essentially vulgar and vicious, and so she at once withdrew, and we returned to the hotel. Although there was nothing there on that occasion more disreputable than an ordinary ballet—for it was early in the evening when she made her visit—still she had a feeling of shame to be present in such company.

We visited the Louvre together, but she of course saw it imperfectly, giving her supreme attention to the paintings, especially those contained in the *Salon Carré*—the “Conception” of Murillo, the “Belle Jardinière” of Raphael, “Marriage of Cana” by Veronese, and several other famous ones—not omitting my and her favorite, Murillo’s “Beggar Boy.” One can well imagine how pleasurably those exquisite inspirations of such masters fell upon her dear mind, so sensitive to the enchantment of the beauty of the old art.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“And he clasped them closer—closer—
For a message they would seem,
Coming from the lips now silent,
Coming from a hand now cold.
And he felt the same emotion
They had thrill’d him with of old.”

On the afternoon of October 14th I went to the banking house of Munroe & Co. to deliver a note of introduction, and quite by chance I found a cable telegram that had been there some days, announcing the death of my father, and urging me to return at once. It was sad news, and yet not entirely unexpected. Lide knew that there were some business affairs I was expected to transact should I survive my father—indeed I had promised him that I would relieve my mother from all care in regard of his estate. She knew of all these things, and as I could not decide what I should do—for I knew how dependent she was upon me—I left the determination of my going or remaining, with her. She thought it my duty to go, and so advised me. I left Paris for Liverpool in the night train the next day, passed through Calais, Dover, and London, halting a few hours to see the dear people at the “Ferns.” I sailed from Liverpool 11 A.M., October 17th. We stopped at Queenstown some few hours, and I employed the time in running up to Cork. I reached New York at 11:30 A.M., October 29th, after a very rough passage, and went on to Booth-hurst that same evening.

Lide and the Maxwells were in the best hands in the world—in Ben's, who was as faithful and kind as a brother could be. When I left, it was determined they would go to Rome, the climate of that city having been recommended to Lide. There she was to wait for me, 'before passing into winter quarters.

I have found some few of her letters, which I introduce without alteration. Two or three addressed to me have been mislaid or lost in the confusion of travel. I quote them to show the character of her thought and expression; although, as they were written at a period of intense suffering from her disease and the fatigue incident to travel, they are by no means fairly representative of her best powers and intelligence. I will take them in chronological order. The following is addressed to my brother:

“PARIS, October 17th, 1868.

“MY DEAR DAN: Your letter of September 16th has just been received. It was written the day after the receipt of the intelligence of your father's death, and I fully appreciate all your sorrow at the loss of so excellent a parent. When we left Booth-hurst, on the 17th of August, father was apparently much better than he had been for some weeks before—was able to drive out, and talked of going to Wilmington to purchase a new carriage. A letter from Bessie, dated August 30th, described him as quite as well. I felt, however, during the last few days of our stay at Booth-hurst, that I was enjoying for the last time the privilege of being with him. He himself seemed fully conscious of the same fact, and nothing could surpass the sad tenderness of his manner towards all of us, but, I thought, especially so to me; and about my health he seemed particularly solicitous. He was gentle and lovely as a little child, and yet with mental power as clear and unclouded

as in the best years of his manhood. It was a touching and beautiful sight to see your dear mother's devotion to him, allowing no one to take her place, even when she must necessarily have been fatigued by her exertions.

"It is melancholy to reflect upon her loneliness now, and the grief which must overwhelm her when she finds herself without the support which, for sixty-one years, has stood between her and the world.

"We did not receive the telegram announcing the sad news until we had been three weeks in Paris. Rob immediately made arrangements to go to Booth-hurst at once, and without something unseen has occurred, he sailed from Liverpool this morning in the steamer 'China,' of the Cunard line. * * * *

"I can not consent to Rob's leaving me alone in a strange land until I have some rational encouragement to believe that I may improve in health. Such encouragement I have not had up to this time. There is no essential improvement in my condition—for although I seem stronger just at present, my cough is unabated, with profuse expectoration, and pulse at 110. * * *

"Why don't you write more about my darling baby, of whom I have heard absolutely nothing since I left? Just as you close your letters you say, "All are well. Laussat is improving." What could be more unsatisfactory? Tell me of all his dear little ways and cunning tricks—in fact anything which concerns him. My heart has always been very tender towards him, and I felt the parting from him more than any one would have imagined.

Remember me affectionately to James R. Bolton, to whom I am sincerely attached. At times I am home-sick to the last degree, and writing letters home generally makes me so. Kiss the darling boy for me, and believe me always

Affectionately yours, LIDE."

The next is a short letter to my mother; inclosed to me for delivery:

“PARIS, October 25th, 1868.

“I should have written to you, dearest mother, when Rob left; but there was so little time between the receipt of the sad telegram and the period of his departure, that I was fully occupied by preparations for the latter.

“What can any one say or do to alleviate the grief which must overwhelm you? The separation which occurs after sixty-one years of happy married life, must indeed be like the rending of body and soul; and we, your children, can only weep with you when we recall the many lovely traits which distinguished the character of our dear father, and remember that we shall no more behold him upon earth. Truly he has left to his children “the heritage of a goodly name,” and a memory among men of which they may well be proud.

“I hope that Rob’s presence may afford you some consolation, and that he may be able to assist you in such matters as his profession especially fits him for. I miss him very much, and still more his affectionate ministrations to my comfort and happiness.

“Lide seems to long very much to be with you, and for some reasons I wish that this could be. I do not seem to be able to make her happy. However, she may become more contented after a while.

“I am not able to write much after my letter to Rob, dear mother, but could delay no longer sending you a few lines to express my deep sympathy with you in your sorrow. We weep for you and with you, with all our hearts.

“With love to dear Bessie, believe me always

Your affectionate daughter,

LIDE.”

The letter to me, in which that to my mother was in-

closed, I can not place my hands on. The note next below is to me. In writing, or in speaking to me when alone, she always addressed me as "Teppie," and subscribed herself "Buntin."

"MARSEILLES, November 4th, 1868.

"We arrived here yesterday, dearest Teppie, about half-past eleven or twelve o'clock. We left Paris at seven in the evening, and traveled all night. I found the '*coupé lit*' very comfortable, and after loosening my clothing I could lie with as much ease as upon a wide sofa. I made the journey with comparatively little fatigue, and believe it was owing to being able to lie down all the way. I took lunch in the basket you bought in London, and at various stopping places Ben came into the '*coupé*' and took a plateful of provender to Ella and Mrs. Maxwell, who were in the next compartment. It was very well we were so provided, for we had no opportunity to get a mouthful to eat during the whole journey of seventeen hours. As Ben remarked, he thought the lunch basket had paid for itself. As a matter of course, I felt very tired yesterday, but I had a good night's rest, and to-day feel quite right.

"The climate is as warm as one could wish, and already I feel the greatest difference in the ease with which I breathe compared with the way I did in Paris. It is so delightful to be in the bright sunshine.

"The first thing I saw yesterday, upon entering the court-yard of the hotel, was a Chinese woman in her native costume; also a man, but he was dressed as a European. It reminded me so much of home, and seemed such a familiar sight. We are at the *Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix*, and are quite comfortable. We remained here to-day, in order that I might rest, and will continue our journey to Nice to-morrow.

"This morning, after breakfast, we drove all over the city, and along the 'Prado,' which is a beautiful drive by the sea. It was our first sight of the Mediterranean; and in the warm, soft air, and bright sunshine, with the murmuring of the sea at my feet, I enjoyed it very much. We then drove to the top of a high hill, where there is a church called '*Notre Dame de la Garde*.' The latter is reached by ascending very high steps, so I remained in the carriage while the rest of the party explored the heights. The point where I was commanded a fine view of the city and harbor, and I sat for some twenty minutes looking out over the sea and thinking of you. It is so difficult to realize that I am actually in the midst of scenes that I have longed so much to behold.

"This evening Mrs. Maxwell and Ella have gone to the opera with Ben and the Rev. Mr. Rogers. We picked the latter up in Paris, and he is to accompany us as far as Nice. Lide seemed much disappointed at not going, but I thought it best we should both decline.

"And now, my darling, good night. I am tired, and am going to bed. Be sure to keep your promise not to fret over me—you see how well I am getting along. Love to your mother and all—a dozen kisses from

* * * *

"Your own

BUNTIN."

By way of explanation of the asterisks on the previous line, I will say that in writing to each other we always sent kisses—kissing the paper, and then marking it by a cross or star, each one indicating a kiss.

The letter that succeeds is also addressed to me:

"NICE, November 8th, 1868.

"I wrote you from Marseilles last Thursday, my darling, telling you how well I had got along to that place. On

the afternoon of the next day we came to this place, and I felt much more fatigued with the journey of six and a half hours than I did by the night trip from Paris. We found comfortable rooms awaiting us, thanks to James' (the courier) forethought, and after a good dinner we retired to rest early. What was my disgust on rising Friday morning, to find a heavy, threatening sky, and every prospect of rain. Yesterday it rained without cessation from morning till night, and to-day, altho' the sun is struggling to show himself, it is too damp for me to go out. Is it not discouraging? It would seem as though I were pursued by an adverse fate.

"I have had an excellent appetite since I arrived here, and that is a good sign. They give us for breakfast fresh figs and cream, and I do them justice.

"I am beginning already to anticipate your return. It is not likely we will get to Rome by the time you reach Paris; but, of course, when I know you are coming, I will send a letter to care of your bankers, to meet you. * *

"While I have been writing the clouds have broken away, and the sun is shining brightly. Ben, who has been reading by the fire, proposes that we send for a carriage and take a drive—the rest of the party having gone out in waterproofs to take a walk.

"I have just come back, my darling, after a lively drive on the *Promenade des Anglais*, which is a broad road made on the very edge of the sea. It was great enjoyment to me—the warm sunshine and soft air. On one side were gardens filled with orange trees and palms, as well as with roses and other flowers in full bloom; and on the other, the Mediterranean breaking at my feet. These made up an aggregate which one would be very insensible not to enjoy. The air and sunshine are life to me, and I trust I shall be able to go out every day.

"While I think of it, I will say here that all the party, at intervals, send remembrances to you, and so take them all in a lump.

"Lide is well, but is as silent as usual. I hope to hear from you in a few days, and to know when to expect your return. Good-bye, my darling, with love to all.

* * * "I am always your own BUNTIN."

There is another of same date to Mrs. Saunders—the mother of Mrs. Wheeler—whom Lide had met in Paris. I shall insert it also, although it is, in some respects, a repetition of the preceding one:

"NICE, November 8th, 1868.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I know you will feel anxious to hear how I stood the journey to this place, and therefore I hasten to write to you as soon as I am a little settled.

"The journey to Marseilles, though made at night, was much less fatiguing than that from Marseilles to this place. The latter only occupied about six hours, but I was tired out by the time I reached Nice.

"Yesterday and the day before it rained incessantly, and I was almost in despair—shut up in the house with a fire, which the dampness of the atmosphere rendered necessary. To-day, however, the sun came out about 2 o'clock, and I went out to drive, and came home feeling quite like a different creature.

"Nice seems like an immense watering-place. The town itself is ugly and uninteresting, (at least it seemed so to me to-day) but along the sea shore is a broad esplanade called the *Promenade des Anglais*. On one side is a long row of hotels, all surrounded with beautiful gardens, in which are orange and lemon trees laden with fruit; flowers, palm trees too, with their graceful fronds—while among

them are rose hedges and the numerous flowers of the temperate zone. On the other hand the blue Mediterranean breaks in foamy waves almost at one's feet. The whole formed an enchanting picture, and, together with the soft air and bright sunshine, put new life into my languid frame. My appetite is much better than it was in Paris, and the amount of fresh figs and cream which I consume would astonish you, if you could see it. So you see, dear friend, that I have every reason to be encouraged to hope that I will continue to improve. I look forward to the time when I can return to my beloved home as one of the things which is not too far in the distance.

"The little episode of your visit to Paris, and our meeting there was so refreshing to me. You know I love you dearly for your own dear sake apart from all other considerations; and besides this you are so associated and intimately connected with so many delightful hours in the far past, that it adds a certain intensity to my affection for you. Then, too, as I told you, it was the next thing to seeing my darling Sara. She is the friend in whom my soul reposes, for I know she loves me with an affection that is unalterable. Dear child, if our wishes could only transport her to these beautiful scenes !

"I am afraid my letter will not be very satisfactory to you, for it has been written in the parlor among half a dozen chattering people, who are addressing remarks to me every five minutes, making it quite impossible to pursue any idea connectedly.

"Remember me kindly to Mrs. Ralston, and with love for yourself, believe me always

Affectionately yours,

L. H. ROGERS."

These letters, I repeat, written under the most embarrassing circumstances, by one whose strength was at best

scarcely beyond that of a little child, are hardly worthy of my wife. I have no others, as already stated. Those of hers destroyed before we went to Europe were brilliant enough for any pen. These I introduce now are the only direct utterances from her in the world, except a fugitive note or two which are quite beyond my reach—if, indeed, there are any within my knowledge. They will, imperfect as they are, subserve at least the design I started with.

The letter that follows is addressed to her mother:

“NICE, November 15th, 1868.

“MY DEAR MOTHER: Your letter of October 2d has just reached me, and glad enough I am to hear from home. * *

“I have come to the conclusion that I have yet to return to California to find the much-talked-of climate which I require. I have been traveling for five months to avoid rain, and in all that period have not been for seven consecutive days without it—the greater part of the time the water pouring from the clouds as though there was to be a second deluge.

“This place, which is so celebrated as to climate, is very similar to San Francisco. We have been here nearly two weeks. The first five days the rain poured in torrents; the rest of the time it has alternated with clouds, sunshine, and cold winds. The gardens are full of orange trees, it is true, and perhaps a person in health would call the weather pleasant, but it does not suit me. I am chilly all the time, and my cough is worse than it was in Paris. I am better in every way than when I last wrote you from London, but the improvement is not sufficiently marked for me to feel much encouragement.

“The drives in the vicinity of Nice are beautiful. Imagine high hills terraced almost to the top, and planted with olive, fig, and oranges, and among them numerous

villas, many of which are painted in bright colors—for instance, light blue, or green, or pink. At first I did not like it; but after the eye becomes accustomed to it, it seems to harmonize with the dark tints of the trees. * * *

"I was very much amused by your stories about Bolton. He is the funniest monkey I ever knew. Dear little fellow, how much I should like to see him! Tell him from me that the boys here all wear the Knickerbocker pants till they are much older than he is. I can't bear the idea of his putting on the airs of a 'big boy,' and would like, if possible, to go back to the days when he wore Garibaldi dresses.

"I made quite a collection of stamps for Eustace, and now I have mislaid them and can not find them.

"The subject of my return to California is a sad one to me, although I am so anxious to go. All of my ideas of home are associated with San Francisco—with my dear little cottage on Brannan Street—and if I go back it will be impossible for me to live there.

"And now, dear mother, I must bring this long letter to a close. Write often, and with love to all the family, believe me, as ever,

Your affectionate daughter,

LIDE."

The succeeding letter to Dr. R. T. Maxwell is the longest one I have, and the best. It is written with more of her old vigor and beauty than are any of the others:

"GENOA, November 22d, 1868.

"It is Sunday afternoon, dear Doctor, and the rest of the party has gone sight-seeing, as usual, leaving me at home, because it is too cold and damp for me to go out. I have not been unmindful of my promise to write to you, but have delayed it from time to time, hoping that I

could send you better accounts of myself, and because, too, I have been in such wretched spirits that I had no heart to write to any one.

"I am not materially better in health than when I left San Francisco. The five weeks we were in Paris I seemed to gain in strength and appetite, but since we left there I have lost again, and have been obliged to give up the cod liver oil on account of a disordered stomach. Of course I shall resume it again as soon as possible.

"Dr. Beylard, in Paris, prescribed for me the hypophosphite of lime, which he told me was thought to exercise a specific influence over tuberculous diseases. I have been taking larger doses of morphia and codeine than I ever could bear before, and at present have wretched nights, owing to the demoralization consequent upon the use of anodynes. I have traveled in vain to find that blessed climate where I can be out of doors every day, and I fear that my quest will be hopeless.

"It is five months since the sad day on which I sailed from San Francisco, and during all that period I don't think we have had ten consecutive days of sunshine, and the greater part of the time pouring rain. Talk about Italian climate! why, it is not to be compared to that of California. Nice is very similar to San Francisco in temperature, and every afternoon there arises a cold wind which raises clouds of fine, white dust, extremely irritating to the lungs. The drives in the vicinity are beautiful, and the country very picturesque, with its groves of orange trees, while in the gardens of the villas are palm and pepper trees, and numerous species of acacias. There is nothing there to interest the traveler. It is, in fact, only a gay winter resort for those who can afford to leave the inhospitable North of Europe for what seems to them, by contrast, a very garden of Eden.

“Genoa, where we are resting a few days, is, indeed, a city of palaces. The hotel where we are stopping was evidently at one time a noble residence. The ceilings are all arched and beautifully frescoed, and the floors and door frames of marble. The weather being bitter cold, much colder than I ever felt it at San Francisco, I have been obliged to remain in doors. In Paris I was able to do quite an amount of sight-seeing, and enjoyed it extremely. Everything there is so suggestive of history that comes down almost to our own times, that one can not fail to feel the spirit of the revolution hovering in the air. I saw at the Luxembourg a picture that impressed me more than anything I have ever seen while abroad. It is called ‘The Call of the Last Victims of the Reign of Terror.’ I stood before it a long time, and it affected me even to tears. Two groups, each representing the same sad scene—a father tearing himself away from his daughter and wife—were equally touching. In one the man’s face is rigid with that stern resolution which ‘consents to death, yet conquers agony’—in the other group, a lovely young girl clings around her father’s neck, while his face is raised to Heaven with an expression of despair and mortal agony which no pen can describe. It is a most affecting picture, and there, almost within sight of the spot where the guillotine claims its victims, it has a dramatic power that makes it seem like reality.

“Paris is all glitter and show, and corresponds with the idea which I have conceived of the French character. Their much vaunted politeness is all conventional and superficial. I have been as rudely jostled by a French crowd as I ever was by the most democratic concourse at home. As to the innate deference to a woman because she is weak and requires protection—a deference which springs from the strength of true manhood—I don’t think

a Frenchman has the smallest conception of it. The consequence is that a woman is unsexed. She works in the fields, or she buckles on her armor, and puts on her seven-leagued boots, and goes out into the world to enter into competition with man, and fights him with his own weapons. I much prefer the rough-hewn politeness of the men of my own country to the artificial courtesy of foreigners. The truth is, that until I came abroad I never appreciated the grandeur of our institutions, and, above all, the greatness of our common school system of education. I thank God every day that I was born under the American flag. * * * * When Mr. Rogers returns from Delaware, we will proceed at once to Catania, on the south side of the Island of Sicily. There, if anywhere in Europe, I hope to find warm weather. Sometimes I seriously think of returning to California in April or May, when Mr. Rogers goes back. This I have not mentioned, having expressed all along a determination to remain in Europe until the autumn, when, if I am living, I will set sail with a glad heart for my far Western home.

"It seems to me I could go to Napa Valley for the summer, and be as well off as here. What do you think? I expect you to write me a nice long letter in answer to this. If you do, I will write you again from Sicily. I don't know whether this last will be an inducement or not, or whether I and my affairs have so far passed from your interest that reading this long letter will prove a bore. I hope this is not so, and I am vain enough to think it is not. At all events I expect a letter, and I don't care in the least for San Francisco gossip, but I want to hear something about yourself. I feel as if I had heard absolutely nothing since I left there except that you were well, and never were known to be in such good spirits.

"Tell me about the ranch—whether you are going to

keep it; whether you have planted hop and grape vines, and whether you still have, to use your own expression, the '116 pigs, plus one,' when you are up there. I thought of you when we were passing through Kent—the great hop country of England; and again in France, where the railroad runs for miles through that peculiar red soil that is supposed to be adapted to grape culture. The hills there are terraced to their very summits, and planted with vineyards and olive trees. It is just those terraces that we require in California to make our brown hills as productive as our valleys. I am not certain as to the orthography of that last word. Consider that we have had a battle over it, with 'Worcester' between us, and you may place the victory where it belongs.

"And now that I feel it is time to bring this long letter to a close, all the sad feelings that have been somewhat dispelled while writing it, have returned in full force. At times I have such a terrible longing for home that I feel as if I must go, no matter what may be the cost. I reason in vain. I only know that I am sick and miserable, and gaining nothing, and I pine for 'the old familiar faces.' Those words of Lamb seem to be constantly before me; I never felt their significance before. Then, too, when I remember that when I go back—if I am ever permitted such happiness—I can not live in San Francisco, where all my associations are, the future is very dark to me. I still hope against hope, that when I get to Sicily I may be better; but how I shall contend against this terrible home-sickness I don't know.

"I have said, from time to time, that I would not write to you while I was in such bad spirits, lest I should indite a dismal letter. I think, however, it would be difficult to write one of a bluer tint than this. I commenced it two days ago, on Sunday, expecting to leave for Leg-

horn the next day. It is now Tuesday evening, and we are still in Genoa, detained by a pouring rain which has never ceased for an instant since daylight this morning. * *

“And now, dear doctor, good night, and good-by. Be sure you write me—in fact you promised me to do so. If my letter is tiresome to you, don’t read it—but believe me

Affectionately yours,

L. H. ROGERS.”

There is one more letter to be introduced here, written by my wife to her nearest friend, Mrs. Wheeler, for whom she had an unreserved and faithful love rarely seen—between women, at least. Mrs. Wheeler’s affection for and devotion to my darling were so pure and unselfish as to give us higher ideas of people, and lend to life a lesson that adds strength to our belief in something better and nobler after this existence.

“GENOA, Nov. 25th, 1868.

“I wrote you a few weeks ago from Paris, dearest Sara, but I have the vanity to think that you will be glad to hear from me again. We arrived here last Thursday evening, expecting to remain one day, and then to continue our journey to Rome. It has stormed fearfully ever since Friday night, and here we are, Wednesday, with a poor prospect of getting off even this evening.

“We have found the far-famed Italian climate a snare and a delusion. Since we have been in Genoa, we have actually suffered from cold. The temperature is much lower than at the same season in the Eastern States. As for myself I am thoroughly disheartened, and regret that I ever left my beloved home to wander amid the discomforts of a strange country. The few weeks I was in Paris I gained a little temporary strength, but since I left there

I have lost, every day. We had at Nice a few clear days when I was able to go out in the sunshine, but since then it has been rain, rain incessantly. It is a dismal letter I am writing you—full of my selfish complaints—but it is some comfort to me to pour out my woes into your faithful heart, my darling, and so have patience with me. I am sick, and miserable, and pining for home and home-faces. If I am not materially better in the spring when Rob expects to return to California, I shall go with him. It was some comfort to me to see your mother in Paris. As I told her, it was the next best thing to seeing you. She looks so young and so well, and seemed in such excellent spirits, that it was delightful to see her. I am so glad that she will have the opportunity to see Paris and Rome—for of all people, she is the one to thoroughly appreciate and enjoy both cities.

“When Rob returns from Delaware we will proceed at once to Catania—a town on the south side of Sicily. There, they tell me, it is always warm in winter, and I hope almost against hope that I will begin to mend. Doubtless you will be surprised that I write so despondingly, but just remember what a perfect failure this trip has been in all the benefit that I expected to derive from it. When I recall the distress of those last few days at home, I feel that I have made a terrible sacrifice for naught.

“I was glad to receive the other day a letter from mother, full of the sayings and doings of my dear boys. Poor little fellows! my heart clings to them now. * * *

“And now, my darling, I must stop, because this little writing has tired me so. I hope we will get away from here to-night. Give my love to all; and for yourself, my heart’s best love. Your own LIDE.”

I attended to the business I had in charge at Booth-

hurst, but I lingered there to console my mother in her grief, to sustain and bear her through that first agony of looking for the face that comes not—listening to hear the old endearing tones that never come to us except when in the stillness of night the wind bears them back again to us.

The quiet of my life there was not disturbed except in thinking of a possible happening to my darling wife. A note came from her which said: "Do not fret over me; you see how well I am getting along"—and so I yielded to my mother, who begged me "not to go yet."

On the seventeenth of November, Bessie—my sister's only child—was married at New Castle to Thomas Holcomb, Esq., a most worthy person, and who had all the promise to make her happy. The same, or the preceding day, I had a letter from Ben from Nice, in which he said that since my departure my wife was not so well; that my absence seemed to affect her most seriously, and that while there was no cause for immediate alarm, he and Mrs. Maxwell thought I should be written to. I hesitated not a moment; telegraphed to New York for a passage on board the first European steamer to sail. The "City of London," Inman Line, was the first to leave, and on the twenty-first of November we sailed for England.

We reached Liverpool on the evening of December 1st, but as it stormed furiously, and there was no chance to get my luggage through the Customs, I was compelled to remain on board all night. Next day, however, I got off in the midday train and reached London at half past five that evening, stopping at Charing Cross Hotel. I sent Lide a telegram announcing my arrival, and remained in London that day to make some few needful purchases. I was sorry I could not stop at "The Ferns" to see our kind relatives there. Later I was mortified to hear that they were in London at that time.

I had a French companion who was a passenger with me on the steamer from New York, and who had engaged to accompany me as far as Paris. We had no route open to us that night except *via* New Haven and Dieppe, and I took my passage notwithstanding a storm raged and the rain fell in torrents. My Parisian friend had been absent several years from *La Belle France*, but he, to use an expressive term of backsliding, "backed right square out" and would not go. I must confess that under any other circumstances I would have shown some sign of defection; but storm, nothing superable could have detained me in the absence of intelligence as to my darling's condition—for Ben's letter, in spite of myself, alarmed me. Years had passed since I smoked, but that evening when I forecasted the long, lonely and dark ride before me, I could not resist the solace the weed promised, and I invested a few odd shillings in cigars. How desolate looked the streets that night when I set out! The gaslights flared, and rocked like a drunken man, as the wind swept by them in passionate bursts. The rain drifted and beat with impatient, angry raps against the carriage windows, and fell in sheets from the projecting eaves of the houses, past which we slowly went. The lights in the buildings were dimly seen through long lines of rain, and in the heavy respiration of the tempest the screech of the locomotive whistle was weird and haunting. And now and then the rough blasts seized the car and shook it with a spiteful laugh—with the derision and frenzy of a madman. I sat alone in the obscurity, for the compartment, strange to say, was lightless. But I smoked through all the passage. I made transient twilight about me when I puffed, and when the cigar was laid aside, between respirations, the darkness was painfully profound.

We reached New Haven about bedtime, and I ran along

the jetty and aboard the packet, which heaved and groaned upon the swell that stirred in the dock. There was but one other cabin passenger, and in the recesses of the cabin I heard him drop objurgatory regrets that he had started, and I knew by the poise of each phrase and the clipped word coinage from the furnace of his temper, that he and I were countrymen.

The skipper would not venture out on the channel that night, but at daylight he attempted it, and the passage was rough enough. We were nine hours reaching Dieppe, and I arrived too late for the usual train. My fellow passenger and I, and an Englishman whom we picked up, wandered over the place; mounted the bluff at the west end of the town where the castle is; stared at the effigies and painted saints in the chapels of the Church of St. Jacques; roamed through the streets, from shop window to shop window, looking at the ivory work for which the place is famous; then down to the quays among the fishermen; then mixed in with the town people who held a fair in one of the little squares, laughed at a conjuror with his tricks, and paid a few *sous* to see a stuffed bear and a live lion.

I left Dieppe about 6 P.M., and before midnight reached Paris. Sending my luggage to the hotel, I went to the telegraph station and sent a message to Lide. Ere I touched my pillow I wrote to her, too, a long letter.

I halted at Paris for my letters. There was one of November 28th from my darling, who wrote in bad spirits, in some such strain as in the note to Mrs. Wheeler, yet not quite so dejectedly. She always tempered to me her condition, at least by letter; but later, when alone, she would place soft loving hands upon me, press my head against her bosom, and most frequently in tears, but always

pointing upwards, trained and nurtured me against the sad days to come when I must be alone with our children.

On the evening of December 6th I left Paris in a drenching rain, and reached Marseilles at 12 M. next day. I went at once to the *Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix*, and searched the register for *her* name. I found it in Ben's handwriting, and even that afforded me pleasure. She had been there, and that was some satisfaction.

I could not get away that night, and the regular packet would not start for two days. I have a short letter under my eyes now, addressed to my mother from Marseilles, and it is full of impatient, sad wails as to Lide, and fretting at my detention. I found, however, a small freight packet to sail next day at 8 A.M., for Leghorn *via* Genoa. We got off at 9 o'clock and reached Genoa in safety, where I passed one day as a matter of necessity, for I could not get away. However, I made good use of that day—running through the palaces, the Church of the *Annunziata*, and the Villa Pallavicini with its trimmed grounds, and grottoes and gardens; but, better than all, its magnificent views.

I reached Leghorn on the morning of the 11th, and at midday, by rail, I was nearing the dearest welcome in the world. The ride most of the time was in sight of the Mediterranean, and on occasions I caught sight of castellated buildings or Martello towers crowning eminences overlooking the sea.

I arrived at Rome at 10 P.M., and it seemed odd enough to me to be crossing the Tiber by rail, while the lofty arches of the Claudian aqueduct could be distinctly seen in the starlight. Ben met me and told me that an impatient heart and lip waited me at the hotel, and surrendering checks and keys to his courier, we took carriage through *Rome*,

“Our feet upon some rev'rend history.”

The darling met me at the door of the parlor, wearing a dress I had given her, and then, lying in her "little home," she gave my cheeks the wonted patting. That dress hangs now over her chair in her room near me, but it is empty—the beautiful life that filled it, whither, whither has it gone?

CHAPTER XXIV.

“Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glar'd in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Wav'd to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the Cæsar sate,
On bed of moss lies gloating the foul adder.”

The darling and I sat up late that evening. We had been separated long enough to accumulate stores of material for talk—and there were a hundred questions to be asked and answered. She rarely slept until after midnight. Insomnia was one of the most distressing developments of her disease, and her cough made it still more painful and wearisome. But that night she had the old loving hand near her, heard the wonted soothing voice, and was caressed by the affection that had given to her life the highest enjoyment it possessed. One can easily imagine how dear all that tenderness to one who felt in her heart, that ere a great while, she would pass away to a land where kiss and caress could not reach. I am not prepared to say, though, that those we call “dead” can not, at times at least, hear and see us.

I found her looking quite like her old self that same evening. She had a flush given her by the excitement of my coming, and she really seemed diseaseless. She says of herself in a letter to her mother: “It is wonderful to me how soon I change either for better or worse. In three

or four days' time I will become weak and sick after seeming quite strong, and in the same way I rally after being weak and miserable."

She and the Maxwells and Ben had charming quarters at the *Hotel de Russie*, near the *Piazza del Popolo*, and almost under *Monte Pincio*—the celebrated promenade—the *Bois de Boulogne* of Rome. We had a suit of seven rooms, which included a very large parlor, and the table was well appointed in all respects. During the first visit we made to Rome, which extended until February 27th, Lide always went to the *table d'hôte* to dinner, and to save her all fatigue I employed two porters to carry her to her room—not merely after that meal, but at all times when she descended to the *rez-de-chaussée*.

Rome has, as our adopted State, its quotidian supply of flowers during all the year, and indeed there are many points of similitude between the Pontifical States and California—in climate and their physical aspects. The mean annual temperature of Rome and San Francisco is about the same, but we have no *tramontana*, or north wind, as harsh as that of Rome, nor the sirocco. All the days the parlor was filled with the sweet breath of flowers—tender contributions of friends—always the most exquisite enrichment a drawing-room can have. Ben's floral gifts were constant and delicate—usually violets and japonicas, beautiful in themselves, but reminding Lide of her own home and one anonymous offering. On Christmas, for many years, there always came to Lide a single bouquet—a white camelia, of the life lying between bud and blossom, framed with violets. I know not who sent it, although I suspect a good friend of ours who loved her dearly. On the last Christmas day she spent in this world, I brought to her that annual offering.

Lide loved Rome. In one of her letters she says: "I

am able to go out now every day, and enjoy everything I see. When I stood under the magnificent dome of St. Peter's, I felt repaid for all it had cost me to reach here, and for the first time was glad that I came abroad. I think that the pleasure and mental diversion I have derived from the pictures and statuary, and other works of art in Rome, have contributed much to rouse me from the state of miserable weakness and depression I was in when we arrived here three weeks ago."

During the first few weeks of her visit the weather was pleasant, and she and I were constantly out together during the midday hours. She never rose until late, and it was quite eleven or twelve o'clock ere she was ready to start. I was up betimes, and, taking an early breakfast, was thus enabled to accomplish a great deal of sight-seeing before I reported myself to her at the hour named. She returned to the hotel between two and three o'clock, and then I usually went out again to a ruin or gallery. She would not permit me to remain with her during the days when she was confined by weather or the exacerbation of her disease. She literally drove me out. I kept her well supplied with books from Piale's really large Circulating Library, and these, with visitors, kept her constantly occupied. I never left her except at her earnest entreaty, and when she did start me out sight-seeing without her, I usually looked in upon her every two or three hours.

But she and I saw together all the principal objects of interest at Rome; indeed she preferred to go out with me alone. Usually Ben, Lala and the Maxwells made up one party, and Lide and I another. It was under her guidance I first saw the Coliseum. We dashed first up to the Egyptian obelisk on the *Piazza del Popolo*, which had been removed from the Temple of the Sun, at Heliopolis, by Augustus, and we mused a little while over the strange

mutations society has undergone since the cutting of the hieroglyphics which cover its facets. We then passed along the Corso to Trajan's Forum, and halted near the column which bears his name. Its *bas reliefs* are still distinct, and they tell by figure and symbol all the incidents of the Emperor's conquests. Lying near and within a few yards of the base of the column, are gray marble pillars, shattered capitals, sharply cut friezes, and the remains of an ancient pavement. From there she drove me by a narrow street to the Mamertine Prison, where the Church traditions teach that St. Peter was confined and baptized his jailers, and where profane chronicles say that Jugurtha was starved to death and Cataline's accomplices strangled.

But now we were indeed upon consecrated ground. Before me were the Capitoline and Palatine hills, and within the hollow between, were the rich and splendid memorials that Rome has left in testimony of her greatness. There, on the right, was the arch of Severus, and the engraven emblems of his Parthian and Persian victories. Under its span you see the pavement as it existed sixteen centuries ago, leading up to the three exquisite Corinthian columns of the Temple of Vespasian.

Keeping along the *Via Sacra*, on either hand you see the remains of temples and palaces, and when you reach the arch of Titus, before you are that of Constantine, and grandest and most attractive of all, the Coliseum. I got out of the carriage and walked around it. Subdued to quiet, I gazed along its face—the broken arches, the fractured columns; saw the long grass clinging to the crevices, the stains and decay put upon it by the breath and mouldering fingers of eighteen hundred years—and as I gazed, History whispered to me in mournful accents the revolutions that had been since that building was erected.

I entered and saw with greater wonder and susceptibility

the *ambulacra* and galleries overgrown with shrubs and mosses—for the *Flora* of the Coliseum has four hundred and twenty species clinging to the walls; the crumbling seats for eighty thousand spectators; the ponderous archways; and around the arena are strewn torsos, capitals, marble slabs, and metopes. For two hundred years during the middle ages did the coliseum furnish material for the Roman palaces. It is difficult to say who was the greatest scamp—Barberini or Farnese. Of the latter, Gibbon said: “Every traveler may curse the sacrilege and luxury of these upstart princes.”

That same day I was so fascinated that I went back there, and sitting upon the fragment of a frieze mused long on the scene before me. I reclined where Christian martyrs’ blood had flown, and where many a gladiator had been

“Butcher’d to make a Roman holiday.”

And all the while the wind moaning among the arches, sounded to me as if it were the accents and anguish of human griefs, borne to me along the dusty lapse of ages, since Titus held his cruel shows there. While I sat, the sun went down and the shadows of the coming night fell upon the ruins, imparting to them a most sombre aspect. A flock of birds flew through the broken arches and sought their nests in the mouldering cavities of the walls, or in the coverts of the shrubs. And then came up the silver smiling stars, which threw through the arched openings and over the moss-covered ruins the tenderest gleam conceivable. It adds, too, to the charm and superstitious influence of the place to see the broken sky through the openings, and the heavy shadows lying against the walls and over the benches, and growing deeper as they tread near the cells where the wild animals were confined. And as the

twilight fades, and the darkness imparts to every object the grotesque outlines of human forms, the long lapse of ages fades away, and the imagination fills all the space with phantasms; and the "owl's long cry," breaking upon the stillness, vivifies our fancies and adds to the solemnity of our feelings.

But when the moon comes up and throws long lines of mellow light through the arches, and the leaves of the plants catch the beams, and all the place reposes under the enchantment and languor of the soft radiance, then the Coliseum has an attraction you seek for in vain at any other time. It is then we can dream of the past without seeing spectral shapes creeping in the obscurity, or hearing mournful echoes along the galleries. If, too, you are fortunate enough to have your musing touched by the tender serenade of the nightingale, that frequently is to be heard from the promenade of San Gregorio near—the song, and the Christian cross that stands in the centre hallow your feelings, until indeed

"The place
Becomes religion, and the heart runs o'er
With silent worship."

One can imagine the interest Lide and I had in Rome, which is the most fascinating place I ever visited, and where I never suffered *ennui* for one moment. The enjoyments there are intellectual, and the time never hangs heavy upon you as it does in Paris. In one point of view I regret the occupation of that city by the Italians, and from year to year I fancy it will lose in interest. The present attitude of the Papal Government, and the apparently unconquerable antagonism of Pio Nino and Emmanuel, will, if unhealed, destroy Rome as the pleasantest winter quarters in Europe.

I spent a sad Christmas season. Lide was quite sick, the weather unusually severe, and her cough and exhaustion increased. I carried to her the usual gifts on that day and on the anniversary of her birthday—they were never pretermitted; but in those offerings there was a touch of pain in asking myself whether, on the return of those days, her beautiful life would still be clinging to me.

I had then given up all hope of her recovery, but I believed I could sustain her, with God's blessing, for, perhaps, several years. Under that conviction I had thought of going to California in the spring, and returning in the autumn. I called in Doctor Valery, an Italian physician of reputation, and placed her under his care. Every attention, and luxury, and nursing had she—for all the world would have been given, could I have commanded it, to afford her relief or pleasure. She once said to me: "Tep-pie darling, it is hardly worth while to attempt to save me. I am so weak and so helpless as to be a burden to you. I am better away than in this miserable condition," and all the while her lips quivered, and when she had finished she leaned her head against my bosom and sobbed heart-brokenly. Putting my arms around her I soothed her with comforting words, told her how unjust she was to me; and that she must not say such naughty things. "My child! my child! God is my witness that if He will only leave me this dear, dear life—broken, and weak, and helpless as it may be—I will ask of Him no greater blessing." It seemed as if a weight had been lifted from her heart—a grief driven from it she had nursed apart and in quiet—for, as I finished, she clung the closer to me, and wept happy tears; and let her dear, pretty weak hand wander over all my face, and buried her head as deep into my bosom as she could get, and through her sobs she said: "Oh, darling, bless you! thank you! It is for *you* I want

to live; for what can you do without your poor little wife—your dear little baby wife—who loves you so tenderly and truly, and who will love you until—until—the last?” There, there, let me stop. These are sacred things for the sad, quiet nights of now and always, and are to be enjoyed apart with tears. All her latter days were diademed with just such “living pearls.”

I found great solace in the music with which Rome, at the Advent and Easter seasons, fills all her churches. It is at night time that a person of my temperament and misfortune loves to be touched by the mysterious voice of melody. Every Sunday I generally went to St. Peter's to vespers; loved to lean against a column just outside the choir chapel, where I was well in the reach of the music and the solemn chaunting of the cardinals; while the setting sun played among the medallioned spandrels of the arches: and through the nave, and in the recesses of the chapels, and shrouding the monumental effigies the solemn shadows crept and saddened.

And at night, too, the effect is still greater and more touching, for there is in such a place as St. Peter's a finer field for the play of the superstitions within us. On Christmas eve I heard the *Pastorella* sung there, an hour or two before dawn. I wandered off towards the tomb, before which the solemn funeral lamps burnt dimly, and as I heard the music softened by the distance; saw the white statuary about which the darkness swayed—at moments chased away by the glare of a passing torch, and then back again with a deeper shade than before—as I saw and felt these things I wondered no more that the Romish church exercises such a powerful influence over those at least who are susceptible and imaginative.

On Christmas day I was in full dress at St. Peter's, and had a good standpoint to see the procession, and the

celebration of High Mass by the Pope. The sight is a grand one, whether as a pageant, or merely as a religious sacrament—to be seen nowhere else in the world, and on no days like Christmas and Easter Sundays. It is not to speak of all the Papal grandeur and display that I allude to this, but of the peculiar effect of one *coup heureux* in the Mass, that, heard once, is never to be forgotten. The altar stands almost under the center of the marvellous dome—a vault so vast as to seem a very piece of the heavens. The whole nave and transepts were crowded, here and there the bright uniforms and the gay dresses of the *contadini* adding very pretty effects to the scene. Perhaps it would not be far from the mark to say that, on that occasion, there were thirty thousand people in the church. The Pope stands at the high altar, from which he can be seen by all there, and a profound stillness pervades the auditory. As he elevates the *host* the mighty mass drops to its knee, and breaking from out the dome upon the hushed air, fall the clear notes of the silver trumpets—now dropping in showers of silver sound, then borne through the nave, reverberating through the chapels, and floating in soft cadence around you. You can see no trumpeter; you can not trace the melody to any spot; but it floats about you—it hushes you; it seems to the imagination the choral waves of sound exultant angels throw from them as they glide along; and so mysterious and inconceivably pathetic is it, that as you kneel and hear your soul throbs and responds only by tears. One who has heard it never can cease to thrill under the memory of its effects.

The coming of a dear friend to Rome had a good effect on Lide—Mrs. Sanders, the mother of Mrs. Wheeler. She was in company with Mrs. William C. Ralston, whom we had known at San Francisco, but not with the same de-

gree of intimacy as Mrs. Sanders. Later, though, I especially knew her well, and found that she had, as the best people have, a character for the world, and another for her friends—the latter made up of strong, marked and endearing qualities. When the blow *did* fall, she sent me from Paris a letter replete with exquisite womanly tenderness and feeling.

And synchronal with these came two gentlemen—Doctor Winslow, who has been mentioned as our first physician in California, and General R. O. Tyler, of the army. The latter dropped into an intimacy with Lide and me at once, simply because he has an honest, gentle nature, is intelligent, companionable, and has delicate, taking instincts. There were many others—all good-hearted—many who said they could not turn away from the sweet, pure, and beautiful face of my wife; who paid her the devotion of visits, offers of all service, and filled her parlor with the gentle, fitting tribute of flowers.

Lide touched all who saw her. She won, she moved, she dwelt always in the memory of those who knew her then as something exquisite—as a saint. There was something so pure in her pallid face; it held such an expression of coming angelicalness; her manners were so soft and winning, her voice so gentle and pensive, and there was such an aspect of suffering, accepted resignedly and subdued with such a quiet heroism, that all who approached her loved and pitied her. In the very streets, and the public places where she halted she won the same sympathy, and many a time have I half choked in pushing my heart back when I have heard touching expressions of pity.

I spent a happy day with Mrs. Ralston, Mrs. Sanders, and Inman the artist, in an excursion to Albano. It was a short day, but we managed to press into it a great deal

of pleasure—seeing many attractive places in that vicinage—the tomb of Aruns, the villa Cesarini, whose terraces, along which the camilia grows in profusion, overlooks

“Nemi, navell’d in the woody hills.”

Near there is the fountain of Egeria, and the grove of Diana, which stretches away over the hill-tops and incloses the village of Nemi, with its feudal castle.

Some weeks before, General Tyler, Ben, and I had a tramp all over that country, starting from Tivoli, and visiting every place of interest on the Albano range. We had a glorious ride from Frascati to Monte Cavo *via* Tusculum, and thence back, halting at Grotto Ferrata to see the celebrated frescoes by Domenichino. The meeting of St. Nilus with Otho is by far the finest, for it contains not only the trumpeters, justly regarded as most wonderful in expression, but likenesses of Guido, Guercino, and the artist himself. The view from Monte Cavo is, perhaps, unequalled in that region.

Returning from Albano with *Mesdames* Ralston and Sanders, January 30th, in jumping from the cars at Rome, I sprained my ankle, and was confined to my room ten days. I regretted it the more because it prevented me from meeting Mr. Longfellow at dinner. However, he and I did meet both at Rome and Naples, and a good many times, and I had from him many pleasant narrations as to his literary career. I have a copy of his works in which he wrote: “In memory of pleasant intercourse in Italy in the winter of 1869. Henry W. Longfellow. Naples, March 11, 1869.”

Buchanan Read I met also; we were members of the same club, but at that time his habits were so intemperate that many of his friends fell from him. He was engaged then in painting “Sheridan’s Ride”—an accompaniment to

his poem with that title. The painting in question lacks force, and there are not sufficient and striking enough accessories to impart to it the energy the story requires. In one word the composition is weak and faulty. The fact is the whole incident is pure invention, so far at least as it is told in the poem.

It was one of my chief pleasures in Rome to wander in the studios, and among the statuary of the sculptors. The artists were always glad to see me, and it is a temptation to give here my experiences with them, together with some references to their works, but I shall not.

At this period it was a source of much concern to Lide—the tendencies of our daughter to Romanism. I had watched her closely at Rome, and I could discover no religious predominance. It was a subject of earnest conversation between Lide and me on the evening of January 8th, and the issue of it was, that the next day I started for London with the child to place her at some Protestant school. I felt that this course was the best, not only for the child, but to remove a source of irritation to the mother.

We reached London on the 12th, and I arranged to place Lala at Cheltenham, under the tuition of a lady Aunt Sarah had known many years.

I left London on the evening of the 17th, and reached Paris the next morning. The same day I started for Rome by the Mount Cenis route, passed through Turin and Florence, and at breakfast time the 21st was in reach of the dear arms.

The weather I found at Rome would have done Boston credit in the same season. Ice formed several inches thick, and so intense was the cold that two sentinels froze to death at their posts. It shut Lide up in the house, and caused her much pain in the breast and difficulty of

respiration. I determined then to get her away as soon as fair weather should come. It seemed as if everything conspired to crush her.

One night at the "Club" I found several numbers of the "Atlantic Monthly," which contained articles on consumption, by Doctor Bigelow or Bowditch, I have forgotten which, of Boston. I remembered they stated that, if possible, no one should sleep with the patient because there were well authenticated instances of healthy persons respiring the disease. I was surprised a day or two afterwards when Lide asked me to occupy the room adjoining hers, making some excuse I thought very unsatisfactory. I obeyed, and yet it made me unhappy, but I said nothing. One day, however, after having brooded over my dismissal with much discontent, and perhaps a little—just a little—anger, I accused her, half in jealous earnest and half in confiding jest of not caring for me, and not needing me in her sickness as in health. Then I discovered the truth, and that I had another instance of her sublime heroism and self-denial. I found, that in her anxiety for my health she was really losing her own, for the contest between duty and her desire to have me with her, especially at night, made her absolutely sick. I doubt if any person ever lived of higher principle and courage.

The Carnival came with its fun and freedom. We took a balcony on the Corso just opposite that of the dethroned King of Naples, and we laid in a liberal stock of *bon-bons*, flowers, and *confetti*. The frolicking was among the foreigners, the *bourgeoisie*, and *contadini*, and they rained pellets all the day. The Roman nobles, as a class, came not, and old stagers declared that the whole thing was a *fiasco*. I think it was; and the races, which each day preceded the *Ave Maria* and terminated the diurnal sport, were very tame. The closing night—the eve of Ash Wednesday—

the people bearing *moccoletti*, or lighted tapers; the crowded Corso; the maskers, and Punchinello, was the most pleasant of all. Lide came, too. A guard of honor, consisting of General Tyler, Ben, I, and our courier bore her through the crowd, going and returning. One half day she spent there satisfied all her appetite for the Carnival. Eight days of such riot were rather too much for me even, and I got tired of it.

The weather a little later was so unpleasant as to completely lock Lide within doors, and she was more ill than she had been since she came abroad. Indeed I became alarmed and feared she would never reach home again. I resolved, under Dr. Valery's advice, to go to Naples. The month of March in Rome brings the *tramontana*—a wind a consumptive patient can not endure—and it excluded Lide from her usual drives on the *Campagna*. She had seen the marbles of the Vatican, the *stanze* of Raphael, the tapestries; and I carried her, with the aid of a soldier, to the *Pinacotheca*, or gallery of pictures. There are but forty or fifty paintings there, but they constitute the art treasures of the world *par excellence*. There are the "Transfiguration," "Madonna da Foligno," the "Communion of St. Jerome," the "Prodigal Son," and "Marriage of St. Catherine," by Murillo; Guido's "Crucifixion of St. Peter," and Titian's "Virgin and Child." These paintings comprehend almost all that is possible in art, and one can not describe them. A description of the "Transfiguration" alone—the last work of Raphael, and admitted to be the "first oil painting in the world"—I would scarcely attempt, here, at least. I mention these works only because Lide saw them, and to say that her fine taste and intuitive love of beauty enabled her to feel and appreciate

their wonderful expression and composition. The "Transfiguration," the "Laocoon," the "Apollo Belvidere," the "Antinous," and the head of the young Augustus, were her favorites in the Vatican.

CHAPTER XXV.

“Thy injuries would teach patience to blaspheme,
Yet still thou art a dove.”

On the twenty-sixth of February I passed the whole day in bidding adieu to St. Peter's and to the treasures of the Vatican. I could not then count one day ahead—for I was Lide's; hers absolutely, to go where she said; to find for her the warm sunshine—some place—any place where she could have even the promise of a little shelter from the cold and cruel winds.

Ben and General Tyler made up an excursion through Spain, and we all arranged to meet in Paris. They started on their trip, and the twenty-seventh of February my party, including Mrs. Maxwell and Ella, left by rail for Naples. Through the kindness of Mr. Furze, an English banker at Rome, we had every comfort possible on that journey—he accompanying us.

It was an exquisite day, when great coats were unnecessary, not unlike the softest of the winter days of California. Our kind friend procured us a compartment to ourselves into which no way passenger was permitted to obtrude—a convenience a habitual traveler will appreciate. To this time do I remember the rugged heights of the Volscian Hills; the snowy crests of the Appenines; the villages lying along the spurs of the mountains; the medieval towers and

fortresses, and the sparkling meadows of the *Campania Felice*. Our whole route touched spots of which we knew by the dim light of Fable; that were populous ere History came with her stylus and wax. We reached Naples after dark, and as we passed from the *dépôt* and pursued the street bordering the Bay, I saw Vesuvius, and the moon hanging above—all the mountain embraced by a silver mist which imparted to it an enchantment, as alluring as strange. And when we reached the hotel, from the window of our room I could see, with a feeling of pleasure, the quivering path of the moon lying along the waters of the Bay, and seaward, the purple piles of Ischia and Capri.

The next day it rained and stormed without intermission, and all of us were prisoners. We had a fire to banish the humidity from our room for poor dear Lide's sake, who drooped and saddened under the sombre aspect of the sky. The second day, too, the rain went on, and as all the party were *perforce* compelled to remain within doors, I started alone for the Museum. I passed with heeding eye all the treasures of the antique mosaic epitaphs and frescoes—some of the last being as fresh as if they had just received the last touches of the pencil of the artist; and in which there is an indescribable combination of the worst and best elements of beauty and sensuality. Some of the sculpture is exquisite, and all historically valuable, both as denoting the eras of art, and its incidental insight into the taste and æsthetic genius of Greek and Roman; and giving to us an approximate resemblance of the men of the old times. That collection embraces the whole range of Roman archæology. It is, in marble, inferior to that in the Vatican; but as representing the every day and household life of the period when our Saviour appeared, there is nothing like it in the world.

Of course I can not name the wonderful classical remains

to be found in the Museum—they alone would fill a volume. But I can say that in both marble and distemper work, in their grace and mythology one recognizes the Greek model and execution. It is astonishing how clearly are seen in the Roman art the delicate feeling and refinement of the Athenian genius and chisel, which adorned Rome after the destruction of Grecian liberty. Wherever are seen ideal beauty and exquisite manipulation on the Latin soil, be sure they came from the genius and skill which have made the Greek design the most beautiful and poetic in the whole range of art. Even in the exquisite bronzes at the Museum; the lamps, wine pitchers, and *rhya*, or drinking cups, the matchless beauty of the Athenian taste expresses itself with a grace that our modern art endeavors in vain to imitate. In the Fictile arts, as shown by the vases at the Museum, there is the same wonderful superiority.

During all the first days of our stay at Naples it rained almost constantly, and when it didn't rain, we had the mistral, cold and raw. It seemed as if, as Lide said, she was pursued by an adverse fate that was bent on her destruction. She left the hotel but thrice while she was there. Ben had promised to advise me of the temperature of Florence, and when he did so, I was compelled to abandon the idea of our going there. I sought intelligence from Sicily, and unremitting rains were reported over the whole island. I determined to wait at Naples, daily in the hope of having the fair and sunny weather promised by our Neapolitan friends. Mrs. Maxwell, Ella, Mr. Furze and I went to Vesuvius. Mrs. Maxwell remained at the Hermitage, while we three and some others attempted the ascent to the crater. I alone reached it, and as we turned to go back we were drenched to the skin by a rain that did not pause for a moment up to the hour of reaching

Naples—well into the night. I found Lide in a terrible condition of excitement, caused by our non-appearance up to a late hour—fearing that something had happened to me.

On the eighth of March I started with Lide and the Maxwells for Pompeii. We were to meet Longfellow at the railroad station, with whom we were going, and in whose honor some new excavations were promised. The morning was so raw and cold that I had to bring Lide back, most reluctantly. I had been there on the fourth of that month—had gone there by rail. How strange that mode of transit to the “dead City!” When I entered Rome, as I have already said, by the same mode of travel, and in the clear starlight saw the arches of the old aqueducts, I could not divest myself of a feeling of pain that I should approach the mistress city of the Roman world in a way so opposite to the spirit and history of her civilization. The same feelings and thoughts came to me as I entered the station near the water-gate of Pompeii.

It was a sharp cold day as I walked through the “Street of the Tombs,” and I wondered under what spell was the fair Parthenope who hung her ears with icicles instead of the crimson tubes of the *fuschia* blossom. I wandered through the whole city and listened to all the *cicerone* told us, and was subdued to quiet as I regarded the strange evidences of the daily life and habits, so multiplied and abundant, of a people, dead, as they say, except in history and art. You see skeletons so filled with calcareous deposits as really to seem sculpture. I have seen statues that had a ghastlier look than these poor bones of eighteen centuries ago. Those I saw were females—with hands and feet of rare size and symmetry. Those poor remains of a period long gone, which had been endowed with life, emotion, and thought; which, too, came down from an epoch rich in heroism and intelligence; and which, when ani-

mated, succumbed to a catastrophe so stupendous as to fill us with wonder as we think of it—those sad receptacles of a once earth-dwelling spiritual principle filled me with a graver interest than anything I saw at Pompeii.

In a few hours I walked over the grave of a whole city, and swept by and through places where life was active and passionate long before our faith was born. In many of the houses you see frescoes; the most beautiful is that which portrays the fate of Acteon, in the house of Sallust—having the distinctions of good distemper, richness of coloring, perspective, good drawing and grouping. In the “House of the Mosaics” was found the battle of Granicus, the finest specimen of that art in the world.

How can one compass in these few lines the description of the aggregate life and things of a whole city! I wandered in the Forum, the temples, theatres, dwelling-houses and shops, with feelings of surprise and sadness. I traced the footsteps of a race gone from the earth, and I saw a city abandoned while in full activity, and the skeletons of some of its inhabitants, overwhelmed while attempting to escape from a calamity, terrible in its suddenness and fatality. I saw the innermost life of a luxurious but depraved people. These things I saw with astonishment and interest, and nothing in my experience left with me such lessons, and touched and humanized me as did the dead city of Pompeii.

I passed from the place by the “Street of the Tombs.” Between the villa of Diomedes and the City Gate, are many monuments and *columbaria*—some of which must have been rich in decoration and marbles. They contain epitaphs written hundreds of years ago—the old history of pride, and, so far as I could translate them, expressing nothing of hope. Perhaps the birds and flowers one sometimes sees painted in these tombs may have been intended

to typify the doctrine of immortality. It is sad to think that there is any person who shuts his heart against a consolation so blessed—especially when borne down by sorrow or misfortune. I saw one tomb which, among other *reliefs*, bore an allegory of Life and Death in representing a ship entering port. There were boys on the yard, furling the sail; while a man sits at the helm, guiding the vessel into harbor. The design and execution are in good taste, and for the sake of my kind I will believe that Munatius Faustus, who was interred there, had an aspiration for, and a faith in, a happier and better world than this.

I made a trip also to Baïæ, and all the interesting places lying between there and Naples—the Grotto, Virgil's tomb, Pozzuoli, Avernus, the Amphitheatre, indeed every spot as far as Misenum.

Mrs. Maxwell and Ella left us and went to Rome—leaving early, for the purpose of securing rooms before the influx of visitors at the Easter season. Lide and I still hoped to see, on the coming of each day, bright weather. We had been there more than two weeks and had not seen the sunshine but once. She had left the house but three times—once for a short drive on the *Chiaia*, which included a visit to Labriola's to purchase some tortoise-shell work, and to a coral seller; when she turned back from the Pompeii trip, and one night to San Carlo. The cold and raw weather was more prolonged and disagreeable than I had ever seen it in my life, and its effect on Lide was alarming. I had never seen her so prostrated, and, in a certain way, so unhappy and hopeless. I rarely left her a half hour at any one time after the departure of Mrs. Maxwell. She was so weak as scarcely to be able to walk from her chamber to her parlor adjoining; and to add to her discomfort, the west wind was so violent as to sometimes prevent me from

having a fire made. I was embarrassed what to do, and she saw how unhappy and distracted I was. She would then sit at my side; hold my hand in the old tender way, stroke and pat my face; would lean her pale cheek against my breast, and persuade and strengthen me for what was to come, with a love and compassionate gentleness indescribably affecting.

And almost every evening, as the sky grayed and the twilight came up from the distant depths of the sea, she and I would sit at the window, looking along the western sky for the little cottage buried in leaves and blossoms, far, far away, neither speaking a word, hands clasped and gaze fixed on the mists that gathered over the spot where our home should be. And then, as the twilight stole into our room, and the sea slipped into the darkness, and all the exterior world was shut out from us, she would creep near me, and nearer, until her cheek touched my own, and then she would sob as only a great heart can sob in thinking of dying so far from home. She then thought she never would see San Francisco again, as she subsequently told me, and I must confess, at times, I thought she would not live to reach Rome even, where I had determined to go.

I telegraphed and wrote to my old hotel for rooms—there were none to be had. The *Grande Duchesse* of Russia had those I formerly occupied, and nowhere in Rome could I get sunny and convenient ones. I addressed a strong appeal to the proprietor of *Hotel de Russie*, per post, and on the seventeenth of March we started. I carried her in my arms, as I always did, to the car, the rain pouring in torrents—Matthews, the American Consul, who had been very kind, aiding me in a dozen little matters. Lide was so ill and nervous and weak, that really I thought she would die in my arms. There happened to

be two others in our compartment—an American and his wife—and they were very kind. That whole scene—my darling's pale—deathly pale face; my difficulty in getting a compartment—carrying her from one end of the train to the other—would have, at home, touched everybody and opened every door to me; but in Naples, not a single soul proffered the slightest aid, not a single seat was offered. When I reached Rome I found the porter of the *Hotel de Russie* waiting for me with a delightful easy-cushioned carriage, and when we arrived at the hotel, Lide's room had a cheerful fire burning in the grate, and the table held the sweet fresh flowers she loved so much.

When I awoke the next day I saw the sun quivering along the Pincian heights, and the blue sky, that every one recollects who has seen it, and which we all wish we could carry everywhere with us. When my wife's maid came and told me she was awake, I ran to her with the glad news, and to get the usual morning kiss. During all my married life I never left or came to her, without that little blessing.

She begun to mend at once, and little by little we resumed our rides in the environs of Rome. I hired a carriage by the month, and every day she and I rode from about 11 o'clock until 3 P.M. But the weather was far from being pleasant; it was cold and harsh, and snow covered all the Sabine hills; and when we went out of doors the raw touch of the air brought her much suffering. Almost every week, over her left lung, was placed a blister; and rarely was she free from the cruel devices of therapy. Independent of that external torture and the unrest it brought, her cough robbed her of sleep through all the night until the dawn, when she slept from sheer exhaustion. But never have I heard her utter any complaint; she bore all with fortitude, always kept her sweet smile

and tranquil equanimity of temper. Nothing of pain and suffering brought tears to her cheeks; they came sometimes—alas, with what frequency!—when she looked at me, and then—for I knew so well all the changes on her face, the drifts and overflow of her big heart—I would lay my head on her lap, and, as was her wont, her soft fingers wandered over all my cheeks in caressing, pitying touches. Yes, there was one other sight which bowed her head low and sent it in tears to my bosom—the westering sun falling below the hills, and, to her fancy, lying in golden splendor along the paths and upon the roof of her dear home, far, far away.

She had from that day forward but one hope and thought and prayer—to go back to that home and to her children; to go back, and, since God willed it, there to die.

No one can express the moral beauty of her life—especially of that portion of it from the period of her departure from San Francisco to her return there. Her mind and heart were unassailable by disease—indeed it but developed their strength, and, I must say, their supernatural excellence. And through all her sickness and its attendant suffering, she preserved a more calm and equable disposition than at any other period of her life. Dr. Vallery told me he had never seen her equal; and he expressed surprise to find her so versed in the science and practice of his profession. “She has described her case to me,” he said, “with the accuracy and learning of a physician; and from her statement and diagnosis I could prescribe for her in my office without seeing her.” He became much attached to her; said he had rarely seen any one whom he admired more.

The Easter season came, when Rome is most attractive. The religious ceremonies touch all, especially as their chief element is music. On the eve of Holy Thursday I heard

the *tenebræ* or *nocturns* at the Sixtine Chapel—the Pope being present. Many persons had gone as early as 11 A.M. that day to secure seats, although the ceremony did not commence until 6 P.M. We had tickets for the private entrance, and were attended by one of the *Garde Nobile*. From my standpoint I could see and hear all.

On the altar wall is painted in fresco the celebrated “Last Judgment” of Michael Angelo—a wonderful performance, and seen under all the influences of the singing of the *Miserere*, it had a singularly impressive effect on me. The scenic effects add novelty to the solemnity of the occasion. The candles are one by one extinguished at certain stages of the singing, and one can easily imagine the impression produced by the plaintive Lamentation in *piano*, as the twilight deepens and strange shadows wander and creep over the startling figures of the condemned in the fresco alluded to. As the last words of the *benedictus* were sung the single remaining light was removed—symbolical of the darkness that covered the world when our Saviour expired. At that moment the hush and silence fell upon the heart and sense with a feeling of pain almost, and from out the profound stillness came the wailing voice of the *Miserere*, now expressive of repentance and humility and devotion, and then swelling up to the pictured roof in joyous strains of hope. Perhaps one never felt the full power of sacred music except under the circumstances here outlined. Its varied tones, so expressive of the sentiment that possesses a Christian at that season, blending with the sad and mystic twilight, seem to the excited imagination as wafted to you from another world. The *Miserere* as I heard it on that occasion, and on Good Friday at vespers, was so affecting as to remain vivid in my recollection to-day.

But Easter Sunday in St. Peter’s is the grandest of all

in music, for then its burden is praise; it celebrates the resurrection—it is an anthem breaking out in joy at the redemption, and in a temple that “standest alone,” with nothing like it in the world. And when after the motet of *Christus Resurgens*, and Simonelli’s exquisite music of the *Sequence*, and the *Sanctus* are sung, elevating the mind and impressing it to a degree inexpressibly solemn, there ensues a silence—a repose and preparation, as it were—and then bursts upon you from the dome the blare of silver trumpets softened by the distance, that, in spite of yourself, sends you to your knees in awe and emotion.

And after that service the Pope appears on the balcony of St. Peter’s, and stretching his hands over the multitude that fills all the square, pronounces the celebrated triple blessing—his voice clear and far-reaching throughout, and as his hands descend and are folded over his breast the military bands burst out in merry strains, the bells ring glad peals, and a salvo of artillery picks up the glad chorus and scatters it abroad over the wide Campagna. The amen was scarcely chanted the fourth time ere heavy clouds sailed in sullen majesty over the scene, and blessed the earth with needed showers. The illumination of St. Peter’s, which always comes off on Easter night when the weather permits, was postponed to April 10th.

Holy Week was full of touching grandeur, but it had its grotesque aspects that rather pained me than amused. I saw all, and under most favorable conditions; for Mr. Furze’s influence admitted us everywhere. From the blessing of the Palms to the Benediction, I was present; indeed at every place and ceremony during all that interesting season. I have forgotten whether it was on Easter Sunday at vespers, or at some previous period, that Lide and all of us went to St. John of Lateran to hear an antiphonal service. I do remember though the Pope was present, that

the occasion was a marked one, the church crowded, and the music grand. It was heard during the twilight, when the touching mystery of darkness crept among the arches, adding a profounder effect to the outstretched, agonized figure of Christ, and the massive statuary of the Apostles in the nave. Lide and I sat apart, between the columns bordering the further aisle, where the music came to us sifted and subdued by the distance. She enjoyed it; and her eminent taste and knowledge of music enabled her to find harmonies that do not often reach the uneducated ear.

But now came the season of bright long days that held no acerbity and sharpness to wound the dear life I bore in long rides over the Campagna. And those rambles along the Tiber; out on the Appian Way, past broken tombs to the Baths of Caracalla; or crossing over near the grand aqueducts that lend to the scene such picturesque and vivid effects; beyond, the broken mountains chequered with green and golden patches lying along the purple slopes, and cityward, domes and steeples and pillars standing clear against the opaline sky—those sights and excursions can never be forgotten. Every day or two we traversed all the carriage-ways of the Borghese Villa; but generally they were too crowded for us—for there, and in the gardens of the Pincian Hill, all the world collects on the bright spring days, and we preferred the quiet, secluded roads, where nothing came between us and the striking features of the landscape. Her favorite ride on Mondays and Fridays, when the days were fair, was to the *Villa Pamphili-Doria*, the grounds of which are some four miles in circuit. There she saw exquisite prospects; and as you go to the lake, on the right, is a broad field full of umbellated pines—the finest I saw in Europe—and beneath them, in the broad spaces between, during all that month, were wild flowers—the same species she had gathered so

often about her little home at Menlo Park. She would halt the carriage, I would help her out of it and steady her step until she reached the richest clusters, and then she sunk beside them—too often gathering them in tears.

And those rides among the stained ruins, by the broken marbles of tombs and in sight of the wide prairie land of the *Campagna*, broken by the long lines of aqueducts—they were saddened and spiritualized by the teaching of a wife

“All dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise;”

who prepared the husband of her heart for the grief and loneliness of the night of absence about to fall upon him. She knew that there never would be any new tie for him, and that in her home, before her picture, for all the future days, his love would carry and keep fresh the precious memorial of flowers. And then, and always, he saw, and he sees clearer to-day, that dear finger pointing upwards, and in her faith and love he “beholds a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it *reaches* to heaven, and he beholds the angels ascending and descending on it.”

I can not of course even name all the places and objects that attracted her. She had a rare eye and a keen judgment for all that was beautiful in nature and art; and so one can imagine how interested she was in the pictures contained in the churches and galleries. It is hard to say what works of art made the deepest impression on her at Rome; but perhaps Shelley’s “Cenci,” and all the horror and sadness connected with her, made the “Beatrice” of Guido one of the most attractive and fascinating. The story says that it was taken the night before her execution, and that plausible fact invests it with an extraordinary interest. The portraiture is so refined, there is such deli-

cacy running through all the features—such a pathetic expression of tenderness and innocence, such testimony of the grief that comes in thinking that she is

“To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more
Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again
Upon familiar thoughts:”

These and the qualities of power and gentleness that struggle through her melancholy face, unite in making it a notable painting, and one never to be forgotten. Side by side with that, developing much of the same ideal mournfulness of subject and execution, I will name the “Dying Gladiator” as her next favorite. I may be wrong in calling these two her chief favorites; but I am not so when I say, that they touched her more than anything she saw after she turned from Muller’s “Call of the Condemned.”

If these pages had not gone beyond the number I had originally fixed as my limit, I would gladly take my children by the hand and lead them through all the galleries she and I visited together. It was a profoundly affecting sight to see her among the paintings and statuary—the rich and glowing forms that the artist’s mind had conceived and modelled in wondrous grace. And she, fair as any, though pallid and weak, groping from one masterpiece to another—at one moment her face flushed with the passing excitement of pleasure, and then again touched with that expression of sadness, resignation, goodness, and beauty we all remember with such pensive gratification,—all crowned with a nameless intellectual beauty—she, I say, attracted many a glance of admiring sympathy, and called many a look from the mimic life of the artist to the sweet chrysalis of herself, from which God was so gently unfolding an angel.

In our rides by the Tiber, as we passed into the ripa-

rian road leading to the *Marmorata*, she always stopped to see the spot of the *Pons Sublicius*, the oldest of all the Roman bridges. At low water can be seen the foundations placed there one hundred and fourteen years after the building of the city. There, tradition—history says, that Horatius Cocles beat back the hosts of Porsena until the Romans had destroyed the bridge behind him. Lide knew the story from Macaulay especially. She could half repeat the lay, and in dragging up a verse here and there her eyes would flash with emotion, and her lips tremble with admiring speech. Strange, strange, how the record of that gallant deed has lived through all the ages; and that it should have survived, in such freshness as, two thousand years later, to live in heroic life on the lips of a sick girl, from a land then unknown. Now, as of erst,

“ With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.”

I shall tell but little more of that, with all its drawbacks and disappointments, half happy life at Rome. At the time of which I write, the throngs of pleasure-seekers had gone; the streets were comparatively bare of yellow umbrellas and *curio* hunters, and ample range the loiterer found in *via* and hotel. Lothair lingered—who could be seen, almost any day, caressed by cardinal and monseigneur; and we lagged still in the now glorious sunshine, having half Rome to ourselves—galleries, Coliseum and all. From the steps leading up to *La Trinita de Monte*, the models from Albano, in their picturesque costumes, had gone; and the artists were preparing sketch books, pencils and pigments for the summer tramps among the hills. Lide and I were out every day, for the air was full

of the soft whispers of spring, and the calyces of flowers were as thuribles, giving out sweet incense when swung by the soft touch of the evening breeze.

On the 10th of April the air was warm, and at sunset all of us—the dear wife, too—started for the Piazza of St. Peter's, to see the annual illumination. One, to appreciate that sight, must be able to comprehend *façade* and dome. The former is three hundred and seventy-nine feet long, and one hundred and forty-nine high. The cross on latter is four hundred and forty-eight feet above the pavement. Running up all the columns, hanging to the cornices and friezes, clinging to the giddy bands of the dome, and mounting to the very head of the cross, were thousands of lamps. At dusk the lighting commences, and ere the darkneess falls over the city the entire fabric is one glowing mass of silver light. As the clock of St. Peter's begins to sound eight, the silver brightness gives way to gold, and ere the clock has finished, the change is completed, and Herostratus has fired the temple. In eight seconds, 6,800 lamps have been lit, and over all the Campagna St. Peter's sways and quivers—a mountain of fire.

We drove to the Pincian heights, a mile away, to see the exquisite effects conferred by distance. The sparkling coruscations touched the clouds, and the fiery curves of the transfigured dome seemed like the swaying of an immense balloon ready for a flight among the stars.

After I had taken Lide to the hotel, put her to bed, tucked her in, I went back to the hills, bearing her good night kiss; and, sitting upon the parapet wall, remained to look until all the lights had dropped off, one by one, and St. Peter's was swallowed up in the darkness.

The succeeding evening, we had the *girandola*, or fireworks, over against the Janiculum. Our friend, Mr. Furze,

secured for Lide and me most excellent seats in the box assigned to the Senators. It was in a barrack, and we were well up, and I carried her always, gladly carried her, and was jealous of the paid porters I employed when she thought I was tired, or the burden too much for me.

The *girandola* excelled any such exhibition I ever saw, and far exceeded my anticipation. If you could have taken St. Peter's the night before, disintegrated the burning mass, projected it on high, letting it fall back in showers, running streams and golden cascades—in a word, if you could have blown up the whole burning fabric and fashioned the fragments to strange device, mottoes, shapes and forms of tree and plant and heraldic conceits, you would then have the Papal fire-works of April 11th, 1869.

The next night all Rome was illuminated, and Lide stood the fatigue of driving from street to street to see it, for four hours.

The days until the 15th were sad, painful days of leave-taking;—wandering over all the promenades; out on the Campagna; under the arches of the aqueducts; along the Appian Way and the broken tombs; pulling clover blossoms from the graves of Shelley and Keats, and gathering buds and petals from the crevices of the Coliseum. On that last day, Lide and I alone went to St. Peter's, and I bore her through the chapels, the transept, the tribune, and around to the tomb of the Stuarts, where she always went when she visited that temple. It is a mausoleum, and at the entrance are two *genii* by Canova—in marble; full length figures, holding inverted torches, and heads drooped in sadness. They always touched her—for they too truly typified the consummation of her fatal disease, and the image of one who must, through all his years, lean upon the extinguished torch and with face falling over his empty bosom.

And that night, too, obeying the pretty superstition that if, on the eve of a departure, you drink of the waters of Trevi you will be sure to come back, we went there, touched the stream with our lips, and wished our return. Alas, alas, who would have supposed, that ere a year would circle, two of the party would have left empty chairs at the hearth! My wife and Ella, before the month came again, had gone to

“The life where death is not.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

"These are a series of faint reflections—mere shadows in the water—of places to which the imagination of most people are attracted in a greater or less degree, and which have some interest for all."

At 8 P. M., April 15th, the Maxwells, Lide, her maid and I, left Rome for Florence, at which place we arrived at 9 A. M. the next day, in the midst of a heavy rain. The place was very crowded, and we were compelled to take to a *Pension*, which had very comfortable rooms. I always took the precaution to engage quarters per telegraph.

We had no clear weather of more than a few hours continuance until four days after we had been there. Lide seemed to carry with her a cold and rainy temperature. She and Ella were both too unwell to move about during the first few days of our stay. I passed a portion of each day, during that wet time, in rambling about the city. The whole of the 17th I spent in the streets, wandering along the Lung' Arno, watching the river breaking over the bars of golden sand—through the *Cascine*, and under the arborous trees, dripping with the recent rains—cheered and delighted by the beauty of the surrounding landscapes.

I spent four days in the galleries of the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace, and one in the *Accademia delle Belle Arti*. Lide had her days, too, at the two first, and they were of

intense fatigue and yet pleasure. We went first to the Pitti collection, and she roamed through all the halls, pausing long before the celebrated "*Madonna della Seggiola*" of Raphael, the softest and most beautiful of all his Madonnas, and in the expression of pure womanliness the first painting in the world. There was another, the "Three Fates," of Michael Angelo, that strangely fascinated her, and it is, in composition and expression, one of the most wonderful paintings I ever saw. It merely represents Clotho with the distaff, Lachesis spanning each portion of the thread of existence, and Atropos cutting it off. The faces are full of all the sorcery and repulsiveness we associate with these daughters of Necessity, as Plato calls them; and amid all the treasures of that gallery I cannot recall a single picture that attracts you as that does.

She was also touched by the delicious tenderness of several altar-pieces by Fra. Angelico da Fiesole. The ground of gold he generally used, seems to set off and impart an inexpressible refinement to the figures of the Madonna and angels. There are about five hundred paintings in the Pitti collection, many of them wonders. She paused before them all, and then I bore her through the long corridors, filled with tapestry, cinerary urns and Etruscan remains, to the Uffizi gallery. It was a long tramp, more than seven hundred yards, and far beyond her strength. She thought she was equal to it, and I was heedless enough to encourage her to the essay. It was done tentatively; rather to measure her strength than even to see the collections lying along the route. It made her quite sick, and the difficulty of respiration it brought on alarmed me.

She came another day to the Uffizi, and I got her admission to the Gem Room, where are seen some exquisite intaglios and antique gems. Of these latter there are some four thousand.

The Hall of Portraits of Painters, most of them autographs, charmed her greatly, perhaps more than anything in the collection. That of Raphael, at the age of twenty-three—remarkable for the beauty of the head—gave her much pleasure. But the crowning glories of the collection are contained in the Tribune—several Raphael's, an easel picture of the Virgin by Angelo, and Titian's Venus—the latter in flesh coloring, is simply perfect. There, too, she sat long, looking at the exquisite proportions of the celebrated *Venus de Medici*—regarded as “an example of perfect art”; the Venus *Anadyomena* and the L'Arretino—or slave whetting his knife—a statue of a high order of merit.

Michael Angelo was Lide's favorite—perhaps because of his extraordinary versatility of talent—for he was a poet, musician, engineer and architect, as well as painter and sculptor. Raphael thanked God that he was born in the time of Angelo, and perhaps there never lived a man further removed from debasing passions, a man of greater “grandeur of spirit,” than that Tuscan artist. When I was in Rome, a native painter of some distinction died, and he was buried with great pomp. Buchanan Read told me that while he stood waiting for the funeral cortege to pass, an Italian came near him and asked another what pageant it was; what great man was dead. “Is he a Prince?” asked he. “No, no,” replied the other; “it is greater than a Prince—it is a *Painter*.” In recalling that incident, and reviewing the chief events and triumphs of Michael Angelo's life, I must confess, that in the rank of Princes I cannot recall one to be compared to him in genuine greatness of manhood. His monument is in St. Peter's, and it will bear his name in renown and honor after Princedom is dead and forgotten.

Filled with all this homage to the really greatest artist of the world, she asked me to take her to the *Palazzo*,

Buonarotti, where Michael Angelo lived. Palazzo it is indeed, for our artist was of the family of the Counts of Conossa.

The house is in greater part arranged to-day as when the great artist lived there, and much of the furniture was used by him. Many of the adornments, too, some remains of antique sculpture, and cinerary urns, were his, consecrated by his touch and taste. There are preserved, too, some of his original drawings, and in a small cabinet are seen his sword, walking sticks, his writing materials and his slippers. All of these memorials of his home-life and his professional thoughts and invention, were of exceeding interest to a person of Lide's intelligence and taste.

And that same day she and I made another visit to the Uffizi gallery, I carrying her up the painfully high stairway which leads to it. She was comparatively fresh that afternoon, and having her chair and me, and moving from point to point at her leisure, the visit was entertaining and satisfactory. She also visited Santa Croce, where

"Repose

Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his
The starry Galileo, with his woes."

The church is full of interest in its monuments, its ornaments, and its paintings and frescoes. This is the first church which received the initials I. H. S. It was in 1437, and they were placed there by St. Bernardino. Strange to say these initials first appeared on playing cards.

The celebrated Duomo we contented ourselves with seeing from the streets near. It is larger than that of St. Peter's, of which it was the model; but in grandeur and apparent proportions inferior to its great son at Rome. In the history of architecture the *Duomo* is of great interest, for it was commenced when the awakening of art brought

about a greater reverence and love for the pure classic—although the building in question lies just between the ancient and pointed. Brunelleschi, who raised the dome in question, had studied at Rome and was imbued with a taste for the exquisite remains of the Greek school. Too much importance cannot be given to architectural forms and expression, for in the structures of all ages the spirit and civilization of the time are unerringly displayed. Architecture is the great standard by which progress and refinement are measured, and it is the unerring symbol of the moral and intellectual life of a people. In Europe there are no representative things so interesting to our intelligent traveler as private and public buildings, and both to Lide and me there was in them a higher and more instructive charm than in anything else. He who called architecture frozen music, was not far wrong in a poetic appreciation of that sublime art. In the churches of Europe, both design and decoration are the symbols of the mysteries and principles of religious faith. They are the medals struck by each age—telling the glory of Christian inspiration and triumph.

The remainder of our visit was spent in the open air—excursions to Galileo's observatory, where the poor persecuted astronomer searched the heavens and found the truth that Papal superstition denied. Milton visited him there when he was engaged in his Lunar observations—to whom he alludes in that splendid figure that refers to Satan's shield:

"Hung o'er his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fiesole."

Lide and I, too, on an exquisite day, when the shadows lay deep in the fissures and among the olive orchards of

the Appenines ; and the villas rested softly on the sunny bosom of the vale of Arno—not unlike the figures that Cimabue painted upon a gold ground, such as one can see in *Santa Maria Novella*—passed through the *Porta Romana* and up the winding road that led to the hill of *Bellosguardo*, from whose crown one can see the valley, and all its glorious gradations of beauty. She and I left the carriage to wait for us, a few steps from the top, and I helped her weakness—gathered her in my arms, and seated her upon a parapet wall, where we passed a full hour in a conscious doze over the lovely scene. Vines, flecked with star-shaped blossoms reached up to where we sat ; away down the hill-slope the young leaves of the grape crawled along the furrowed ground ; then came the bosky vale, and the shining path of the Arno, looking like a silver warp running through the embroidery of golden meadows and emerald lawns.

The succeeding day was full of brightness, at least in the morning, and the Maxwells, Lide and I, went to Fiesole. The way winds up the hill, and reaching the road-sides are gardens full of trees and vines and flowering plants, and above the walls you see the neat imbricated roofs—while far away stretches the vale, running out of sight among the hills. From the carriage you see *villas* of exceeding beauty, than which there is none more historical and picturesque than the villa Mozzi—where Catiline fled, and where Lorenzo di Medici lived. The intelligent reader can find an exquisite description of the view from this villa by turning to page 107, of vol. 1, of Hallam's "Literature of Europe," where he speaks of Lorenzo di Medici's influence over the literature of that period.

Fiesole lies a thousand feet above Florence, and one can well imagine the grandeur of the view from it. If I had not been so generous as to refer to Hallam's fine portrayal

of the scene from those heights, I would now give my own impressions, and my recollections of one of the most notable landscapes in Europe. It was Sunday when we were there, and the peasantry, in their holiday suits, filled the roads and streets, and really I do not know which stared the hardest—we or they. Ella, her mother, and I, left Lide among the gapers, and we wandered to the opposite hill-slope to see the Etruscan remains, and the dripping concave of a Roman arch.

Our ride back to Florence was just under the fringe of a heavy rain-cloud, and at times a flurry sent a dash of rain at us—but its spite did not reach the trembling weakling—for we walled her in with ourselves and shawls.

I must leave much of my visitings in and about the environs of Florence unsaid. I desire to speak now of places Lide visited—omitting all reference to my own excursions as unimportant. She and I spent a half day at the church of Miniato—the drive to which was exquisite, and the church itself is notable, not only in its construction according to classic simplicity, but for its mosaics. It is now a cemetery, and the absence of care and precaution makes it at times a most revolting place to go to.

We finished Florence by a visit to Power's studio, to whom we bore kind letters from Mr. Latham—whose provision of a friend's needs is so charming a trait in his character. Powers had just then finished an Eve—if I remember rightly, resisting and conquering the temptation—representing the majesty of a moral victory. If our first mother could be portrayed in a condition of resipiscence it would be a good subject, and yet there is no record of her repenting.

Monday, April 26th, we left Venice by rail, and that afternoon and night remained at Bologna. I drove Lide over the old and new city, but it was cold and she didn't

enjoy it. Later I roamed over it by myself, visited the Cathedral, but rather turned a cold shoulder on everything, that I might give the greater part of my time to its famous gallery. I have been persuaded frequently, during this writing, to turn aside from mere narration and at least give my impressions of *Schools* of painting, selecting one delegate from each, to my Art Congress, but perhaps I have wisely resisted the temptation. But I must at least mention one painter, who, at least such is my judgment, was among the first of the world—I mean Domenichino. He succeeded the two great contemporaries, Raphael and Michael Angelo; and he has been accused of being precisely what the former said of the latter—an adapter, copyist, and possessing no genius. He and Guido were great rivals, and those who have visited the church of San Gregorio at Rome, remember the celebrated frescoes painted as competitive works by these two—of which Annibal Caracci said: “Guido’s is the work of a master, that of Domenichino is the painting of the scholar who knew more than the master.”

Domenichino never was exceeded in expression by any artist except the painter of the “Transfiguration;” and in purity and grandeur, in the highest merits of composition he has never been excelled. His drawing is unusually correct, his men and women superb in grace and form, and their heads especially, beautiful. Three of his paintings at Bologna are without superiors anywhere, and in some respects even of greater merit than his St. Jerome in the Vatican. These are the “Martyrdom of St. Peter,” “Martyrdom of St. Agnes,” and “La Madonna del Rosario col Bambino.” The first is a wonder. To see him and Guido both, it is necessary to go to Bologna. I must not omit to add, that in the same gallery is Raphael’s celebrated “Santa Cecilia,” which is replete with the well

known exquisite tenderness and grace of that inspired master.

On the twenty-seventh of April we left Bologna for Venice, stopping a couple of hours at Padua. As we approached Venice and touched the long bridge, a full moon hung over the city, under which the Adriatic sparkled and gleamed, and the domes and Campaniles stood out clear and beautiful against the golden sky. When we reached the terminus, and the hotel servant led us to a gondola, and we pushed out on the Grand Canal, which was flooded with the dancing moonrays: on either side the palaces, touched by the splendor of the soft light, and as we went "gliding up her streets as in a dream," Lide was enraptured with the romance of the whole scene, and she broke out in delight. It was an enjoyment and surprise as poetic as beautiful.

We found rooms engaged for us at a hotel just opened, called "Hôtel de Rome," near St. Mark's Square. I bought a colored lithograph of the place as a souvenir, and it is before me now. Venice is one of the few cities in Europe where one finds the reality outstripping the anticipation. Its novelty—stepping from your hotel into a gondola—borne along palaces full of interest, not merely from their intrinsic beauty but historical association, constitute a pleasure, that especially fills young hearts with an irrepressible enthusiasm. Ella Maxwell was fascinated to such an extent that really she wanted to pass all her time in a gondola. During the midday hours Lide and I traversed the Grand Canal—letting the gondolier go at his own speed. I had a small chart which described the principal palaces so plainly as to be easily recognized, and all these sights, with her fresh recollection of Byron's canto referring to Venice, made her enjoyment pure and full. She and I passed the whole of the twenty-second in see-

ing the city along its various canals—and, strange to say, the dampness did not affect her—I mean that she breathed as free there as upon *terra firma*. After dinner Ella and I went out, and floating quietly with the tide, the younger of the gondoliers sung several *arias*, and then both broke into duets that, under all the circumstances, made their enjoyment sweet and memorable.

Before Lide was up and dressed the next day, I had visited, after a lapse of many years, the great square of San Marco, walked all through the collonades, ascended the Campanile and inspected the church. At least a thousand years are comprehended in the strange architecture of that spot. St. Marks' is full of gorgeous adornment; it is a barbarian prince hung with jewels arbitrarily placed; but arrangement, taste and adaptibility do not appear. It is nothing by the rules of Order;—it is a strange and capricious *melange* contributed by Saracen, Turk and Lombard. Nothing about its *façade* attracted me as did the celebrated bronze horses of Lysippus, that have been stolen and restolen, bandied from Corinth to Paris, from Nero to Napoleon. I visited the Ducal Palace—the prisons—saw all—even to the black curtain that breaks the line of the Doges likenesses, where one reads: "*hic locus est Marini Faletri decapitati pro criminibus.*"

At night, after Lide had gone to bed, I passed the time until near midnight, sitting in the square—smoking, sipping coffee, and listening to the itinerant minstrels that play not inharmoniously before the *Cafès*. These little things make up to me the enchantment of travel, and, in a certain way, they are more attractive than many of the Lions. I could not take Lide there at night, but she made two visits to it by day: one to purchase some pearl-bead ornaments and fans, and again, to see the feeding of the pigeons as the celebrated figures of the *Orologio* strike two. In the old days

these birds were set at liberty from the churches, and they roosted about the roof of the Doge's palace. They were ordered fed by the Senate every day at 2 p. m.; and later, by the bequest of an eccentric old lady, they are bountifully supplied. At the hour named they fly in from all sides to get their daily rations.

I spent a day at the Academy and at Santa Maria dei Frari—the latter celebrated for its monuments. I did not pretend to examine all the paintings; I selected a few, and gave them my attention. The gem of the collection is the "Assumption of the Virgin" by Titian, and there is his last work—the "Sepulture of Christ." In colors, in all the delicate and rarest tints, in depth and grace and combination, he never had his equal. He was especially remarkable for the beauty of his female figures—sensuous as many of them are, but exquisitely drawn. There are some notable Tintoretto's there, as well as many of the best paintings of Paolo Veronese. There are seven hundred paintings in the gallery—to see which, critically, would require many months.

The second evening, I think it was, soon after dinner, all of us, Lide well protected with shawls, took our gondola and went to the grand canal. One can scarcely say enough of the fascinating spell Venice throws around you; but when you get on the *Canalazzo*, gliding along under the stars; the lights dancing over the water, and long rows of old palaces, with grim faces in the deepening twilight lining either side—under these aspects Venice enchants one as no other place can do. That night we saw it under circumstances most attractive. We were over against the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, drifting with the current and watching the beautiful effects of the lights from the Piazzetta of San Marco, when, from a side canal, a procession of gondolas glided out into the stream—all bearing

tasteful transparent lanterns. In a very large boat were a band of music and a dozen singers, and as it moved up the Grand Canal the music echoed among the palaces, and the broad stream was covered with gondolas, bearing well dressed people of both sexes. As we proceeded, the overhanging balconies of the buildings filled with spectators, and from one gondola Roman candles were burnt—emitting party-colored lights, which, in addition to the exquisite effects given to the palaces and boats, made the water one mass of burnished gold. And so we went on until the Rialto was reached, and under its broad span we halted. There we had glees, sung with a peculiar catch, so that the echo, for which that spot is, among so many other things famous, might be heard. I cannot satisfactorily to myself, after so long a lapse of time, give a fair description of that memorable night. To fully appreciate it one must have been in a gondola in Venice, and even then the imagination cannot suggest any idea of the scene in all its grandeur as a whole, much less the thousand minor beauties an observant eye would discover. And when one lingers over such an impressive pageant in such a place with the added effect of music filling the air, be assured its memory will ever live within us and be “a joy forever.” The tendency of the age is to realism, and the hard material genius of railroads and manufactures is changing the aspect of the world. Already, sounding over all that city and as far as “the spouseless Adriatic,” can be heard the shrill screech of the locomotive; and from the Bridge of Sighs can be seen the long trains of smoke of arriving and departing steamers. In a few years some use will be found for palace and canal, and near the Campanile and the two columns, in the coming time will be heard the hum of reels and the quick throb of steam echoing among the corridors.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"He reached out, gathered her feeble form to his bosom, and passed across the weary moor, bearing it homeward."

May 1st we resumed our march and took rail for Milan. The day was pleasant, and the views, in crossing the Apennines, were beautiful. We passed through Padua again, and "fair Verona," where I looked for Romeo, and the figure of "true and faithful Juliet." Leaving Verona and crossing the Adige we entered upon a beautiful country, and into the famous Quadrilateral. From there we went to Pescheira, and sweeping through soft landscapes we touched Lago di Garda, the largest of all the Italian lakes. The scenery was exquisite—full of variety; hills lying against the sky; a broad breadth of water heaving against their slopes; islands shadowy with olive groves, and wide stretches of meadows. Just a decade before, through all that fair scene, war reached out and withered the grain fields, and under the march of armies the wild flowers were crushed. At Solferino yonder Kings pitted Commons against Commons, to adjust boundary lines, which they called maintaining the "Balance of Power." In time of peace Blouse thrusts a knife at Blouse, and what is called Law condemns the culprit to the scaffold or tread-mill. But Purple sends forth a hundred thousand Blouses to slaughter Blouses, and lo! the laurel crowns the victor, and that which is dishonor in the subject is glory in the sovereign.

From Bergamo to Milan the route lies within view of the Swiss Mountains and along meadows framed in little canals; and on the rising ground next against the hills, I could see long lines of mulberry trees. We reached Milan that afternoon, and found a private carriage waiting for us from the Hotel Cavour. The ride from the mountains, along a fretting, singing stream, down through the Plains of Lombardy; the high range overlooking Lake Como on one side, and, near the journey's end, the marble pinnacles and spires of the Cathedral of Milan on the other, was the most enjoyable we had in Europe.

We had very pleasant quarters at the Hotel Cavour—chambers and parlor *en suite*, all opening upon a balcony that overlooks the New Public Garden, and the bronze statue of Count Cavour. Lide needed rest, and so I determined to remain at Milan for two or three days ere I started for Paris. We were now homeward bound in truth, traveling as her strength and the weather permitted. The softening of the tubercles of the right lung was rapid, and her sole reliance was on the left. I called in an English physician of Milan to get an intelligent judgment as to the safety of a trip over the Alps, then covered with snow. He thought the course imprudent, and that there was even danger in it. I abandoned it, and resolved to go to Genoa, thence to Marseilles by sea, and from there to Paris. The next day after our arrival there was no sunshine to be seen, and as Lide could not go out, she persuaded me to take Mrs. Maxwell and Ella to Lake Como. We started quite early by rail, and pushed through a pleasant country, along the banks of the Lambro, within view of villas in the midst of gardens; here and there villages and belfries, and beyond, the ever cheerful and suggestive hills. When we reached the terminus it commenced to rain quite copiously, and

such was the press for inside seats in the omnibuses, that I gave way to a woman and rode on top. However, Como was only a mile away, where we soon came. The town is built to the very lake; it is quite large, and for an Italian city the population seemed quite busy. We had no leisure or inclination to see whatever points of interest it may have, and as we were to go back to Milan that evening, we had no time to lose. We engaged a boat and two men and at once pulled away. The first view was by no means striking; but when we rounded the bluff a reach some ten miles in length opened up to us, the width of which may have averaged a mile. It seemed an estuary or frith, and had none of that breadth or bowl-like shape that I cannot separate from a lake. According to the geographical definition, it is a lake. I merely say it had none of its seeming to me. Spitefully I run over my memory and repeated to Ella the description of the home, that, could Claude's love fulfill its prayers, his hand would lead Pauline. I was disappointed. The scenery was bare; there were no footsteps of Spring to be seen on the hill-slopes; and while here and there the chestnut and olive lay in groves near the borders of the lake beyond, as I run the steep hills along there was no verdure to break the ugly uniformity of the chalky crags and cliffs. The rain held up, and the sunshine fell over the lakes and hills, but it redeemed nothing of my disappointment. With the exception of *Villa d'Este*, long the residence of Caroline, wife of George IV, really I saw no fine residences. As already remarked, the scenery was by no means pleasant, although there was a certain sort of grandeur in the bold sweep of the mountain outline. None of us were particularly pleased, and then Venice with her long canals, the embellished *façades* of her palaces; the water, quivering in the golden showers

dropped by the moon, and the song of our gondoliers coming back to us in softened echoes—all of these rose up before us, and we left Lago di Como with our Venetian memories purer and more enchanting than ever.

The next day I rose early and went at once to the Cathedral, and was impressed with its extraordinary beauty and grandeur, to a degree St. Peter's did not reach with me. I suppose that there is not in the world any church-edifice, in its exterior effects, comparable to it. It may be "an inventionless folly," as Goethe said, and yet its pure aspect—being built entirely of white marble; its one hundred and six pinnacles, its four thousand and five hundred statues; its exquisite beauty and wealth of decoration—they almost bewilder one. To see it properly, it is necessary to ascend to the roof, and from that stand-point you are able to get a clear idea of its amazing beauty. The very roof is of marble, and you walk amid a forest of spires, that bear every conceivable ornament belonging to the Gothic order. I ascended to the very last point where the traveler is permitted to go, and was well rewarded with the view of the valley and hills it comprehends.

The interior is open—nothing breaking the nave but the heavy columns. The three immense stained windows in the apsis are a remarkable feature, and add much to the general effect. The altar is under a lantern, and the brilliant light which falls upon it lends to the celebration of the sacrament, and to the church ceremonies, an almost supernatural expression of glory. Beneath is a rich chapel, octagonal in shape, its ceiling decorated with silver tablets that represent in relief the events of the life of St. Borromeo, who is buried there.

When I returned to the hotel I found Lide had breakfasted, and so I ordered the carriage and went back to the

Cathedral, where I had engaged a hand-barrow, and two men, to carry her to the roof. I accompanied her, of course, and was well rewarded by seeing her pleasure and hearing her expressions of delight.

I drove her to the church of Santa Maria della Grazie, in the refectory attached to which, is "The Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. Although much injured by dampness, and by the French, who used the room in question as a stable, there is enough left to declare the extraordinary merit of the picture—which is, perhaps, one of the grandest paintings in the world. Da Vinci's study of Judas' face was the occupation of a whole year; and it is said, that being unable to give expression to his ideal beauty of the Saviour—to give to his countenance a distinction superior to that of the apostle James, he left it unfinished, although, as Vasari says, "it was exquisitely complete."

As Mrs. Maxwell and Ella desired to proceed to Paris direct, they left us on the 4th of May by the Mount Cenis route. The same day Lide and I took rail for Genoa, where we arrived about sunset. I remained there but one day, and was glad enough to find in port one of the large steamers belonging to the line to India, *en route* to Marseilles. Lide was so much exhausted the next morning as scarcely to be able to stand, and I tried to persuade her to delay the trip, but she would not. I carried her down stairs to the carriage, to the boat, and over the steamer's side. When I got her to her cabin and undressed her, she revived, and the next afternoon, on our arrival at Marseilles, she felt stronger. The next day I took a *coupé lit*, enabling Lide to lie down, and she endured the nineteen hours' journey to Paris very well. I telegraphed for rooms from Marseilles, and so, when I reached the station, I found carriage and courier waiting for me from the *Hotel de l'Athénée*.

I found the weather harsh and disagreeable, wearing a wintry aspect. I did hope to find sunshine at Paris—the soft spring weather that comes in with May—but instead there were occasional rains, and the air was full of roughness and intensely disagreeable. Lide was kept pretty close to her room, and fire was an indispensable comfort to her. Some days I took her out in a close carriage by way of exercise, and to shop. She was very weak, walked with great difficulty, usually needing my aid. I rarely left her after she was dressed. When she had retired, I wandered along the Boulevards, or went to hear Schneider—spending all my days and nights in an unquiet and restless way. My friends Ben and General Tyler were absent in Germany, and I had few or no near friends with whom I could pass the days.

Dr. Beylard resumed his professional visits and made an auscultatory examination of my wife's lungs. A day or two afterwards I had occasion to call on him to make an inquiry as to some matter connected with my wife. He then told me that the condition of her health was most precarious; that he feared she would not live to reach New York, and he advised me to sail at once. He further said that I had better go prepared with means to embalm her, in case of death. He excused himself for making such suggestions, saying that he regarded it his duty. He cautioned me against showing any grief or solicitude, which would lead my wife to suspect the nature of our conversation. I had already taken my passage for the 3rd of June, as Lide had expressed the wish to remain at Paris until the season of Atlantic calms.

One cannot comprehend the shock that intelligence gave me. I had been disciplining myself under her loving teaching for the blow which I felt would fall before a

great while; but the prospect of such a disaster while *in transitu*, with all the cruelly practical and yet compelled precautions suggested by Dr. Beylard, literally stunned me, and I did not know what to do. I, however, at once went to the office and took our passage for New York in the "*Ville de Paris*," to sail May 20th. I also telegraphed Lala to come to Paris without delay.

I feared to go to the hotel when

"Every nerve was quivering with the stress
Of uncontrolled emotion."

I did not know what excuse to make for so abrupt a change of all my plans, especially as she so earnestly requested me not to make the passage across the Atlantic until June. I walked all my excitement down as I had supposed, and then went to her. I found her alone. When I sat down at her side she said: "Something worries you, Teppie. Has anything happened?" I answered that I was tired only; that I would soon be rested. She remained quiet a little while, when she looked up in my face again, and said: "You cannot deceive me. I know something *has* happened. Where have you been?" I mentioned a half dozen places, but it did not satisfy her. Another pause. Again she raised her head, and looking at me with a steadfast gaze, said: "Teppie, you have seen Dr. Beylard, and he has said something about me that has made you unhappy, and frightened you. What is it?" I remained silent. "Now I *know* you have seen him and he has told you I am very ill. Tell me all about it, Teppie"—and her cheek was bare of all excitement, and her pulse calm as usual. I did tell her all—omitting not even the suggestions as to means to embalm her—for I knew her firmness and heroism. She at once replied: "Teppie,

I have often desired to give you precisely the same caution the Doctor has done. Do as he tells you, and now let us get ready at once," and she passed to her preparations with the most extraordinary composure I ever saw in my life. Later, she questioned me particularly as to the preparations for embalment I proposed to make, and what Dr. Beylard had suggested. She expressed the hope I would pursue the directions I had received, for, independent of her own dread of being buried at sea, she said that I never would get over it. I refused then to take any steps in the matter—for, as I told her, I had an assurance from *something* that she would reach California alive. At New York, on the eve of our sailing, she renewed the subject, but I still refused under the inspiration of that *something*.

Mrs. Maxwell was very kind and aided Lide by all the ways she could, in her preparations for the voyage. Lala came, too, in company with Joe Holliday, looking ruddy and plump as a milkmaid—a picture of health.

On the afternoon of May 19th it rained profusely. George H. Howard, an old friend from San Francisco, with a delicacy and kind consideration natural to him, sent his carriage to take us to the depôt, and his good wife called and offered her services. Ella and Mrs. Maxwell were parted from, and each felt that it was forever in this world, so far at least as my darling was concerned, and with Lala and Joe we went to the station.

After we got off and were well on the way to Havre, Lide became cheerful, talked in contented phrase, and ate quite heartily of the luncheon I had prepared. That evening she made a pretty good dinner, and slept tolerably well that night.

The next morning Lala, Joe and I, before Lide had

risen, took a stroll over the town, and at 11 A.M. we went on board the steamer. Lide and Lala sat together in the saloon—Joe and I purposely leaving them there while we saw to the luggage. The order was given to clear the ship. The poor sick mother—pale with grief and subdued excitement knew that now she and her child must part, and that when that child should go back to her home her own life would be hushed and her name become a memory only—that daughter whose young years had been passed away from the maternal bosom, and who was to be given to the world without the shield that comes from early and long education, and common association at the home-hearth. Oh, it was sad, inexpressibly touching, and I wonder that the dear heart did not snap under that shock. A long silent folding of the child upon her bosom—the raised eyes full of prayers and blessings wafted from the poor—poor, dear, half-broken heart to God, and mother and child had parted, until—until—Oh! God, there *must be* another and purer life in compensation for the bitter griefs and profound distresses we suffer here.

I carried Lide below; but when she reached her cabin, the closeness of the air, the smell of fresh paint, and the recent excitement, produced asphyxia; and I was terribly frightened as I bore her insensible form to the open air. Later I succeeded in getting the port open, and at Brest I purchased a small wrench which enabled me to have as much fresh air as we wished. When we got to sea I procured for her another cabin which was well ventilated, and there she and I slept every night during the passage.

We stopped at Brest a day, and I had a run on shore. Lide remained on board of course, in the society of Mrs. Willoughby, of New York, who is an aunt of my cousin Estella Geyelin, of Philadelphia. This cousin was always a

great favorite of Lide and mine, who had the charge of Lala when she was at school at the "Sacred Heart," and with whom we passed some few days, both in 1859 and just before we sailed for Europe. She is a rare woman—full of noble instincts, a true and faithful friend, and with a heart as big and beautiful as one ever sees. She knew Lide, too, and loved her, with a love that blossomed in true and constant kindnesses.

It was pleasant, then, to meet Aunt Estella, as I called her, who is a thorough lady. And we had, also, Robert M. McLane and his family, formerly United States Minister to China and Mexico, and an old friend of mine; and Paul Forbes of Boston, who was an old associate of Lide's father, all of whom were very kind to her.

The trip was cold and unpleasant, and Lide was confined to the saloon most of the time. Several times she sat on the guard for a half hour, and she attended dinner-table almost every day. She bore the voyage with great courage and patience. By mid-day, June 1st, we were pleasantly quartered at the "Brevoort House," New York.

Lide determined to remain quiet at New York and recruit for the sea-voyage to San Francisco. The Trans-continental Road was just then opened, and after discussing the two routes, we determined to sail in the steamer "Alaska," on the 11th of June. Alfred G. Gray, her captain, had been, during Lide's previous passages to New York, very attentive to her, and so she selected his ship rather than the railroad.

I went to Delaware to see my mother, leaving Lide in the hands of Aunt Mary Morris and Estelle Carnochan. I remained there a few days—my mother going back with me to see Lide. Others came, too—her Aunt Gemmill, Estella Geyelin and Lamar W. Fisher. On the morning of

the 11th we bade them all good-by, and as Lide stood on the guards waving her kerchief—her face full of the pleasure of going, as she said, to her “own dear little home,” she looked as well as when she landed on that same pier a year before.

Before we left New York, per post and telegraph, it was arranged that as my own house was rented we would go to Mrs. Ritchie’s; remain there three days, and then to San Rafael for the summer. Could I have supposed that she would never be able to leave San Francisco, I should have at all costs taken her to her own home, from which she would have preferred, above all spots on earth, to have passed from this life to the happier life beyond. When we were at New York, and the day we left, I had every reason to believe, and I did believe, her life would be prolonged a year, if not more. As it is, knowing that it was the only wish of her heart ever left ungratified by me, it has caused me, and will cause me, deep distress to the last day of my life.

I have at my side a letter from her Aunt Mary, written me some months ago, parts of which I can appropriately introduce here :

“Lide was to me the embodiment of intelligence of the highest order; richly cultivated, a firmness and judgment rarely ever met with in a woman of her years, softened by the sweetest feminine characteristics, and crowned by a purity of heart and life that made her the blessing and beloved she was to us all. Yes, there is one thing I do remember—not an incident, but a trait, that formed the basis of her almost perfect character—her reverence for truth. From the first moment she could lisp her mother’s name until the last, I never knew her to deviate from it—never to utter a falsehood—never to live one. Tell this

to her boys, and that they may follow in her dear foot-prints, not only in that, but in all things, until they reach 'those golden shores where her life now is,' I earnestly pray.

"And I would add another line, if my hand was penning her history, to tell of her deep devotion, of her tender love for you. Speaking of you in the last hours of our intercourse in New York, and of the sure termination of her dreadful malady, she said: 'Oh, Aunt Mary, leaving poor Rob is the hardest of all. Who will comfort him? Poor Rob!' It was to her the *sting* of death, and the tears, dropping through the hands clasped over her beautiful face, showed how deep even then the anguish was. And to all these I would add the record, (that your boys might ever bear it in grateful remembrance) of the passionate efforts—breaking down your own health, in your ceaseless attempts to prolong that precious life. You left nothing undone that man could do—that the most devoted love could devise; and lovingly and gratefully did she dwell on it to me.

"Never shall I cease to remember and prize those blessed quiet evenings when, alone together, we lived over the past, and talked, too, of the great future, and interchanged views deeply in unison, and full of comfort to me as I dwell on them now."

Lide had several little books of a devotional character, the gifts of her Aunts Mary and Gemmill and her Cousin Estelle Carnochan, which she took to Europe with her in addition to her prayer-book. One called "Spiritual Songs" was especially her favorite. These she read, and pondered their suggestions constantly. She thought and reasoned with more constancy and frequency than any—I came near to say—person I ever saw—certainly any woman.

She was reserved in manners and mind, and only with very intimate friends did she disclose the exceeding wealth of her heart and head.

I have already referred to her religious views, and I need add nothing more to them. She and I, during the passage out, would sit within her cabin, especially at the time lying between the setting of the sun and the coming of the stars—I at her side, her hand clasped in mine, and usually her head lying against my bosom. She would go over all the past—she, so perfect as a wife and woman, would find fault with her imperfections, and wish she had been a better wife and mother. And when I would say that I had been so happy, that she had satisfied all my aspirations, that I would not have had her different in any respect, and when I told her that no other head would ever lie there within *her* “little home”—that I should live on, true to her and pure to the last—she would kiss my hand repeatedly and passionately, and bless me through her grateful sobs. And when I have buried my face in her lap, conscious of having many a time given her distress through my impulsive, thoughtless ways, and have implored her pardon and forgiveness, she always said that I must not accuse myself of anything disloyal or unloving; that I had been true and devoted above all men. And all the days of that passage were consecrated by such ways and thoughts, and they consecrate all my life.

Captain Gray was as a father to her, and had he held that relation he could not have been more kind. The steward and stewardess had orders from him to furnish her with everything she might require, day or night. When she reached Aspinwall he had the train brought near the dock, and took her in a carriage from the plank to the car. She had, too, a compartment where she could sit in

her large steamer chair; and, in addition to all these, Captain Gray sent his own servant to wait on her—who was provided with a fine luncheon and plenty of ice for her use.

We reached Panama after dark, and we were detained several hours on the wharf. Lide endured all the weariness of that waiting with her usual composure and patience, and when at last she reached the Pacific steamer, she was happy to tears. Her yearning for her home, and her hope to reach it alive, strengthened and sustained her; and so when she found herself on the sea that reached almost to the door-step of that home, she felt God would, perhaps, permit her to die on that spot where the happiest years of her life had been passed, surrounded by her husband, her children and her mother.

She got along very well until we reached Acapulco. From Panama to that port she sat out on deck in her chair until sunset, and then she and I sat within her cabin, looking out upon the sea and stars, until her bedtime. At Acapulco she was taken suddenly ill, with difficulty of respiration and congestion of the lung. A bed was prepared for her on deck by order of Dr. Cushman, the ship's surgeon, and he gave her his constant skilful attention. She was very ill for several hours, so much so that he called me aside and told me it was his duty to prepare me for the worst—that it was a chance whether she would reach her journey's end alive. Notwithstanding all he said, I felt the inspiration of the *something* that whispered that God would bear her up and sustain her to teach us all the richest lessons to be found on earth—those that come from the death-bed of a true Christian woman.

When we got out of the harbor, Lide revived, and was so much better that the doctor removed her to her cabin,

and she passed a comparatively easy night. I will add that she saw Dr. Cushman call me aside, as related above, and when I returned to her she asked me what he had said, I evaded the question, and stammered of course; but there was no deceiving her, for without my saying a word she told me all he had said, with identicalness of phrase almost. She was as composed under it as if it had been an ordinary affair, for never was any woman more completely master of herself than she.

When we sighted the Coast Range of California, more especially when we drew near to land, she was overwhelmingly happy, I remember that one morning, before she had risen, I opened the door of her cabin to permit her to see the shore lying close aboard. She, the poor dear weakling, raised up in her bed to see all that could be seen, and then she put her arms around my neck and thanked God that He had heard her prayer and blessed her. That same evening she felt so much better that she and I sat long in the twilight drawing little plans of a house we would get at San Rafael, "and then," she added, "Teppie, we will go back to our own little home, and, perhaps, God will permit me to live a few months longer."

Often she would turn from herself and dwell with pleasure on the peculiar features of the Coast Range, just then losing its verdure and donning its yellow and russet. The mountains themselves were a source of never cloying delight—presenting as they did, and invariably do, so many varied suggestions and infinite phases of beauty. One sweep of the eye would gather a thousand beauties. At one moment the outline would be evenly drawn, then undulating, or here and there shooting up into cones. Then again it would break short off where a ravine had riven the chain, through which we could see deep shadows, and

a single line of sunlight poured through—a golden rivulet, as it were, flowing down to the sea. Her quick eye caught all these changes, and they gave her mind constant pleasure and occupation.

Happily we run all the coast along from the Santa Barbara channel, and as the weather was pleasant, she passed all the days out on deck. We reached here Saturday forenoon, July 3rd. Her mother, Dan., the children and Major Elliot came to the wharf. The meeting was touching, and no one could see it without half choking. She was long clasped in her mother's arms, sobbing with joy. "Oh, mother, God is good to me. He has allowed me to live to see you all once more. Now I am ready to go when it shall please Him." A carriage was waiting for us. I carried her to it. As we drove up Second Street she leaned out the window and saw the garden and chimnies of her dear, dear home—saw them for the last time on earth. I gently blinded her eyes with my hand, and in a moment we had arrived at Mrs. Ritchie's door, where Dr. Maxwell waited us. The poor patient wife, as she thus reached the end of her long weary journey, leaned against my breast, blessing God for His goodness, and she wept happy tears. He had, indeed, been very good to her—He had answered her prayers; and although the life He laid on her mother's bosom was as feeble as when he first placed it there; yet it was compassionate and pitiful to return her to the faces and scenes she loved so well ere He imparadised her gentle soul forever.

I carried her up stairs and placed her on a lounge I had given her years before, and which was her favorite resting spot in her "dear little cottage on Brannan Street."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“ The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.”

That day the excitement of arrival and seeing friends kept her up bravely. Every little while her eyes would sparkle, and she would exclaim : “ I am so happy to be back again—so very happy.” She had some little gifts for each one of the family, and that evening I opened her trunks, and gave them to her for distribution.

The next day was Sunday, and Dr. Maxwell, by appointment, came and made an auscultation of her chest. I was out of the room at the time, but returned as he finished. As I entered, she said : “ Oh, Rob, you will be glad to hear that the Doctor finds more breathing space in my left lung than he anticipated. Aren't you glad, Teppie ? ” It was not for herself she spoke, or of herself she thought ; it was only of poor me, for whose sake she most desired to live. She dressed herself that day and received some of her friends, and was comparatively cheerful. Her nearest and dearest friend, Sara G. Wheeler, came among the first, and she remained through all, even to the last. Her coming and presence were a great comfort to Lide. She brought, too, to that sick chamber gentle and patient nursing, for she loved my wife with an affection so rarely constant and beautiful. That love was reciprocated in its fullest extent and fidelity.

Monday morning I commenced to make arrangements for renting a house at San Rafael; sent Dan to make some inquiries, and confidently hoped to be able to remove Lide during the week. She was dressed again that day, and occupied the favorite lounge—Sara Wheeler seated on the floor at her side, and she was very happy, very bright; talked a great deal, for her—and, running all through the music of her gladness, was the sweet refrain—"Oh, I am so happy to be back again!"

The following day she laid upon her lounge, which was brought from the adjoining room, and she was not so well—more prostrated and weak than she had been. A revulsion was now beginning to develop itself; the arbitrary strength of the past three days was yielding to the rapid progress of her disease; and her strong will, which had aided so much in bearing her up through all the trying demands of travel, had served its purpose, and was powerless to help her more.

That evening I received a telegram from Ben, who was *en route* from New York by rail, and I went up town to attend to its requisitions. I was absent an hour only, but when I entered Lide's room I found her in bed, very much exhausted. She said: "Teppie, I am so helpless and weak, so much worse that I was going to send for you. Don't leave me any more, Teppie." After that, when I left the room, only for a moment, she was uneasy and restless until I returned. I did not absent myself from her again—not going to the dining-room even for my meals. I remained all the time at her side, holding her hand, which, at intervals, she gently pressed, at the same time opening her eyes and looking at me with unutterable love and pity. She was happier than I. I told her God was kinder to her than he was to me, in taking her and leaving me behind alone. She

said to me then—the dear, white, thin hand wandering over my face in the old, loving way: “Darling, darling, do not fret when I am gone; it won’t be long—a little while and you’ll be with me. The years will soon pass away, and then, no more death, no more separation. For your poor Buntin’s sake, do not be unhappy when I am gone. Think of me always as one you will meet again.”

She spoke of Captain Gray, and his great kindness to her, and said she would like to send him some little remembrance. I had several silver pitchers brought from Shreve’s for her to look at, and she selected one, dictated the inscription to be put on it, and requested it should be given him, with her love. While she was thus dictating the inscription, I suggested the words, “best regards,” but she interrupted me, saying: “No, no, Tep-pie, put it as I have said, for I am attached to Captain Gray.” It was all done as she wished; and his letter, acknowledging the receipt of the gift, and which speaks so kindly of my darling, lies under my hand as I pen these lines.

Nellie Elliot, to whom Lide was always most tenderly attached, and who was her favorite of all her brothers and sisters, had a little baby, till then unbaptized. She said to me that if I did not object, she would like to name her child after my wife—that she would not do so without consulting me, who she knew held the name of Lide so sacredly. I repeated to my darling what Nellie had said. She replied that she would be pleased to have the baby called after her, and that she had thought of requesting it. I then asked her whether I should call it Lide Rogers or Lide Hamilton. “No, Rob, call her simply ‘Lide.’” I told Nellie, and she brought the little thing to her to be kissed. My wife took the little child

in her arms, fondled her, kissed her, called her Lide, and hoped she would grow up to be a better woman than herself. And yet God knows, that she was as guileless and pure as that little child. Later I stood godfather to it, when the church called her Lide and consecrated her to a sinless life.

Wednesday my wife desired to get up a little while, to have her bed smoothed. I lifted her into a chair, and then she became sensibly conscious of her weakness. She said to me: "Rob, if you do not get me to San Rafael soon, my death-warrant will be signed." Dr. Maxwell came a little while afterwards, and I took him to the adjoining room, and asked him if there was any hope of her being strong enough for her removal there. He replied that it was impossible, that I must look for her death from hour to hour, and that he was surprised to see her last so long. I felt it all the while. I had to sit and see her gradually going away—slipping, slipping from me; the swift tide bearing her off in the darkness, and no hand to help me snatch her from the remorseless waters gathering around her. If there is on earth any agony, any torture like that, I do not know it.

She was constantly worried about my not taking rest—would, when she was fixed for the night, beg me, for her sake, to lie down, while her mother or Sara watched. And for her mother and Mrs. Wheeler, too, she had the same solicitude—always thinking of the comfort of others, and not of herself. Mrs. Ritchie is the best nurse I ever saw, the most competent woman in a sick chamber. Her care was sleepless and untiring; she omitted nothing; just the thing that was wanted, she had, and no hand on earth is more gentle and ready than hers. Through all those sad days her love and watchfulness never halted; she helped in such a tender way to smooth Lide's descent

to the stream, over which the Heavenly angels reached out invisible hands to bear her sweet life to the happy land beyond.

And let me say here that all, all of the household were as kind and considerate as it was possible to be. Mr. Latham, too, had a policeman detailed to close the streets before the house, so that no sound of passing vehicles should disturb the darling one who was so rapidly hurrying away. I have nothing to say—I can only hope that each and all may have as gentle care when they lie down to their last sleep.

Dan, too, stood at her bedside, fanning her, with no interruption for three days, except when she slept. His stamina and endurance were a marvel to me, and to all. She suffered so much from impeded respiration, that doors and windows were kept open, and the fanning was never intermitted, except when she slumbered.

Ben returned, and at once came to see us. One who had stood by us with so much constancy and fidelity for so many years; who loved us, and who regarded Lide his ideal woman—he was admitted to her bedside. A few words—for much talking pained her—and he never saw her again alive.

On Thursday she spoke of religious matters; regretted that Mr. Wyatt, her old rector, was not here, with whom she might talk. "I feel," said she, "such confidence in Mr. Wyatt. I know him so well, and believe him to be so good a Christian, that I am sorry he is not here to talk with me. I cannot unbosom myself to a stranger. I have much difficulty in feeling and obtaining that spiritual communion of which we read and are told. I have a little book Aunt Lizzie (Gemmell) gave me, which contains some hymns that have been, for some months past, of great consolation to me. Rob, you will find it in

my trunk. Get it, please. Tell her, mother, this; and that I have so often thought of her while I was gone. Tell her, too, how much I love her."

I looked for the book—it is called "Spiritual Songs"—and could not find it.

"Never mind, Rob, never mind. There is one hymn in that little book that I did thoroughly feel and appreciate, and which was of great comfort to me. It is called, 'Just as I am.' It is beautiful, and full of consolation."

Her sister Hettie said that she had a copy in her Hymn Book, and asked if she should read it. "Yes, Het, get it and read it." Hettie got the book and read it, Lide repeating every word after her.

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and wars without,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Light, riches, healing of the mind;
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O, Lamb of God!

"Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O, Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am—Thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O, Lamb of God, I come!

She did not miss a word; she pronounced all as distinctly as could be, and gave to the whole an impressiveness and an emphasis that astonished and thrilled me. Will I be understood when I say that, independent of my love and even idolatry of my wife, I was *prouder* of her than I ever had been in my life before? Such heroism, such an exaltation of the spiritual life, such moral sublimity, made me so proud, and yet so grateful, that I could have cast myself at her feet and worshipped her.

She asked Hettie to read her also "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." Hettie commenced to do so from the same book. She got as far as the second stanza, which reads:

"Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy love's demands."

When Lide said, interrupting her: "No, no, Het., I don't know that version—that has not the grandeur of the one in the "Prayer Book." Get the other and read it to me." It was done, and, as before, she followed after, word for word. When she reached these lines:

"When I rise to worlds unknown;
And behold thee on thy throne,"

her face was transfigured—Heaven opened and let down upon her a ray of its celestial light.

She talked on for some minutes—all her words touched with the splendor of Immortality. She said: "No one has more to live for than I; I have everything to make me happy; but I am perfectly resigned to die. I know that it is God's will, and it is for some good purpose."

Her lips were a little blistered, and she asked for some camphor ice. Her mother brought it, and was about to apply it, when she gently and so kindly said: "Thank you, dear mother, but please let Rob put it on." I held

her hand during all those days, as already stated ; but once some one came up to her—she had her eyes closed—and took it from me. The moment she felt another clasp she gently disengaged her sweet little hand and felt for mine, and was not satisfied until she found it.

She talked to Mrs. Wheeler that same day as to her burial. "I cannot talk to poor Rob on this subject—it distresses him so much. I have tried to do it, but cannot. But, dear Sara, when I am gone tell him that I prefer to lie in California, which is my home, and where I've been so happy. I would like father to be in the same lot; but that is not possible—for Rob and I must lie together. Tell him to get a lot in 'Laurel Hill,' or some place from where there is no prospect of our being removed, and let us be buried together."

Her wish has been gratified—her father is near her, and my own resting place has been prepared—she to be on the side next my heart, as she laid during all our married life.

Early on Friday Mrs. Ritchie supposed, from symptoms she noted, that Lide's end was near; and she had all the family called. I was surprised to see them assembling, and could not account for it. Lide awoke and saw them. Her quick eye noticed all. Her mother was seated near her pillow. She looked up with her beautiful smile and said: "Oh, it is so nice to be back again. I am so happy to be with you all once more. But, mother, when did this change take place in me?" "This morning," was the reply. She then turned her dear face towards her mother, reached out and gently patted her cheek and kissed her. "You must not be so unhappy, mother. It will not be long before you follow me." The tones of her voice were so plaintive, there was such a touching tenderness, resignation, and beauty in her face;—such visible

effusion and expansion of the divine spirit within her, that all who surrounded her were weeping bitterly. She looked at each one in turn, as if to see if all were there. "Why do you all weep? why should you weep? You see I do not. I am resigned and willing to go."

She then called Eustace to her, put her arms around him and kissed him. "Eustace, my child, be a good boy when I am gone, and so make poor papa happy. Promise me you will be." Then Bolton came, and she drew him passionately to her breast. "Bolton, my dear child, you must try to be very good for mamma's sake, and make papa happy." All were called in turn—each of her sisters, Mrs. Wheeler, Dan., General Simpson, and Major Elliot, and to each she addressed appropriate kind words, and kissed them all.

Mrs. Ritchie has a servant who has lived with her more than sixteen years, to whom Lide was attached. Lide asked for Mary Lagan. "Mary, you have been so long, associated with the family, and knowing what a faithful friend you have always been, I must take leave of you, too," and she bade her good-by with the same sweet smile and gentle voice. Turning to all, she said: "You—all of you must love dear Rob, and be kind to him and comfort him for my sake, for he has been true and faithful to me."

She then called Dan. to her. "Dear Dan., say the Lord's Prayer for me." My brother knelt at her side and, in tearful, broken, sobbing tones, repeated that prayer—she accompanying him, her voice rising clear above his, almost equally sustained throughout, and without a quaver. After that she repeated the hymn just quoted—"Just as I am,"—and no one present on that occasion will ever for-

get the dear impressive ascending tones with which she closed each verse.

"Oh, Lamb of God, I come!"

She turned to me and asked me to send for Dr. Maxwell. He came almost immediately, and approached her bedside.

"Doctor, I have sent to you to say good-by to you."

"But, Mrs. Rogers, you are not dying yet."

"No, Doctor, I may not be dying just now, but it is only a question of a few hours. I wish to say good-by to you now." She drew him towards her, laid her hand over his neck, thanked him for all his kindness and care, and then kissed him. The Doctor broke completely down.

After that terrible and yet sublime scene had passed, I laid alongside of her, holding her hand all the while. When the room was cleared, and we were alone, she said: "My darling, I will not say good-by to you. I won't look on it as parting from you. I will always be with you. The time will soon pass, and then you will come to me. Poor, dear, dear Teppie, precious husband." Her lips compressed and her face grew pale. "No, no, I must not break down. Dear, dear Rob, kiss your little wife."

I laid my head upon the pillow, and talked to her—low talk, such as I talked in the old trysting days—telling her how she had beautified my life, how happy she had made me, and that she had been a perfect true wife to me. I told her, too, that never should any other head rest in her "little home;" that I would walk through the coming years alone with her memory, and go pure to her, with the old love stainless and faithful. Happy words they were to her!—dear, blessed promises for one who was entering upon the life that is endless, and for one who

believed she would carry with her and preserve for me the love that had made her career here so happy.

She spoke of her children—her “poor motherless children,” and what would become of them. I told her, that so far as I could, I would be a mother to them—would instruct them with all my capacity according to her plans and ideas; would dedicate and yield up my life to them; would especially try to impart to them a religious education—lead them to church, and, so far as I could do, give them the example of a Christian life. She could not reply, but crept closer, closer, and laid her dear lips in grateful love against my own. “And, Precious, promise me that you will not wander aimless and homeless. Have a home; gather our children into it, and let them feel they have such a refuge in the world. Promise me this.” I did so, and she went on: “Darling, if you will, I would like Lide to have all my things. I would like to send her something special from this bed. If you have no objection, give her the turquoise set you brought me from Paris. Send them to her in my name, with my blessing and love. Tell her, dear Rob, she will never know how much her poor mamma loved her. God grant that she may grow up to be all you desire and a comfort to you.”

Later I had a few more words with her. She told me to give her love to Mrs. Maxwell and to Ella, and not to forget, too, to give her love to Mr. Latham, and her regrets she did not see him when he called.

That Friday was a day of tremendous strain on all of us. I had not had my clothes off but once since our arrival—at night lying down on the floor. She called me to her about 10 o'clock P. M., and begged of me as a favor to get some rest.

“Please, Teppie, lie down on the lounge—on my lounge.

You'll love that lounge, Teppie. You will sleep well there. Kiss me good night."

That day, after she had said good-by to all the family, she spoke to no one except to me. Her mother, during the afternoon, laid down a little while, and Mrs. Wheeler went to her own home for an hour, and I had my wife all to myself. She then spoke to me as I have related.

Saturday she suffered intensely from oppression, and I had Dr. Maxwell there most of the day. Towards evening, after a short conversation with her as to her difficulty in taking morphia, he determined to try it in a concentrated form—to be given her at intervals of two hours. Before taking the dose at 10 o'clock she called me and begged me to lie down, that she was about to take her morphia, and that she desired to be perfectly quiet. She put her arms around my neck and kissed me good night. At one o'clock she asked for a drink of water, which Mrs. Wheeler gave her.

I threw myself on the floor, and at ten minutes past two Mrs. Ritchie called me. There was alarm in her voice, and I rose instantly and rushed to Lide's side. She was slipping down from the pillow, her bosom gently heaving. I gathered her up in my arms, and pressed her head to my breast. She drew one long sigh, and all was over. On the day, hour and minute of her birth did she pass to

"The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore."

After the dawn had come they called me, and told me I could enter her chamber. All the confusion of the night before had given place to order and neatness, and the sweet, cool breath of the early day filled the room;

while through the open window the just risen sun threw his golden beams, that were at once a mockery and a hope.

My darling lay upon the bed—she had been attired as she requested, in a neat night-dress—her beautiful white hands, through whose transparent skin the web of blue veins was distinctly traced, were crossed upon her hushed bosom, and her sweet face held yet a delicate flush of life. But oh, God, what profound terror and inexpressible mystery are in the silence that death leaves behind! how awful the figure and lineaments from which Life has withdrawn its grace, its emotion, and its beauty! But Love, from which we first get the inspiration of Immortality that instinct and religion confirm, drove all that was forbidding from me, and I saw but the shrine where the angel had been; I saw then my *wife*—her precious form only—for *she* had been led away by the angels, and perhaps even then she paused, and reached out loving hands to me. And then, how all my old, poor, rebellious self fell from me as I knelt at her side, and called—oh, so vainly called to her, to open her closed lids and look at me; to say once more, “darling Teppie;” again to forgive me all the wayward faults I may have committed, that seemed so great then; to lift her sweet, pure hands and pat my cheeks, and to kiss me with the old, warm lips!

As I looked at her, the calm and peace she had felt, and which death could not disturb, fell upon me, and seemed to carry me nearer her. And yet, how plaintively and sweetly our dear past life came back to me—the chaste cheek, and the half-blown rose gemming her rich brown hair, bathed in the splendor of the moonlight when I first met her; the soft, bright day she and I stole away to the Priest, when I clasped her finger with the golden band that she wore then, and in which, as it

gleamed under my eye, I fancied I saw her dear face as of old; the tender, happy love-life in the attic under the stars; her coming across the sea to me; the happy years "in the dear little cottage on Brannan street; the Summer sojourns at Menlo Park; the rides through the purple shadows of the hill-lands away over to the seaside; the first alarming hectic signals her disease held out from her cheeks; the weary wanderings to find sunshine and bright lands; her return; then the lessons taught by her sweet peace and Christian hope, and the golden pathway she left as she rose to the skies. As all these pictures started up before me, and I saw rising over my future long, lonesome, unquiet years, I felt then, and I have felt since, that it was wise in her to have taught me to look upward; it was well her kisses warmed my lips still, and that the echoes of her plaintive voice came back to me from the sky.

They covered her with the soft life of flowers—the flowers she loved so much, and which, of all Nature's beauties, were most like herself. Her placid smile grew more and more beautiful from hour to hour, and when they bore her away, her face was the pure, lovely face of the gone years of tryst and first kisses.

They bore her to the church, where she had knelt and learned the lessons she had taught to us during those last happy—yes, happy, and yet sorrowful days. They sung the hymns she had loved, and had repeated while God was leading her away to the bright skies and to the perpetual sunshine she sought here in vain; and across the bars of golden light that streamed through the windows and quivered along the wall, came the grand anthem she loved so well:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

They carried her then to the Mount, away over towards and overlooking, the sea; and there laid her down, and there she rests still, while above her come and go, through all the days, the typical, fragile life of flowers. Her sweet, gentle spirit went to the skies; but, as I solemnly believe, it sometimes comes back again, helps my weariness, and *has* touched my heart and thought during all the sad, quiet nights at her "dear little home" where I trace these memorial lines.

The little labor of putting these pages together has afforded me a mournful pleasure and pastime, that some persons, at least, will appreciate and understand. The controlling principle that has urged me to write these mementos has been, as already stated, to shape, in some degree, the moral life of our children by a recital of the instinctive goodness and inexpressibly exquisite purity of their mother. Upon me, too, the effect has been something more than bringing myself, as it were, face to face with my darling. It has given me a clearer apprehension of my duties, and has aided in strengthening my faith in a controlling Supreme Personal Intelligence who moves the world, inscrutable and impenetrable as His ways may be. More than all, it has enabled me to reconcile myself to my condition—repressing dark and besetting temptations, and teaching me patience and hope. God grant, too, that, in the coming years, this feeble record of their mother may touch our children with something of her moral goodness and beauty.

And now, as I reach the end, I grow sad and restless, and I desire to turn back and walk again all through our past life, half hoping I may find the pure, sweet bosom where; for so many years, I rested my head in perfect peace. There the din and deceit of the world could not reach me; or, if they came near, I was the happier

in feeling and knowing that, in that shelter, they were powerless to harm me.

It is not merely home broken up, and companion—friend, who is gone; but I have lost the keen perception, the calm, clear judgment that made my wife the most admirable and sagacious counselor I ever saw. As I sit here, within her old home on this Sabbath night, thinking of all these things, and lingering—lingering—with scarce resolution to close this page—no sound breaking the stillness except the mournful midnight bell borne to me across the gloom of the darkness—feeling and knowing so keenly that I shall never see my darling again in this world—as all these thoughts press upon my heart and mind, I bow my head and close my book in bitter, unavailing tears.

ERRATA.

On receipt of this book, please make, in your own handwriting, the corrections as follows, viz:

- Page 15, line 26, *Camoens* for Cameons.
- “ 18, “ 3, *nice* for wise.
- “ 43, “ 10, *sobreasado* for sobresuela.
- “ 57, “ 23, *constituents* for constitution.
- “ 91, “ 1, *a* for an.
- “ 96, “ 11, *Billop* for Billoup.
- “ 105, “ 33, add an “*y*” to Mar.
- “ 154, “ 5, *Kant* for Erasmus.
- “ 160, “ 1, add an “*a*” to ll.
- “ “ “ 29, after priesthood, *are* for is.
- “ 200, “ 19, *June* for January.
- “ 266, “ 9, *pervade* for pervades.
- “ 268, “ 18, *Martello* for Martel.
- “ 323, “ 18, *Codex* for Cadex.
- “ 328, “ 22, *develops* for developes.
- “ 385, “ 13, *over* for ovur.
- “ 430, “ to last line of third verse of hymn, add “*I come.*”





